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Smithe of Exeter.

Smithe of Exeter.

A COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS AND PSALMS,

FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

SELECTED AND PREPARED BY

ANDREW KIPPIS, D. D. F. R. S. AND S. A.
ABRAHAM REES, D. D. F. R. S.
THE REV. THOMAS JERVIS, AND
THE REV. THOMAS MORGAN.

THE FOURTH EDITION,

Corrected and improved.

I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also.
1 Corinth. xiv. 15.

TO WHICH IS ADDED A

SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON:

Printed by C. Stower, Paternoster Row,

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1807.

14.9.339.

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147. g. 33

PREFACE.

N the importance of Psalmody in public worship it is not necessary to enlarge. y pious and well-regulated mind will ensible of the obligations we are under to brate the praises of the Supreme Being, of the edification and pleasure arising

ought to be removed. To the truth of thes sentiments a full testimony has been give by Dr. WATTS. In the preface to th larger edition of the Psalms, he says, "No "have I confined my expressions to any par "ticular party or opinion; that in words pre "pared for public worship, and for the lip "of multitudes, there might not be a sylla "ble offensive to sincere Christians, whos "judgments may differ in the lesser matters c "religion." The following language is like wise found in the preface to the Hymns "The contentious and distinguishing word "of sects and parties are secluded, that whol "assemblies may assist at the harmony, an "different churches join in the same wor "ship without offence." That the Docto was not himself sufficiently attentive to con form his practice to these declarations, ha been felt by many an upright follower c Jesus, and is especially apparent from a num ber of his Hymns. In his Psalms, also, vari ous passages occur, which have so peculiar relation to the situation and circumstance either of David in particular, or of the Jew in general, as not to be adapted to the preser state of things.

But were all the compositions of D Watts perfectly unexceptionable, or entirel *conformable* to the ideas of every Christia *still there is no* necessity for our being co

fined to the productions of any single person. There are many hymns by different writers, which highly deserve to constitute a part of our religious services. Accordingly, several collections have been made of late years, in which the compositions of other pious authors have been introduced, besides those of Dr. WATTS. Of these collections one only has been formed in London, and the use of it has been limited to a single congregation. The generality of the Presbyterian Societies in the metropolis and its vicinity have hitherto contented themselves solely with Dr. Watts's Psalms. Of this defect we and many Ministers have long been sensible: and, therefore, in the present work, we have endeavoured to remedy the deficiency as far as lies in our power; in doing which we have not adopted any preceding collection, but have determined to make a new one for the use of ourselves, of our respective congregations, and of such other Christian assemblies as may approve of our labours. In this business we have been very diligent in seeking for assistance. And here we must acknowledge, that our principal obligations are still due to Dr. Watts, whose praise in the churches we are so far from wishing to lessen, that we have with pleasure given it a *wider* diffusion. Our obligations *to him are the* greater, as we have *taken in the whole range of* his devout poetry

for we have freely borrowed from his Lyric Poems and his Hymns, as well as from his Psalms. Accordingly he has occupied much the largest proportion of our volume. Next to Dr. Watts, the chief sources of our collection have been supplied by Dr. Doddridge and Mrs. Steele, the author of the poetical works, published under the name of Theodosia. It will easily be supposed that Mr. Merrick's elegant translation of the Psalms has not been forgotten. To recite particularly all the names that have contributed to our collection would extend the preface too far. A list of them shall be subjoined, from which it will appear, that we have taken a wide scope in our perusal of English poetry, in order to find out materials suited to our purpose. It will be seen that transcripts from our first poets have added to the value of the undertaking. Our pages will be found to be adorned by a Milton and a Dryden, a Pope and an Addison, a Barbauld and a Cowper. We have availed ourselves of the collections which have been made by others; and our readers will perceive that we have inserted no inconsiderable number of original compositions. The hymns which have been selected are not always printed word for word, but have occasionally received some slight alterations. Stanzas also are sometimes omitted or transposed, as appeared best adapted to our design. This

liberty we here mention once for all; and without taking it, our plan could not have been executed in the manner intended. The collection is divided into four parts, viz. Hymns adapted to the introductory part of worship; Hymns to be sung before sermon; Hymns suited to various subjects of discourses; and Hymns for particular circumstances and occasions. A considerable degree of convenience will be found to arise from this division, though every minister will discern, that there is no occasion to confine himself strictly to it; since each of the three former parts may often be made use of, with the greatest propriety, in any of the portions of divine service. We have thought it best that one page should run through the whole; so that all the clerk will have to do, will be to mention the number of the hymn, and the page in which it occurs: indeed it may be sufficient barely to mention the page. On the whole, we have spared no pains in the accomplishment of our undertaking; though at the same time we are sensible of our not being free from errors, for which the indulgence of our readers is entreated. The charge of which we are most apprehensive is that of superfluity: but this, we trust, will be forgiven us, as it affords a greater variety of choice; and we hope, that no hymn will appear to have

have been totally unworthy of being inserted. To conclude, we have sincerely endeavoured to form such a body of Hymns and Psalms, as shall contribute to the devotion, improvement, and pleasure of Christian worshippers; and we humbly recommend this our attempt to promote the honour of God, and the happiness of mankind, to the divine blessing and favour.

London,
Feb. 3, 1795.

ANDREW KIPPIS,
ABRAHAM REES,
THOMAS JERVIS,
THOMAS MORGAN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THIS Collection of Hymns was published with a view to promote just and rational sentiments of religion, in an interesting part of social worship and private devotion. And this design has received the sanction of the public in the sale of the work; the first edition of which, consisting of two thousand copies, being out of print, and a considerable number of the larger impression being likewise disposed of, in about eighteen months from the time of publication. The Compilers, therefore, with one exception occasioned by the decease of their excellent coadjutor, Dr. Kippis, are encouraged to print a new and improved edition. They do not, however, think themselves at liberty to make any change in the number of pages, *or in the order* of the hymns; *as this would be attended* with inconvenience

to

to those who are possessed of the former edition. But they avail themselves of this opportunity, to introduce some verbal alterations; and to correct a few errors, which either had passed unobserved in preparing the multifarious matter that presented itself for selection and arrangement, or which did not appear to be of sufficient importance to be added to the list of *Errata*.

London,
Feb. 7, 1797.

A. Rees,
T. Jervis,
T. Morgan.

A LIST

A LIST

OF THE

AUTHORS AND COLLECTIONS

Made use of in the present WORK.

Dr. Watts.
Mrs. Steele.
Dr. Doddridge.
Mr. Merrick.
Mrs. Barbauld.
Mr. Simon Browne.
Bishop Patrick.
Tate and Brady.
Addison.
Pope.
Mr Jervis.
Mrs. Rowe.
Parnell.
Mr. Newton.
Mrs. Carter.
Blacklock.
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Sternhold.
Roscommon.
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Mr. G. Dyer.
Cowper.
Dr. Cotton.
Dr. Kippis.
Miss Scott.
Mrs. *Masters.*
Dr. Earle.
Milton.
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Dryden.
Dr. Byrom.
Mr. Grove.
Mrs. Tollet.
Dr. Flexman.
Sir John Denham.
Dr. Darwin.
Dr Aikin.
Dr. Bowden.
Mr. Needham.
Miss Daye.
Mr. Burns.
Mr. Christopher Pitt.
Mr. Boyse.
Mr. Fawcett.
Mr. Sowden.
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Bristol Collection.
Mr. Pope's Collection.
Mr. Cappe's Collection.
Edinburgh Collection.
Dr. Enfield's Collection.
Mr. Lindsey's Collection.

Exeter (Mr. Towgood's) Collection.
Liverpool Collection.
Rouen Collection.
Salisbury Collection.
Select Collection of 1756.
Mr. Toplady's Collection.
Mr. Walker's Collection.
Mr. William's Collection.
Olney Hymns.

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How rich thy favours, God of grace!
How rich thy gifts, almighty king!
How shall the young secure their hearts,
How should the sons of Adam's race,
How still and peaceful is the grave!
How swift the torrent rolls,
How vain a thought is bliss below!
How vain are all things here below!
How vain is grandeur's purple pride!
How vast is the tribute I owe

I

I am the first, and I the last;
I love the Lord, he heard my cries,
I love the volumes of thy word:
I read my duty in the word
I to my God my ways commit
I'll bless Jehovah's glorious name,
I'll meditate his works of old;
I'll praise my maker with my breath;
If friendless in the vale of tears I stray,
If God afflicts his saints so far,
If God succeed not, all the cost
If high or low our station be,
If solid happiness we prize,
Imperfect creatures of a day,
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Let others, confident and vain
Let our dejected hearts revive,
Let party names no more
Let Pharisees of high esteem,
Let sorrow, Lord, my bosom fill
Let the unthinking many say,
Let the whole race of creatures lie
Let thy various realms, O earth!
Let us with a joyful mind,
Life is a span, a fleeting hour,
Life is the time to serve the Lord,
Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
Lift your voice, and joyful sing
Lo, God is here! let us adore,
Lo, my shepherd is divine!
Lo! the rock is roll'd away—*Hallelujah!*
Lo! what a glorious corner-stone
Lo, what a pleasing sight
Long as I live, I'll bless thy name,
Long have I sat beneath the sound
Lord, as the ev'ning shades arise,
Lord, could I e'er so faithless prove,
Lord how mysterious are thy ways!
Lord, how shall wretched sinners dare
Lord, I have found 'tis good for me
Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
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My God! the father of mankind,
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My God! the visits of thy love
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My God, what blessings round me shone,
My gracious God, accept my pray'r:
My gracious! my almighty friend!
My helper God! I bless his name;
My maker! and my king!
My never ceasing songs shall shew
My rising soul! extend thy wings
My shepherd is the living Lord:
My shepherd will supply my need;
My soul forsakes each vain delight,
My soul, how lovely is the place
My soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
My soul, repeat his praise
My soul shall praise thee, O my God!
My soul, thy great Creator praise:
My soul to God, its source, aspires;
My soul, triumphant in the Lord,
My spirit looks to God alone;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
My thoughts that oft ascend the skies,

N

Naked as from the earth we came,
No, I'll repine at death no more,
Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard
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O render thanks to God above,
O say, in heav'n's capacious round,
O tell to all whom earth sustains,
O that the Lord would guide my ways,
O that thy statutes ev'ry hour,
O thou, the wretched's sure retreat,
O thou unknown, almighty cause!
O thou who hearest sinners cry:
O thou, whose all-disposing sway,
O thou, whose bright celestial ray
O thou, whose mercy bends the skies.
O thou, whose tender mercy hears
Our country is Emmanuel's ground;
Our days are like the flow'rs that fade;
Our God; our help in ages past,
Our pow'rs, O God; are too confin'd
Our reason stretches all its wings,
Our wasting lives are short'ning still,
Out of the depth of sad distress,

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Praise, everlasting praise, be paid,
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Praise, O praise, the name divine!
Praise to God, immortal praise,
Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
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HYMNS AND PSALMS.

BOOK I.

ADAPTED TO THE INTRODUCTORY PART OF WORSHIP.

1. L. M. WATTS.

Public and social worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O LORD of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for GOD:
My GOD, my king, why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of *majesty*:
Thy *brightest glories shine* above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest

4 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temples of thy grace:
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
Inquire thy will, and learn thy praise.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate:
GOD is their strength; and thro' the ro
They lean upon their helper, GOD.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing streng
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

2. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in public worship.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy GOD resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
'Tho' in his earthly courts.

2 Here the great monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and cheering rays.

3 Here, mighty GOD, thy works declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy here,
And sing thy praises still.

4 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in worldly joys.

5 Could I command the spacious land,
And the unbounded sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

3. P. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my GOD.

2 O happy souls that pray,
Where GOD appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Thro' this dark vale of tears;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious seat,
When GOD our King
Shall *thither bring*
Our willing feet!

4. P. M. WATTS.

The benefits of public worship.

1 GOD is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd;
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

2 To spend one sacred day
Where GOD and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where GOD resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

3 The LORD his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O GOD of hosts!
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

5. L. M. WATTS.

The love of GOD *better than life.*

1 GREAT GOD! indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my joy, and thou my rest:
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

8. C. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Thou art a GOD, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness:
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

9. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The eternal sabbath.

1 LORD of the sabbath! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy churches rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love:
But there's a nobler rest above;
Thy *servants to that rest* aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 There

3 There languor shall no more oppress;
The heart shall feel no more distress;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
That dwell upon immortal tongues.

4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy;
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;
But every doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.

5 When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death or sin;
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine?

10. L. M. CAPPE'S SELECTION.

The Christian sabbath.

1 AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the sabbath's call attend:
Improve, my soul! the sacred rest,
And learn for ever to be blest.

2 This day may our devotions rise
To heav'n a grateful sacrifice;
May heav'n that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know!

3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest
Which for the sons of GOD remains,
The end of cares, and toils, and pains.

4 In varied scenes, both old and new,
With joy, great GOD! thy works we view;
In praise recal thy mercies past,
In hope thy future mercies taste.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet the sabbath thus to spend
In hope of that which ne'er shall end!

11. L. M. MERRICK.

The pleasures of devotion.

1 GOD of my strength! to thee I cry,
To thee my surest refuge, fly:
O may thy light attend my way,
Thy truth afford its cheering ray!

2 Conduct me to thy hallow'd seat
Where wisdom, truth, and mercy meet:
And there, in all its best array,
My heart its richest gifts shall pay.

3 Thy mercies, to my heart reveal'd,
A theme of endless transport yield;
Thy love does all my bosom fire,
Thy praise does all my song inspire.

4 In all our cares, in all our woes,
On GOD our stedfast hopes repose:
To GOD our thanks shall still be paid,
Our sure defence, our constant aid.

12. L. M. WATTS.

Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian church.

1 GOD in his earthly temples lays
Foundations for *his heav'nly* praise:
He *loves the tents of Jacob* well,
But more in Sion loves to dwell.

2 His

2 His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Sion told!
Thou city of our GOD below,
Thy fame shall all the nations know.

4 Barbarian, Scythian, Greek, and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The source whence living waters spring.

5 When GOD makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

13. C. M. WATTS.

Reverential worship.

1 WITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the LORD;
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On his supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at his command.

3 His words the raging winds control,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
He makes the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

4 Just

4 Justice and judgment are his throne,
Yet wondrous is his grace:
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near his face.

14. L. M. WATTS.

A hymn for the Lord's day.

1 SWEET is the work, my GOD, my king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast:
My heart shall triumph in the LORD,
And bless his works and bless his word.

3 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
When doubts and fears no more remain,
To break my inward peace again.

4 Then I shall see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below,
And every pow'r find sweet employ
In the eternal world of joy.

15. L. M. WATTS.

The church the garden of GOD.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand:
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There *grow thy saints in* faith and love,
Blest with thy influence from above!

Not

Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The LORD is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his courts shall find
A GOD unfaithful or unkind.

16. C.M. WATTS.

Praise to GOD *in his house.*

1 AWAKE, ye saints to praise your king;
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the LORD; and works unknown
Are his divine employ:
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone:
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd,
Where our JEHOVAH's known.

5 O Britain! know the living GOD;
Serve him with faith and fear:

He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thy honours there.

17. L. M. WATTS.

GOD's presence in his church.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for the LORD?
For the supreme, eternal mind,
What dwelling can the earth afford?

2 The GOD of Jacob chose the hill
Of Sion for his ancient rest:
His church is his bright dwelling still,
And with his special presence blest.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the LORD;
Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
And those who wait before my door
With rich provisions shall be fed.

5 We love thy habitation, LORD,
Where peace, and truth, and mercy dwell:
There shall we hear thy holy word,
And all thy works of wonder tell.

18. C. M. WATTS.

The privilege of public worship.

1 THE *LORD in Sion* plac'd his name,
His ark was settl'd there;

To Sion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad:
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for GOD.

3 Here, mighty GOD! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let GOD's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

19. L. M. WATTS.

Devotion and confidence in GOD.

1 WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Let all who hear the notes I raise,
With grateful spirits join the praise.

2 His saints, to whom his church is dear,
Shall witness my devotion there;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To his fair temple in the skies.

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, LORD;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy wondrous works below,
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

4 *The* GOD of heav'n maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great

But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand:
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

6 The LORD, supremely good and great,
Will his own work of grace complete:
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

20. C.M. JERVIS.

Homage and devotion.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heav'n's almighty king:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 Thee we adore; and, LORD, to thee
Our filial duty pay:
Thy service, unconstrain'd and free,
Conducts to endless day.

4 While in thy house of pray'r we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

5 *With fervour teach our hearts* to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;

Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

21. C. M. Watts.

Solemn praise.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice:
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And songs of honour sing:
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's king.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the sea what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come kneel before his face:
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

22. S. M. Watts.

The same subject.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!

Jeh-

JEHOVAH is the mighty GOD,
The universal king.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the LORD:
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious GOD.

23. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth rejoice
Before the LORD, your sov'reign king;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The LORD is GOD: 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 *The LORD is good; the* LORD is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure:

And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

24. L. M. WATTS.

A hymn of praise.

1 SING to the LORD with joyful voice;
Let every land his name adore:
Ye favour'd British isles! rejoice,
And sound his praise from shore to sho

2 Nations, attend before his throne
With solemn fear, and sacred joy:
Know that the LORD is GOD alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

3 His pow'rful word, which all things ma
Gave life to clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wand'ring sheep we stra
He brought us to his fold again.

4 We are the people of his care,
Our souls with all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours can we rear,
Almighty Maker to thy name?

5 We'll crow'd thy gates with thankful sor
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongu
Shall fill thy courts with sounding prais

6 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move

25. C. M. KIPPIS.

To the unknown GOD.

1 GREAT GOD! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through:
Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his GOD has sought,
Such wondrous heighth or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet LORD, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine,
Thro' all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will!

26. L. M. BROWNE.

The ONE GOD.

1 ETERNAL GOD! almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
By none control'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.

3 To *thee, the One Supreme,* we bow;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay;

All

All other gods we disavow,
Reject their claims, renounce their swa

4 Spread thy great name thro' every land;
All idol deities dethrone:
Subdue the world to thy command,
And reign unrivall'd, GOD alone!

27. C. M. JERVIS.

The power and majesty of GOD.

1 TH' eternal GOD in thunder speaks,
And rends the vaulted sky;
While lightnings 'midst the awful gloo
Declare JEHOVAH nigh.

2 The howling winds, the beating rain,
The sea's tumultuous roar—
These in tremendous concert join'd,
Proclaim his boundless pow'r.

3 He comes! all nature prostrate lies,
And trembles at his nod:
Earthquakes and dreadful storms annou
The presence of the GOD.

4 To celebrate his praise sublime,
While heav'n and earth combine;
Let man, in nobler strains, adore
His boundless pow'r divine.

5 Great GOD! the splendours of thy mig
Our awe and wonder raise:
Thy deeds of glory far surpass
Our loftiest hymns of praise.

6 *Yet*, LORD, in thine almighty arm
Secure thy servants trust,

'Midst all the clouds and storms of life,
The refuge of the just.

28. L. M. Pope's Collection.

The majesty and glory of God.

YE sons of men! in sacred lays
Attempt your great Creator's praise:
But who an equal song can frame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

He sits enthron'd amidst the spheres,
And glory like a garment wears;
His boundless wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Command our awe, transcend our praise.

Before his throne a shining band
Of cherubs and of seraphs stand;
Ethereal spirits, who in flight
Outstrip the rapid speed of light.

To God all nature owes its birth,
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.

In all our maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
His high perfections let us sing;
O let his praise employ our tongue,
Whilst list'ning worlds applaud the song!

29. C. M.

29. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

The power of GOD.

1 'TWAS GOD who hurl'd the rolling spheres,
And stretch'd the boundless skies;
Who form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfin'd:
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3 He darts along the burning skies;
Loud thunders round him roar:
All heav'n attends him as he flies,
And hell proclaims his pow'r.

4 He speaks, and nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round:
The mountains melt; the trembling hills
Forsake their ancient bound.

5 He scatters nations with his breath;
The scatter'd nations fly:
Blue pestilence, and wasting death
Confess the Godhead nigh.

6 Ye worlds, with ev'ry living thing,
Fulfil his high command:
Mortals pay homage to your king,
And own his ruling hand.

30. L. M. WATTS.

GOD *exalted above all praise.*

1 ETERNAL Pow'r! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a GOD;

Infi-

Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Far in the depths of space thy throne
Burns with a lustre all its own:
In shining ranks beneath thy feet,
Angelic pow'rs and splendours meet.

3 LORD, what shall feeble mortals do?
We would adore our Maker too:
With lowly minds to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Something we learn from nature's frame:
Thy word has more reveal'd thy name:
Yet still thy greatness, LORD, we find,
Leaves all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 GOD is in heaven, and man below:
Short be our tunes, our words be few:
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

31. C. M. WATTS.

The majesty of GOD.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And own your maker GOD!
Our trembling souls with awe profound,
Would spread his name abroad.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to *be*.

3 Unnumber'd ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,

Whate'er

Whate'er through endless years should ri
Stood present to his thought.

4 His mighty voice bids ancient night
Her endless realms resign;
And lo! ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

5 His wisdom with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame;
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

32. L.M. WATTS.

The dominion of GOD.

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to GOD belong
Crown him, ye nations, in your song
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse
His honours shall enrich your verse.

2 His name JEHOVAH sounds on high:
He rides and thunders through the sky:
Ye saints, rejoice before his face;
Exalt the wonders of his grace.

3 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in deep distress:
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge that's just, a father kind.

4 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels, that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

5 *He* shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms:
How terrible is GOD in arms!

Be

Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.

6 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
GOD is the strength of ev'ry saint.

33. L.M. WATTS.

Everlasting praise.

1 MY GOD, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim:
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine:
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The matchless honours of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But *who can speak thy* wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:

Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

34. C. M. WATTS.

The greatness and goodness of GOD.

1 LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
GOD of eternal love!
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the LORD, his pow'r unknown;
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall thro' the world be known:
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

35. C.M. WATTS.

The goodness of GOD.

1 GOD reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

2 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

3 How kind are thy compassions, LORD!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

4 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,
O GOD, my heav'nly king!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

36. L.M. WATTS.

The perfections and providence of GOD.

HIGH in the heav'ns, Eternal GOD!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth *shall break thro'* ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share:
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My GOD! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring
The sons of Adam in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the LORD:
And in his light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in his word.

37. C.M. WATTS.

The benignity of providence.

1 THY justice, LORD, maintains its throne
Tho' mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

2 Above the heav'ns' created rounds,
Thy mercies far extend:
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

3 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast:
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children love to rest.

4 Tho' all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day.
Where clouds can never rise.

38. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

The power and providence of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord! our souls adore;
We wonder while we praise:
His pow'r what creature can explore,
Or equal honours raise!

2 His praise shall be our awful theme,
The wonders of his pow'r;
We'll speak the honours of his name,
And bid the world adore.

3 How large his tender mercies are!
How wide his pow'r extends!
On his beneficence and care
The universe depends.

4 Great God! while nature speaks thy praise;
With all her num'rous tongues,
Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,
And love inspire their songs.

5 Thy pow'r and grandeur they shall sing,
The glories of thy reign:
Thy wondrous *deeds, Almighty* King!
Shall fill th' enraptur'd strain.

39. C.M. Mrs. Steele.

Providence kind and bountiful.

1 THY kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store:
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining pow'r.

3 Holy and just in all its ways
Is Providence divine;
In all its works, immortal rays
Of pow'r and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God, delightful theme!
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

40. L.M. Watts.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 Great is the Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 He loves the meek, rewards the just,
Humbles the wicked in the dust,
Melts and subdues the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

4 His saints are precious in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Approves, and loves his image there.

41. C. M. WATTS.

The divine mercy and benignity.

1 HOW many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, LORD, how great!
Life is too short, and words too few,
Their nûmbers to repeat.

2 In all thy works thy hand we see,
Thy footsteps, LORD, we trace:
Thy goodness how divinely free!
And wondrous is thy grace.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show:
O! make thy work complete:
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love is great.

42. C. M. WATTS.

GOD *holy, just, and powerful.*

1 HOW *should the sons of* Adam's race
Be pure before their GOD?

If

If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he should mark our words and thou
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
The least excuse devise?

3 Who can resist his pow'rful arm?
Who dares with him contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 He makes the mountains feel his wra
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
And all her pillars shake.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
Th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the raging sea,
Flies on the stormy wind:
None can explore his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

43. L.M. WATTS.

GOD *incomprehensible.*

1 CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he command, who dare oppose?
The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light.

Great GOD! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy:
My lips, in songs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' eternal king.

O tell me with a gentle voice,
Thou art my GOD! and I'll rejoice:
Sustain'd by thee, I'll still proclaim
The matchless honours of thy name.

44. C.M. WATTS.

The knowledge and fear of GOD.

GREAT is the LORD! his works of might
Demand our noblest songs:
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

Great is the mercy of the LORD:
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

His Son, the great redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest *proof of* knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

45 C.M.

45. C.M. Mrs. Steele.

The condescension of God.

1 ETERNAL pow'r, Almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thine abode,
To mortal eyes unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye
The heav'ns no longer shine;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God! and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below,
To this poor world thy notice bend,
This seat of sin and woe?

4 How large, how wonderful thy love!
With rev'rence we adore;
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its greatness can explore.

46. L.M. Watts.

The majesty and condescension of God.

1 YE servants of th' Almighty King!
In ev'ry age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time, nor place, his pow'r restrain
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?

His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

47. L. M. WATTS.

The glory of GOD.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores,
The Almighty, the Eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
Confess the Infinite unknown.

2 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bade planets roll, and suns to shine:
But nothing like thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This humble dwelling-place of worms.

48. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to GOD *from all creatures.*

1 THE glories of my maker, GOD,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the *nations to* adore
Their former and their king.

2 Ye planets to his honour shine;
Ye wheels of nature roll;
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

3 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our
And wrought this human frame;
And from his own creating breath
Our nobler spirits came.

4 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God
And worship with our tongues;
We claim a kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

49. C.M. WATTS.

God's eternal dominion.

1 GREAT God! how infinite art th
How frail and helpless we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Nature and time all open lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are dr
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

5 Great GOD! how infinite art thou;
How frail and helpless we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

50. L. M. TATE and BRADY.

GOD *the eternal sovereign.*

1 WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The LORD, who o'er all nature reigns,
At first the world's foundations laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O LORD! and thou alone,
Art GOD from all eternity.

3 The floods, O LORD! lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But GOD above rebukes their noise,
And straight the angry seas comply.

4 Thy promise, LORD, is ever sure;
And those who in thy presence dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

51. L. M. PATRICK.

The stability of the divine government.

1 JEHOVAH reigns: the King of kings
Assumes his robes of glorious light:
Tremble, thou earth! when he appears
Array'd in majesty and might.

2 Under *his rule th'* unquiet world
Shall gain stability and peace;

Of old his empire did begin,
And, like himself, can never cease.

3 In vain the world's rebellious pow'rs
In tumult and commotion rise,
Like troubl'd waters of the sea,
To bid defiance to the skies.

4 Resist not his unequall'd strength;
He's far above your angry noise;
And ev'n the sea's unruly waves
Do calmly listen to his voice.

5 LORD, as thy pow'r can never fail,
So all thy promises are sure;
'Tis thy perfection to be true,
And theirs that serve thee to be pure.

52. L.M. MRS. STEELE.

The sovereign and eternal GOD.

1 THE LORD, the GOD of glory, reign
In robes of majesty array'd;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have m

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were stretch'd abroa
Thine awful throne was fix'd above;
From everlasting thou art GOD.

3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam, and lash the trembling shor

4 *The* LORD JEHOVAH, from on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas:

He speaks! and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure;
Eternal purity is thine;
And, LORD, thy people should be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

53. L. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 JEHOVAH reigns: He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living GOD.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

54. P. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 THE LORD of glory reigns, he reigns on *high:*
His robes of state are strength and majesty:

This wide creation rose at his comma
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd l
hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began cre
And his own godhead is the firm found

2 God is th' eternal king: Thy foes in
Raise their rebellions to confound thy
In vain the storms, in vain the floods
And roar and toss their waves again
skies:
Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild
motion,
But heav'n's high arches scorn the swel
ocean.

3 Ye tempests rage no more: ye floo
still;
And the mad world submissive to his
Built on his truth his church must
stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his
See his own sons, when they appear befor
Bow at his footstool, and with fear ador

55. L. M. Walker's Collect

God eternal and unchangeable.

1 ALL-pow'rful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 *Fix'd* and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,

Thro' ages infinite, shall still
With undiminish'd lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being, source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Nature her order shall reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd:

5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake,
And burning desolation mark
Amid the world his devious track:

6 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will:
But thou for ever art the same,
I AM is thy memorial still.

56. C. M. TATE and BRADY.

The same subject.

1 THRO' endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal GOD!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid,
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon *shall this goodly* frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,

Be like a vesture laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.

4 But thy eternal state, O LORD!
No length of time shall waste:
Thy pow'r and wisdom, truth and grac
From age to age shall last.

5 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt endless blessings give:
They in their fathers' GOD shall trust,
And in thy presence live.

57. C.M. MRS. ROWE.

The eternity and immutability of GOD.

1 THOU didst, O mighty GOD! exist
Ere time began his race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of space:

2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd:

3 Ere thro' the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch
Or starry poles were rear'd:

4 Before the bright, harmonious spheres
Their glorious rounds begun;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun:

5 *Ere* men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;

Thy bliss, eternal spring of life!
And glory was the same.

6 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck:

7 When from her orb the moon shall start,
The astonish'd sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake:

8 For ever permanent and fix'd,
From interruption free;
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

58. P. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The unrivalled power and dominion of God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns! let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Let heav'n's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide-peopl'd earth his praise proclaim;
Then send it down to hell's deep gloom resounding,
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.

2 He rules with wide and absolute command,
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land:
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs upon his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share the *throne* of the Creator.

59. P. M.

59. P. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

God the eternal sovereign.

1 THIS earthly globe, the creature of a day
'Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings:
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

2 The sun himself, with gath'ring clouds oppress,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest;
His golden urn shall break, and useless lie
Amidst the common ruins of the sky;
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean

3 But fix'd, O God! forever stands thy throne
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone:
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same:
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

4 But oh! our highest notes the theme debase
And silence is our least injurious praise:
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight control;
Revere him in the stillness of the soul:
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

60. C.

60. C. M. GROVE.

GOD *the Creator.*

1 O LORD, how excellent thy name!
How glorious to behold,
Engraven fair on all thy works
In characters of gold!

2 On heav'n's unmeasurable face,
In lines immensely great;
In small, on ev'ry leaf and flower,
CREATOR-GOD is writ.

3 Tho' reason be not giv'n to all,
Nor voice to thee, O sun!
Their maker all proclaim, and here
Their language is but one.

4 From land to land, from world to world,
Thy fame is echo'd round;
And ages, as they pass, transmit
The never-dying sound.

5 Angels, the eldest sons of GOD,
Began the lofty song;
They saw the heavens expand abroad
And earth on nothing hung.

6 Then man, the last and noblest work,
Of all this lower frame,
With the first vital breath he drew,
Confess'd from whence he came.

7 O let us all give praise to GOD,
And magnify his *name;*
The wonders of his power and love
Let the whole world proclaim.

61. L. M.

61. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

The voice of nature.

1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skie
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise!

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light
His mighty maker's glorious name.

3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around:
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.

4 Almighty goodness, pow'r divine,
The fields and verdant meads display;
And bless the hand which made them shin
With various charms profusely gay.

5 For man and beast, here daily food
In wide diffusive plenty grows:
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams sweet winding gently flows.

6 The flow'ry tribes, all blooming rise,
Above the faint attempts of art:
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

7 Ye curious minds who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonder's o'er!
Confess the footsteps of the God,
And bow before him, and adore.

62. L. M. WATTS.

God known by his works.

WHO can by searching find out God?
Or who can trace his bright abode?
Yet, LORD, thy glories we adore,
And wish to know and love thee more.

Thy hand, unseen, sustains the poles,
On which the vast creation rolls;
The starry skies proclaim thy pow'r,
Thy pencil glows in every flow'r.

In various shapes and colours rise
Ten thousand wonders to our eyes;
And beasts and birds with lab'ring throat,
Teach us a GOD in every note.

Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a place, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a GOD.

63. C. M. WATTS.

The creation of the world.

LET heav'n arise, let earth appear!
Said the Almighty LORD:
The heav'ns arose, the earth appear'd
At his creating word.

Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep,
GOD said, *Let there be light!*
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
And scatter'd ancient night.

He bade *the clouds ascend* on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear

A wat'ry

A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful tre
The new-form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then high in heav'n's resplendent arch
He plac'd those orbs of light;
He caus'd the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.

7 Next, from the deep, th' almighty king
Did vital beings frame;
Fowls of the air of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.

8 To all the various brutal tribes,
He gave their wondrous birth;
At once the lion and the worm
Sprang from the teeming earth.

9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
At last was Adam made.
His maker's image bless'd his soul,
And glory crown'd his head.

10 Fair in the almighty maker's eye
The whole creation stood;
He view'd the fabric he had rais'd;
His word pronounc'd it good.

64. C. M. WATTS.

The perfections of GOD *displayed in his works.*

1 WE sing th' almighty pow'r of GOD,
Who bade the mountains rise,
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines bright at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 We sing the goodness of the LORD,
Who fills the earth with food;
Who form'd his creatures by a word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 LORD, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er we turn our eyes;
Whether we view the ground we tread
Or gaze upon the skies!

5 There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

6 Creation, vast as it may be,
Is subject to thy will:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But GOD is with us still.

7 'Tis on his earth we stand or move,
And 'tis his air we breathe;
All heav'n *he fills with beams* of love,
With terrors hell beneath.

8 On him each moment we depend;
If he withdraw, we die:
Oh may we ne'er that GOD offend,
Who is for ever nigh!

65. C. M. WATTS.

The wisdom of GOD *in his works.*

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrou
How glorious in our sight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to know thy name?

5 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will.

66. C. M. WATTS.

Rejoicing in the works of GOD.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the LOR
This work belongs to you;

Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heav'nly arches spread:
And by the spirit of the LORD
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep:
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth!
With fear before him stand:
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 Thy glorious works our thoughts engage:
How vast thy pow'r divine!
Thy counsels stand through ev'ry age,
And in full glory shine.

67. Particular M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 YE holy souls, in GOD rejoice;
Your maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works *of nature, and of* grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves
His word the heav'nly arches spread:
How wide they shine from north to south
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas;
Those wat'ry treasures know their place,
In the vast store-house of the deep:
He spake, and gave all nature birth;
And fires and seas, and heav'n and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A GOD of such resistless pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak ye hands;
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

68. L. M. MERRICK.

GOD *the source of life to the whole creation.*

1 ARRAY'D in majesty divine,
What pow'r and glory, LORD, is thine!
Light forms thy robe, and round thy hea
The heav'ns their ample curtain spread.

2 Thou know'st amid the fluid space
The strong compacted beams to place,
That prop the chambers of the sky,
And age's wasting power defy.

3

3 By thee, O LORD, all creatures live,
And from thy hand all good receive:
But if thy face thou turn away,
Their troubl'd looks their grief betray.

4 If thou the vital air deny,
Behold them sicken, faint, and die;
Dust to its kindred dust returns,
And earth her ruin'd offspring mourns.

5 But soon thy breath her loss supplies:
She sees a new-born race arise,
And, o'er her regions scatter'd wide,
The blessings of thy hand divide.

6 To GOD in joyful strains my tongue
Shall pour the tributary song;
And, long as breath inspires my frame,
The wonders of his love proclaim.

69. L. M. WATTS.

The glory of GOD *in his works.*

1 MY soul! thy great Creator praise,
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

2 The heav'ns are for his curtain spread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his *chariot*, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand:
He binds the waters in his chain,
Lest they should drown the earth again.

4 Yet these, convey'd by secret veins,
Spring on the hills, and drench the plains
From crystal fountains gently flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go.

5 The cattle there their thirst allay,
And speak their joy in sportive play;
While birds their grateful sonnets raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

70. L. M. WATTS.

GOD *the support of all his creatures.*

1 GOD, from his cloudy cisterns, pours
On the parch'd earth refreshing show'rs
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

2 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man of various pow'r,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

3 O bless his name, ye Britons! fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with fervour in your hearts.

4 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls savage beasts to hunt their prey.

5 By day man to his labour goes,
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From toil, anxiety, and grief.

6 Nor less his glories in the sea,
Where fish in countless numbers play,
Proclaiming, as they skim the wave,
The mercy which their being gave.

7 How vast thy works! how great thy skill!
Heav'n, earth, and sea, thy riches fill:
Thy goodness round the world we see;
The universe is full of thee.

71. L. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 VAST are thy works, almighty LORD!
All nature rests upon thy word!
Thy glories in the heav'ns we see,
The spacious earth is full of thee.

2 The various tribes of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand;
And while they take their different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce thee good.

3 Whene'er thy face is hid, they mourn
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign:
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

4 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the *world with* beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

5 The

7 The sun's all-animating beams
The growing verdure spread;
Refreshing rains and rolling streams
His genial influence aid.

8 The moon and stars his absent light
Supply with milder rays,
And deck the sable veil of night,
And speak their maker's praise.

74. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

The distinguished goodness of God to man.

1 THY wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, L
In all thy works appear;
But most thy praise should man recor
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

2 From thee the breath of life he drew,
That breath thy pow'r maintains,
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

3 Thy providence, his constant guard
When threat'ning ills impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

4 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possest;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.

5 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impar
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

75. C. M. Mrs. Rowe.

Praise from all nature.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, almighty king!
Harmonious anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee:
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be!

Yet how, great God! shall we refrain,
When, to our 'raptur'd sense,
Each creature in its various ways
Displays thine excellence?

The brilliant lights that shine above,
In bright magnificence,
Reveal their mighty maker's praise
With silent eloquence.

The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art much more fair;
When in the east its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreshing breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whispers owns from thee
Its pleasing odours come.

The warbling birds, the hollow winds,
And waters' murm'ring fall,
To praise the *first almighty* cause,
With diff'rent voices call.

8 Thy various works exalt thy name;
And shall man silent be?
No, rather let us cease to breathe
Than cease from praising thee.

76. C.M. Mrs. Rowe.

Praise to the God of Nature.

1 BEGIN, my soul, the lofty strain;
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heav'n's almighty king.

2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

3 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.

4 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.

5 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the ev'ning skies.

6 Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault,
To ev'ry bounding strain.

7 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo thro' the sky,
Let angels with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony:

8 Whilst we, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The great creator sing,
And utter consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal king.

77. P. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
Thou moon that rul'st the night,
Shine to your maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in *swift courses move*
By his supreme command.

He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the LORD.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past:
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

78. P. M. WATTS.

Universal praise to GOD.

1 LET all the nations fear
The GOD that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.
When earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

2 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty LORD,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

Ye kings, and judges, fear
The LORD, the sov'reign king;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing:
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

Ye vig'rous youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join.
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By ev'ry tongue
In endless strains.

79. L. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word;
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the LORD,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss!
Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell,
How dark thy beams compar'd with his.

Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare:
Let *the sweet whisper of his* name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

4 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree,
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.

5 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill;
Valleys lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from every hill
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

6 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
While nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!

7 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Let the creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

80. S. M. WATTS.

Universal praise.

1 LET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal GOD:
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand, or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs, or snow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the LORD,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
Te execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But they who taste his wondrous love
Should sing his praises best.

81. S. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 UNITED zeal be shown
GOD's wondrous fame to raise:
He is the LORD: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

2 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

3 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.

4 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While infancy and with'ring age
Their feebler voices try.

5 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest:
But saints who dwell so near his hea
Should sing his praises best.

82. P. M. Mrs. Steele.

Grateful praise.

1 TO your creator God,
Your great preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise:
Let every voice
Proclaim his pow'r,
His name adore,
And loud rejoice.

2 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sov'reign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round
With all-diffusive ray;
From morn to night,
With ev'ry beam,
Record his name,
Who made thee bright.

3 Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in shining hosts,
To gild the azure plain;
With countless rays
Declare his name,
Prolong the theme,
Reflect his praise.

4 Let all the creatures join,
To celebrate his name,

And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme.
Let nature raise
From ev'ry tongue
A general song
Of grateful praise.
But oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise,
Ye highly blest
Above the rest;
Declare his praise.

83. L. M. Mrs. Tollet.

Praise to God.

FROM vocal air, and concave skies,
Let wafted hallelujah's sound;
And let the sacred triumphs rise,
Till vaulted heav'n the notes rebound.
Thou solar orb! whose ruddy beam
Compels the shades of night to yield;
Thou silver moon! whose fainter gleam
Scarce trembles o'er yon azure field:
Ye stars! who circle round the pole,
Illumin'd with distinguish'd rays;
Instruct your vocal spheres to roll
Symphonious to your maker's praise.
His name with pious praises sing,
Who kindl'd first *the beamy light*:
Who first commanded you to spring
Forth from the cells of ancient night.

5 Ye

5 Ye active youths, in manly prime!
Ye virgins deck'd with blooming grace!
Ye elders press'd by creeping time!
And you, the infant tender race!

6 Your voices raise with mix'd acclaim,
To praise the universal LORD;
The sole, august, majestic name,
O'er earth and distant heav'n ador'd.

84. L. M. MERRICK.

All nature invoked to praise the creator.

1 YE bless'd inhabitants of heav'n!
To GOD be all your praises given:
O praise him in the realms that lie
Above the reach of mortal eye.

2 Praise him, thou sun, that round the pc
With restless course art seen to roll;
Ye moon and stars, his praise repeat;
Praise him, ye heav'ns, his awful seat!

3 Nor let the heav'ns his praise confine;
Let all of earth the chorus join;
Ye beasts that range th' uncultur'd soil,
Or patient lend to man your toil.

4 Praise him, each bird, that wings the ai
Each reptile nurtur'd by his care;
And ev'ry wind, and ev'ry storm,
That duteous his commands perform.

5 Ye youthful bands, and virgin choir,
Each lisping babe, and hoary sire,
Wake to his name your grateful songs;
To him alone all praise belongs.

glory earth's wide bounds o'erflows,
highest heav'n its limit knows;
ome, your thankful voices raise,
consecrate to him your praise.

L. M. WILLIAMS'S COLLECTION.

The same subject.

ELESTIAL worlds, your maker's name
Resound thro' ev'ry shining coast!
GOD a nobler praise will claim,
ere he unfolds his glories most.

endous globe of flaming day,
se him in thy sublime career:
struck from night thy peerless ray,
e thee thy path, and guides thee there.

starry lamps, to whom 'tis giv'n
ht's sable horrors to illume,
se him who hung you high in heav'n
h vivid fires to gild the gloom.

ıtnings, that round th' Eternal play,
nders, that from his arm are hurl'd,
grandeur of your GOD convey,
ing, or bursting on the world.

n clime to clime, from shore to shore,
he almighty GOD ador'd:
nade the nations by his pow'r,
rules them with his sov'reign word.

nce let nature's ample round
GOD the vast thanksgiving raise:
high perfection knows no bound,
lls th' immensity of space.

86. P.M.

86. P.M. Anonymous.

Gratitude to the author of nature.

1 HOW cheerful the field, and the me
How gay does all nature appear!
The flocks as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.

2 The foliage that shades the gay bow'rs,
The herbage that springs from the cl
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and fair flow
All rise to the praise of our God.

3 Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call!
Forbid it, devotion and love!

4 The God who such wonders can raise,
His name be for ever ador'd!
Our lips shall incessantly praise,
Our hearts shall rejoice in the Lord

87. P.M. Ogilvie.

Hymn of universal praise.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' almighty name;
Let heav'n and earth, and seas and skie
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the glorious theme.

Ye angels, spread the joyful sound,
While all th' adoring throngs around
His wondrous mercy sing;
Let all who fill the realms above
Awake the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your maker, GOD,
Ye thunders, speak his pow'r:
Lo! on the lightning's gleamy wing
In triumph rides th' eternal king;
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.

Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bid you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

Wake, all ye feather'd throngs, and sing
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring;
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
And tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heav'n's *extended arch* rebound
The gen'ral burst of joy.

88. C. M.

88. C.M. WATTS.

Contemplation of the works of nature.

1 ETERNAL wisdom! thee we prai
Thee the creation sings;
With thy great name, rocks, hills, an
And heav'n's high palace rings.

2 How wide thy hand hath spread the s
How glorious to behold,
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly die,
And starr'd with sparkling gold!

3 There thou hast bid the globes of ligh
Their endless circles run;
The paler planet rules the night,
The day obeys the sun.

4 If down I turn my wond'ring eyes,
On clouds and storms below;
Those lower regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories show.

5 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thine orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the
To make thy chariot way.

6 The rolling mountains of the deep
Obey thy stern command;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them on the sand.

7 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid groun
With terror and delight.

6 But the mild glories of the LORD,
Our softer passions move;
Thy grace and pity, in thy word
We see, adore and love.

89. L. M. WATTS.

All the works of GOD *praise him.*

1 FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move
To form the circles of our years:

2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
Who dress'd thine orb in golden rays!
Or may the sun forget to rise
If he forget his maker's praise.

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams, and borrow'd light
Are softer rivals of the noon:

4 Arise, and to that sov'reign pow'r
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

5 Ye twinkling stars that gild the sky,
And cheer the gloomy face of night,
Praise him who plac'd *your* orbs on high,
And out of darkness call'd up light.

6 O GOD of glory, and of love!
Thou art the sun that makes our days
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

90. C. M. WATTS.

Invocation to praise.

1 PRAISE ye the LORD, immortal ch
That fills the realms above;
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode:
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter GOD.

3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night
To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Thunder and hail, and seas and storm
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

5 Shout to the LORD, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

ive your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
o him that bade you grow;
et clusters, bend the fruitful vines
n ev'ry grateful bough.

us, while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound;
no the glories of your king
Thro' all the nations round.

91. L. M. ADDISON.

The voice of GOD *in his works.*

HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
d spangl'd heavens, a shining frame,
eir great original proclaim.

unwearied sun from day to day
th his creator's power display;
d publishes to every land,
work of an almighty hand.

n as the evening shades prevail,
moon takes up the wondrous tale;
d nightly to the list'ning earth
eats the story of her birth:

ilst all the stars which round her burn,
d all the planets in their turn,
nfirm the tidings as they roll,
d spread the truth from pole to pole.

at tho' in solemn silence all
ve round this *dark terrestrial* ball;
hat tho' no real voice nor sound,
dst their radiant orbs be found:

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice:
For ever singing as they shine—
"The hand that made us is divine."

92. P. M. ROSCOMMON.

Praise to GOD *from all nature.*

1 O AZURE vaults! O crystal sky!
The world's transparent canopy!
Break your long silence, and let mort
know,
With what contempt you look on thi
below.

2 O light! thou fairest, first of things,
From whom all joy all beauty springs
O praise th' almighty ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee as his imperial robe.

3 Great eye of all! whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day;
O praise his name, without whose pr
light,
Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of nigh

4 Ye moon and planets! who dispense
By GOD's command your influence;
Resign to him, as to your maker due,
That homage which man's folly pays toy

5 Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
And you who thro' the concave blow,
Swift to perform the mandates of his wo
Whirlwinds and tempests! praise th'
mighty LORD.

6

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
That in the sea's vast bosom sleep;
t whose command the foaming billows
roar,
et know their limits, tremble, and adore.

Praise him, old monuments of time!
O praise him, ye in youthful prime!
ll ye who shine in beauty's excellence!
nd praise him, thou sweet age of innocence!

Let the wide world his praises sing,
From whom its various blessings spring:
Let echoing anthems make his praises
known,
On earth his footstool, as in heav'n his
throne!

93. L.M. WATTS.

Climate and seasons of the year.

O BRITAIN! praise JEHOVAH's name,
His goodness and thy bliss proclaim:
He bade the ocean round thee flow;
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

Thy children are secure and blest;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest:
Thy sun affords a temp'rate heat,
Thy fertile soil the choicest wheat.

Thy changing seasons he ordains,
ine early and thy latter rains:

His flakes of snow like wool he sends
And well the springing corn defends.

4 His hoary frost bestrews the plains,
And binds the rapid streams in chains
He bids the warmer breezes blow;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow.

5 But he hath nobler works and ways,
To summon Britons to his praise:
To all our isle his laws are shown;
His gospel's thro' the nation known,

94. C. M. WATTS.

The providence of GOD *in the seasons.*

1 WITH songs and honours soun
loud,
Address the LORD on high!
Over the heav'ns he spreads his clouc
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his show'rs of blessings do
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains cr
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat:
He hears the raven's cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend, and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

7 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign LORD.

95. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Summer and winter.

1 PRAISE ye the LORD; Oh, blissful theme,
To sing the honours of his name!
'Tis pleasure, 'tis divine delight,
And praise is lovely in his sight.

2 He speaks! and swiftly from the skies
To earth the sov'reign mandate flies
Observant nature hears his word,
And bows obedient to her LORD.

3 Now thick descending flakes of snow
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
Now glitt'ring frost o'er all the plains
Extends its universal chains.

4 At *his fierce storms of* patt'ring hail
The shiv'ring powers of nature fail;

Before

Before his cold what life can stand,
Unshelter'd by his guardian hand?

5 He speaks! the ice and snow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away:
Now vernal gales soft rising blow,
And murm'ring waters gently flow.

6 But nobler works his grace record;
To heal our woes he sent his word;
No thunders from his mount he hurl'd,
But truth and love to bless the world.

96. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Praise to the God *of the seasons.*

1 SING to the Lord! let praise inspire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre
In strains of joy, proclaim abroad
The endless glories of our God.

2 He counts the hosts of starry flames,
Knows all their natures and their names
Great is our God! his wondrous pow'r
And boundless wisdom we adore.

3 He veils the sky with treasur'd show'rs;
On earth the plenteous blessing pours:
The mountains smile in lively green,
And fairer blooms the flow'ry scene.

4 His bounteous hand, great spring of goo
Provides the brute creation food;
He feeds the ravens when they cry;
All nature lives beneath his eye.

· to the LORD, for ever dear,
heart where he implants his fear;
souls who on his grace rely,
ie, these are lovely in his eye.

97. L. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

N GOD the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
ere the Creator's name is known
ature's feeble light alone.

on's and times obey his voice;
ev'ning and the morn rejoice,
ee the earth made soft with show'rs,
en with fruit, and drest in flow'rs.

from his wat'ry stores on high,
es to the thirsty ground supply;
walks upon the clouds, and thence
h his enriching drops dispense.

desart grows a fruitful field;
ndant food the valleys yield;
valleys shout with cheerful voice.
neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

works pronounce his pow'r divine;
· every field his glories shine;
o' every month his gifts appear;
at GOD! thy goodness crowns the year.

98. C. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

IS by *thy strength* the mountains stand,
GOD of eternal pow'r!

The

The sea grows calm at thy comman
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light, and ev'ning sha
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest g
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons, and
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'
The author is divine.

4 Those floating cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear:
Thy ways abound with blessings sti
Thy goodness crowns the year.

99. C.M. WATTS.

The blessings of the spring.

1 GOOD is the LORD, the heav'nl
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on higl
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;

The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.

The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

The barren clods refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop:
The parched fields look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

100. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The year crowned with goodness.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear;
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

Vide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole:
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer-rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand *in autumn richly* pours
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores;

And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, a
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and ev'ning sh

6 O may our more harmonious tongu
In worlds unknown pursue the son
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no m

101. C. M. Mrs. Steel

A hymn for the spring.

1 WHILE beauty clothes the ferti
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gal
How sweet the vernal day!

2 How kind the influence of the skie
Soft show'rs, with blessings fraug
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.

3 O let my wond'ring heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to
The garden, field, and grove.

4 That bounteous hand my thoughts
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

5 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;

And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

102. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Seed-time and harvest.

1 THE rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Both in their turns thy pow'r display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.

2 Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes,
All smiling round thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.

3 Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares;
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.

4 Thy sweet refreshing show'rs attend,
And through the ridges gently flow,
Soft on the springing corn descend:
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.

5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year;
Thy paths drop fatness all around;
Ev'n barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.

6 Here spreading flocks adorn the plain;
There plenty every charm displays;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

103. L. M. Merrick.

The blessings of the year the gift of Providence.

1 THE morn and eve thy praise resou
LORD, as they walk th' ethereal r
Thy visits teach the grateful soil
To recompense the lab'rer's toil.

2 By unexhausted springs supply'd,
The river pours its copious tide;
A thousand streams, in sportive play,
Thro' the rich meadows wind their w

3 The clouds, in frequent show'rs distil
Drop fatness on the fruitful field,
Break the rough glebe, the furrows c
And crown with good the smiling yea

4 The pastures of th' extended waste
Thy gifts in rich profusion taste;
The hills around exulting stand,
And shew the bounty of thy hand.

5 Cherish'd at length by lenient skies,
Herbage and corn luxuriant rise:
The laughing vale assumes a tongue,
And bursts triumphant into song.

104. L. M. Anonymous.

Autumnal hymn.

1 GREAT GOD! at whose all pow'rf
At first arose this beauteous fra
Thou bidd'st the seasons change, an
The changing seasons speak thy na

bounty bids the infant year,
n winter-storms recover'd, rise;
en thousand grateful scenes appear,
h op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.

ow delightful 'tis to see
earth in vernal beauty drest!
ile in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,
blooming glories shine confest!

t, full beaming reigns the sun,
light and genial heat conveys:
, while he leads the seasons on,
n thee derives his quick'ning rays.

nd us, from the teaming field,
ngs the rich grain, or purpl'd vine;
hy command they rise to yield
strength'ning bread, or cheering wine.

lgent GOD! from ev'ry part
plenteous blessings largely flow:
see—we taste—let ev'ry heart.
h grateful love and duty glow.

105. L.M. EARLE.

A winter reflection.

HE man whose faith and hope are strong,
free from vexing cares his mind,
hanging seasons pass along,
in them all fresh pleasures find.

man whose faculties are sound,
heart upright, and conscience clean,
h tranquil mind can pass his round
, in ev'ry shifting scene.

3 Not only in his youthful prime,
And whilst his pow'rs continue firm
But when he feels th' effect of time,
And age prepares him for the worm

4 Grateful for ev'ry blessing past,
Patient in ev'ry present ill;
And on whatever ground he's plac'd
Hope does with pleasing prospects fi

106. C. M. WATTS.

A hymn for morning or evening.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sour
To GOD's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares our path surrou
And yet secure we stand.

2 How wondrous is that mighty pow'r
Which form'd us with a word!
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the LORD.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And mercy guards the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To take our lives away.

5 GOD is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

1

GOD, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
morning mercies from above,
y distil like early dew.

spread'st the curtains of the night,
guardian of my sleeping hours!
ov'reign word restores the light,
uickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

l my pow'rs to thy command;
ee I consecrate my days;
tual blessings from thy hand
nd perpetual songs of praise.

108. L. M. WATTS.

An evening hymn.

HUS far the LORD has led me on;
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
v'ry ev'ning shall make known

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning may I bear
Thy loving kindness on my heart!

5 Thus when the night of death shal
My flesh shall rest beneath the gro
And wait thy voice to rouse my to
With sweet salvation in the sound

109. C.M. WATTS.

An evening hymn.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when
I am for ever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice:
And when my work is done,
Great GOD! my faith and hope re
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my day
And will my slumbers keep.

110. C.M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 LORD, when I count thy merc
They strike me with surpris

Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My frame with fear and wonder stands
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart, by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee!

111. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

A morning hymn.

1 LORD of my life! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days
And fills the circling hours!

2 Preserv'd by thine almighty arm,
I pass the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.

3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes;
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.

4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5 *O let the same almighty care*
My waking hours attend;

From

From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

112. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

An evening hymn.

1 GREAT God! to thee my ev'ning
With humble gratitude, I raise:
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise!

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
And ev'ry gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harms:
Can danger reach me, while the Lord
Extends his kind protecting arms?

4 Let cheering hope my eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame,
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

113. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

An evening hymn.

1 THE man of humble, upright heart
As his peculiar care,

The LORD himself has set apart,
And when he calls will hear.
With pious awe your hearts survey,
And ev'ry sin repent;
Let true contrition close the day,
And future guilt prevent.
Your sacrifice the LORD will own,
If thus you seek his face,
Thus humbly bow before his throne,
And trust his pard'ning grace.

14. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

An evening hymn.

INDULGENT GOD, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown!
O let my grateful praise and pray'r
Ascend before thy throne!
What mercies has this day bestow'd!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty o'erflow'd,
With cheerfulness my breast.
Now may sweet slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.
So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er;
And then to realms of endless light
Enraptur'd let me soar.

115. C. M.

115. C.M. Anonymous.

An evening hymn.

1 SEE! the bright monarch of the d
In ocean dips his beams,
While from his brow a parting ray
In milder glory streams.

2 The moon, pale empress of the nigh
In sweet succession reigns,
And finely paints with silver light
The mountains, vales, and plains.

3 The planets in progression rise,
And shine from pole to pole:
Their pleasing course delights our ey
And charms th' attentive soul.

4 The starry arch in grandeur glows
Thro' all its ample round:
Great God! thy power no limit kn
Thy wisdom knows no bound.

116. L.M. Parnell.

Morning hymn.

1 BEHOLD! the day that dawns in
Renews our usual toil and care,
As from the lap of night it springs,
With busy cares upon its wings.

2 Prepare to meet them with a mind,
That bows submissively resign'd:
That would to works appointed fall;
That knows that God has order'd a

And whether with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast;
Or, in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day:

Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business, with industrious feet:
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.

117. L. M. PARNELL.

Evening hymn.

LORD, as the evening shades arise
And chase the twilight from the skies,
Thy wondrous bounty may we find,
And share it with a grateful mind!

O! make our weary members blest,
With sweet refreshment in their rest;
And in the hours of darkness spread
Thy guardian arms around our head.

Upon our knees, as here we bow,
We pray the LORD of glory, now
To fill our breasts, lest deadly sin
Should cause a darker night within.

If thoughts on thee our souls employ,
E'en darkness will afford us joy;
Till thou shall call, and we shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

118. L. M. HAWKESWORTH.

Morning hymn.

IN *sleep's serene oblivion* laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night:

Again

Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to *be*;
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
And springs, my guardian GOD! to th

3 O guide me thro' the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread
And spread thy shield's protecting bla
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defen
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes:
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

119. C. M. SELECT COLLECTIO

Morning prayer.

1 TO thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates my day,
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray!

2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsaf'd before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore!

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart
That without guilt is gay.

4 Affliction should thy love attend,
As sin's or folly's cure;
Patient, to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure!

5 If bright or cloudy scenes await,
Sure profit let me gain;
That heav'n nor high nor low estate
May send to me in vain.

6 Be this, and ev'ry future day,
Still wiser than the past;
That from the whole of life's survey
I may find peace at last.

120. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Hymn for daily protection.

ON thee each morning, O my GOD!
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys,
And, fir'd with grateful zeal prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

GOD leads me thro' the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light;
And, *with the same paternal care,*
Conducts my steps till night.

4 When ev'ning slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary'd limbs to rest.

5 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For whether waking or asleep,
Thou, LORD, art with me still.

121. C.M. MRS. ROWE.

GOD's goodness renewed every morning and evening.

1 GREAT GOD! my early vows to thee,
With gratitude I'll bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

2 Thou round the heav'nly arch dost draw
A dark and sable veil,
And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

3 Again the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn,
And paint with cheerful splendour gay
The fair ascending morn.

4 And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.

5 For this will I my vows to thee
With ev'ning incense bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

122. P.M. DODDRIDGE.

Meditations in the night season.

WHAT tho' downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me;
While with GOD's protection blest,
Cares and fears ne'er haunt my breast.

While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through the mystic way:

While the stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-constant pole;
Far above the spangl'd skies,
All my soul to GOD shall rise.

'Midst the silence of the night
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise:

'Midst the throng his gentle ear
Shall my grateful accents hear:
From on high will he impart
Secret comfort to my heart;

Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love:
Blest alternative *to me,*
Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee!

123. C.M. WA

Hymn for the Lord's day.

1 THIS is the day the LORD
He calls the hours his ov
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth b
And praise surround the thr

2 To-day arose our glorious hea
And death's dread empire fe
To-day the saints his triumph
And all its wonders tell.

3 Hosanna! the anointed king
Ascends his destin'd throne
To GOD your grateful homage
And his Messiah own:

4 Sent by his father's love, he ca
To bless our sinful race:
Let all adore the Father's nam
And celebrate his grace.

5 Adore him in the highest stra
The church on earth can ra
The highest heav'ns in which
Shall give him nobler praise

124. S.M. WA

The same subject.

1 THE work, O LORD, is t
And wondrous in our

This day proclaims it all divine—
This day did JESUS rise.

We hail the glorious day,
With thankful heart and voice,
Which chac'd each painful doubt away,
And bade the church rejoice.

O come the happy hour,
When all the earth shall own
Thy Son, O GOD! declar'd with pow'r,
And worship at thy throne!

That we possess thy word
Which all this grace displays,
Accept, thou Father of our Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

125. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Lord's day morning.

AGAIN the LORD of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray:
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let *gladness dwell in* ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

4 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

126. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Hymn for the Lord's day morning.

1 GREAT God! this sacred day of thi
Demands our souls' collected pow
May we employ in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles! fly;
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God! thy piercing eye
Can ev'ry secret thought explore.

3 The word of life dispens'd to-day,
Invites us to a heav'nly feast;
May ev'ry ear the call obey,
Be ev'ry heart an humble guest!

4 Thy spirit's pow'rful aid impart;
O may thy word with life divine
Engage the ear and warm the heart!
Then shall the day indeed be thine.

127. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

The pleasure and advantage of divine worship.

1 HAPPY the men, whom strength di
With ardent love and zeal inspire
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires

Still they pursue the painful road;
Increasing strength surmounts their fear;
Till all, at length, before their GOD
In Sion's glorious courts appear.

One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

GOD is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
GOD is a shield, thro' all the way
To guard us from surrounding foes.

He pours his kindest blessings down,
With bounteous hand on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown
The happy fav'rites of his care.

O LORD of hosts, thou GOD of grace!
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

128. S. M. WATTS.

The book of nature and scripture.

BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker GOD;
And all its starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their general voice is known:
They shew the wonders of his ha
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye British isles rejoice:
Here he reveals his word:
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the LORD.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes:
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

129. L. M. WATTS

The works and word of GOD.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shi
But when our eyes behold thy wo
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing li
And nights and days thy pow'r
But the blest volume thou hast w
Reveals thy justice and thy grace

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey th
Round the whole earth, and nev
So when thy truth began its ra
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Father of lights! in glory rise;
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n:
LORD, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

130. P.M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 GREAT GOD! the heav'n's well-order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name:
There thy rich works of wonder shine;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to the creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far *as the journies of the sun,*
And distant nations know their voice:

The

The sun, in robes of splendour drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Moves round, and bids the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He speaks the majesty of GOD:
All nature joins to shew thy praise.
Thus GOD in ev'ry creature shines:
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

131. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to GOD *for his goodness.*

1 BLESS, O my soul! the living GOD.
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroa
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the GOD of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Let not the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot.

3 His mercy crowns our growing years:
Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs:
He satisfies our mouths with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And sooths the pains which nature feels:
Redeems our souls from death, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning grave.

5 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress,
And often gives the suff'rer rest;

But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

5 His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Isr'el his commands:
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

' Let the whole earth his pow'r confess;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

132. L. M. WATTS.

Praise for spiritual and temporal blessings.

O BLESS the LORD, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

O bless the LORD, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses
And gives thee strength again.

He crowns thy life with love,
When rescu'd from the grave:
He that redeem'd our souls from death,
Hath boundless pow'r to save.

He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rer rest:

The

The LORD hath justice for the proud,
And mercy for th' opprest.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

133. L. M. PATRICK.

GOD our preserver and deliverer.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in your GOD
Proclaim the praises of the LORD;
His goodness often call to mind,
And his fidelity record.

2 His anger is but short; his love,
Which is our life, doth longer stay:
Grief may continue for a night,
But comfort rises with the day.

3 With sickness worn, with grief opprest,
To thee we cry, for thou canst save:
Oft hast thou rais'd our sinking hopes,
Our lives oft rescu'd from the grave.

4 In our prosperity we said,
Our mountain stands for ever strong:
Vain thought! it is thy favour, LORD,
Alone hath made it stand so long.

5 For were thy presence once withdrawn,
What troubles might our state invade!
O GOD! uphold us, or we fall;
We live but by thy constant aid.

134. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Praise to the divine goodness.

AWAKE, my soul! awake, my tongue!
My God demands the grateful song:
Let all my nobler powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my crimes, allays my woes:
He bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

He fills my longing soul with good;
Substantial bliss! immortal food!
Youth smiles renew'd in active prime,
And triumphs o'er the pow'r of time.

In him the poor opprest shall find
A friend almighty, just and kind;
His glorious acts, his wondrous ways,
To all the world proclaim his praise.

135. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Praise to God.

THE Lord is king, his hand alone
Has fix'd in heav'n his radiant throne
He sends his sov'reign laws abroad,
And heaven and earth confess the God.

Immortal form'd by pow'r divine,
Attending angels round him shine,
Observant *wait his sacred will,*
And his commands with joy fulfil.

O let my heart, my life, my tong
Attend and join the blissful song

136. L. M. TATE and B

The divine goodness adored.

1 MY soul inspir'd with sacred
GOD's holy name for ever
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks ex

2 'Tis he who all thy sins forgives
And after sickness makes thee so
From danger he thy life retrieves
By him with grace and mercy cr

3 The LORD abounds with tender
And unexampl'd acts of grace;
His waken'd judgments slowly m
His willing mercy flows apace.

137. L. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

IVE to our GOD immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
)nders of grace to GOD belong;
)eat his mercies in your song.

'e to the LORD of lords renown,
e King of kings with glory crown;
; mercies ever shall endure,
hen lords and kings are known no more.

built the earth, he spread the sky,
d fix'd the starry lights on high
)nders of grace to GOD belong;
)eat his mercies in your song.

fills the sun with morning light,
bids the moon direct the night:
mercies ever shall endure,
ıen sun and moon shall shine no more.

sent his Son with pow'r to save
m guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
nders of grace to GOD belong;
eat his mercies in your song.

o' this vain world he guides our feet,
l leads us to his heav'nly seat:
mercies ever shall endure,
en this *vain world* shall be no more.

138. P.M. WATTS.

The divine power, wisdom, and goodness.

1 GIVE thanks to GOD most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of kings,
And be his grace ador'd!
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From error, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
Thy mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

139. C. M. WATTS.

Wonders of creation, providence, and redemption.

1 GIVE thanks to GOD, the sov'reign LORD!
His mercies still endure;
And be the King of kings ador'd;
His truth for ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone:
How wide is his command!

3 The sun supplies the day with light:
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night;
His works are all divine.

4 He saw the nations dead in sin:
He felt his pity move:
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

5 He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails:
From sin and death, and ev'ry foe;
And still his grace prevails.

6 Give thanks to GOD our heav'nly King!
His mercies still endure;
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

140. P. M. MERRICK.

The perfections and providence of GOD.

LIFT *your voice, and joyful sing*
Praises to your heav'nly King;

For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

2 Be the LORD your noblest theme,
Who of gods is GOD supreme;
He, to whom all lords beside
Bow the knee, and veil their pride:

3 Who asserts his just command
By the wonders of his hand:
He, whose wisdom thron'd on high,
Built the mansions of the sky:

4 He who bade the wat'ry deep
Under earth's foundation sleep;
And the orbs that gild the pole
Thro' the boundless ether roll;

5 Thee, O sun, whose pow'rful ray
Rules the empire of the day;
You, O moon and stars, whose light
Gilds the darkness of the night.

6 He with food sustains, O earth,
All who claim from thee their birth;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

141. P.M. MILTON.

The perfections and providence of GOD.

1 LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the LORD, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the GOD:

Who by wisdom did create
Th' heavens high, and all their state:

3 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main:
Who, by his commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light:

4 Caus'd the golden-tressed sun,
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangl'd sisters bright.

5 All his creatures GOD does feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

6 He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye:
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

142. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to GOD *for his goodness and truth.*

1 PRAISE ye the LORD! my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now while this earth is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to GOD.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die, and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

3 Happy *the man whose hopes rely*
On Israel's GOD; *he* made the sky,

And

And earth, and seas with all their t
And none shall find his promise vai

4 His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the p
He sends the lab'ring conscience pe
And grants the pris'ner sweet releas

5 The LORD hath eyes to give the bli
The LORD supports the sinking mi
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless.

6 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'
While immortality endures:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being

143. P. M. WATTS.

Everlasting praise to GOD.

1 I'LL praise my maker with my br
And when my voice is lost in de
Praise shall employ my nobler pc
My days of praise shall ne'er be pas
While life, and thought, and being
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trus
Princes must die, and turn to dust:
Vain is the help of flesh and bloo
Their breath departs, their pomp an
And thoughts all vanish in an hour
Nor can they make their promise

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's GOD! he made the sky,
And earth, and seas with all the

His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

He never will with sinners dwell,
But loves his saints, and knows them well:
Thy GOD, O Christian! ever reigns:
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

144. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The same subject.

THE praises of my GOD, my King,
While I have life or breath to sing,
Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,
Till heav'n improve the blissful song.

No more in princes vainly trust,
Frail sons of earth! man is but dust,
With all his pride, with all his power,
The helpless creature of an hour.

Happy the man whose hopes divine
On Israel's guardian GOD recline;
Who can with sacred transport say
This GOD is mine, my help, my stay!

His justice favours them who mourn
Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn;
The hungry poor his hand sustains,
And breaks the wretched captive's chains.

To sightless eyes, long clos'd in night,
His touch restores the joys of light;
Poor *mourners rais'd* confess his care;
He loves the humble and sincere.

6 If wand'ring strangers friendless roam
Divine protection is their home:
The LORD relieves the widow's cares
And dries the weeping orphan's tears

7 But vengeance waits the impious rac
Who hate his laws and scorn his gra
Their ways to sure destruction tend,
And all their hopes in ruin end.

145. L. M. WATTS.

GOD *our shepherd.*

1 MY shepherd is the living LORD;
My wants shall all be well sup
His providence and holy word
Will be my safeguard and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me res
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In the fair path of righteousness.

4 In all my dark and trying scenes,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff my feeble steps sustains,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

5 *Tho'* I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,

My heart and hope shall never fail;
For GOD my shepherd's with me there.

146. C.M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 MY shepherd will supply my need;
JEHOVAH is his name:
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy all-cheering breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 The sure provisions of my GOD
Attend me all my days:
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

147. S.M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 THE LORD my shepherd is;
I shall be well supply'd:
Since he *is mine, and I* am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 Tho' from his fold I stray,
He doth my steps restore,
And guides me in his own right way,
That I may err no more.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark s
My shepherd's with me there.

148. C.M. Mrs. Steele.

God *the shepherd of his people.*

1 THE Lord, my shepherd and my
Will all my wants supply;
In safety I shall still abide
Beneath his watchful eye.

2 Amid the verdant flow'ry meads,
He gives me sweet repose;
When pain'd with thirst, he gently le
Where living water flows.

3 If from his fold I thoughtless stray,
He leads the wand'rer home;
And shews my erring feet the way
Where dangers cannot come.

4 Tho' hast'ning to the silent tomb,
Where death's dark shades appear
Thy presence, Lord, shall cheer the g
And banish ev'ry fear.

149. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Faith and hope in the divine goodness.

LORD! while my thoughts with wonder trace
Thy favours past through all my days,
My thankful heart adores thy grace;
I trust that goodness which I praise.

Still from the same eternal spring
Thy various constant bounties flow;
Beneath the shelter of thy wing,
I view serene the shades of woe.

Ev'n death's tremendous vale appears
No more in gloomy terrors drest:
Thy voice, O God! forbids my fears,
While on thy gracious hand I rest.

Thro' the dark scenes of mortal care,
To humble faith's enraptur'd eye,
The distant prospect opens fair
Of radiant mansions in the sky.

150. S. M. Mrs. Steele.

The heavenly shepherd.

WHILE God my father's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewel to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4 Here let my spirit rest:
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest
Beneficence divine!

5 Great shepherd! if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

151. P. M. Mrs. Rowe.

Confidence in the divine protection.

1 THE Lord is my defence and guid
My wants are by his care supply
He leads me to refreshing shades,
Thro' verdant plains, and flow'ry mea
And there securely makes me lie
Near silver currents rolling by.

2 To guide my erring feet aright,
He gilds my paths with sacred light;
And to his own immortal praise,
Conducts me in his perfect ways:
In death's uncomfortable shade,
No terror can my soul invade,

3 While he, my strong defence, is near
His presence scatters ev'ry fear;
Since he hath wondrous mercy shew'd,
And crown'd my smiling years with good;
The life he graciously prolongs,
Shall be employ'd in grateful songs.

152. P.M. ADDISON.

The same subject.

1 THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray;
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
The dreary wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O LORD! art with me still;

Thy friendly hand s[illegible]l give me a
And guide me through the dread

153. L. M. Pope's Colle

God *our shepherd and guardian.*

1 AS the good shepherd gently l
His wand'ring flocks to verda
Where winding rivers, soft and sl
Amidst the flow'ry landscape flow

2 So God the guardian of my soul,
Does all my erring steps control:
When lost in sin's perplexing ma
He brings me back to virtue's wa

3 Tho' I should journey thro' the
Where death in all its horror reig
My steadfast heart no ill shall fea
For thou, my God! art with me

4 Thy ever watchful providence
Is my support and my defence:
With thee I am of all possest;
To be with thee is to be blest.

5 O bounteous God! my future da
Shall be devoted to thy praise;
And in thy house, thy sacred nam
And wond'rous grace shall be my

154. P. M. Merrick

The same subject.

1 LO, my shepherd is divine;
Want shall never more be

In a pasture fair and large,
He shall feed his happy charge.

3 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Thro' the verdant meadows flow.

3 When thro' devious paths I stray,
He shall teach the better way,
Kindle virtue's dying flame,
And my erring soul reclaim.

4 Tho' the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
There I walk from terror free,
Since protected, LORD, by thee.

155. P. M. BYROM.

The same subject.

1 THE LORD is my shepherd, my guardian and guide;
Whatsoever I want, he will kindly provide:
To the sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,
His care and protection his flock will surround.

2 The LORD is my shepherd; what then shall I fear?
What danger can frighten me whilst he is near?
Not when the time calls me to walk thro' the vale
Of the *shadow of death*, shall my heart *ever fail:*

3 Tho' afraid, of myself, to pursue t
way,
Thy rod and thy staff be my comf
stay;
For I know by thy guidance, when
is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring me

4 The LORD is become my salvation an
His blessings have follow'd me all
long;
His name will I praise while I h
breath,
Be content all my life, and resign'd
death.

156. C.M. DODSLEY'S POE

GOD *the creator of mankind.*

1 GOD of our lives, whose bounteo
First gave us pow'r to move!
How shall our thankful hearts decla
The wonders of thy love?

2 While void of thought and sense w
Dust of our parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping cl
And call'd us into birth.

3 Thine eye beheld in perfect view
The yet unfinish'd plan;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

4 O may this frame, which rising gre
Beneath thy forming hands,

Be studious ever to pursue
What'er thy will commands!

157. L. M. WATTS.

The wonderful formation of man.

1 'TWAS from thy hand, great GOD, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thine awful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd from the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were fram'd,
And to their proper functions nam'd;
The eye, the ear, the lungs, the heart,
Constructed with unerring art.

4 At length, the dawn of thought began,
And all the movements of the man:
To thee, O GOD! our nature pays
A tribute of immortal praise.

158. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The blessings of providence.

1 ALMIGHTY Father; gracious LORD!
Kind guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.

3 When reason with my stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray!
How little of my GOD I knew!
How apt from thee to stray!

4 Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares o'er-spread my road!
No power could guard me from my foes
But my preserver, GOD.

5 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thy unceasing love
That sav'd me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.

6 LORD, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

7 Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays;
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

159. C.M. MRS. STEELE.

Blessings of providence and redemption.

1 MY GOD, what blessings round me sh
Where'er I turn'd mine eye!

How many pass'd almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by!

2 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thine exhaustless store:
But ah! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

3 While sweet reflection, thro' my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

4 Yes, I adore thee, gracious LORD!
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

5 My highest praise, alas, how poor!
How cold my warmest love!
Dear Father! teach me to adore,
As angels do above.

6 But frail mortality in vain
Attempts the blissful song;
The high, the vast, the boundless strain
Claims an immortal tongue.

160. P. M. MRS. CARTER.

Thanks to GOD *for creation and preservation.*

1 THOU pow'r supreme, by whose command I live!
The grateful tribute of my praise receive:
To thy indulgence I my being owe,
And all the joys which from that being flow.

2 Not

2 Not many suns have form'd the rolling yea
And run their destin'd courses round th
sphere,
Since thy creative eye my form survey'd,
'Midst undistinguish'd heaps of matter hid

3 Thy skill my elemental clay refin'd,
The vagrant particles in order join'd;
With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole
And stamp'd thy sacred image on my soul

4 A soul susceptible of endless joy,
Whose frame, nor force, nor time, shall e'e
destroy;
Which shall survive, tho' nature claim m
breath,
And bid defiance to the darts of death;

5 To realms of bliss with active freedom soar
And live when earth and skies shall be n
more;
Author of life! in vain my tongue essays
For this immortal gift to speak thy praise.

6 How shall my heart its grateful sense reveal,
Where all the energy of words must fail?
O may its influence in my life appear,
And every action prove my thanks sincere

161. C. M. Browne.

The universal goodness of God.

1 LORD, thou art good! all nature shew
Its mighty author kind:
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfin'd.

2

whole, and ev'ry part proclaims
ıy infinite good will:
mes in stars and flows in streams,
ıd bursts from ev'ry hill.

riew it o'er the spreading main,
ıd heav'ns which spread more wide,
ops in gentle show'rs of rain,
ıd rolls in ev'ry tide.

ş has it been diffus'd abroad,
ıro' ages past and gone!
ever can exhausted be,
ıt still keeps flowing on.

ı' the whole earth it pours supplies,
ıreads joy thro' every part:
ıy such love attract my eyes,
ıd captivate my heart!

nighest admiration raise,
y best affections move!
loy my tongue in songs of praise,
ıd fill my heart with love!

162. L. M. Browne.

Dependance upon providence.

REAT Lord of earth, and seas, and skies!
wealth the needy world supplies:
safe beneath thy guardian arm,
live secur'd from ev'ry harm.

hee *perpetual thanks* we owe
Your comforts here below:

Our

Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And ev'ry rising want relieves.

3 To thee we cheerful homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing:
On thee we ever will depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend.

4 And should thy measures seem severe,
Calmly may we thy chast'ning bear;
Without complaint to thee submit,
Th' unerring judge of what is fit.

163. C.M. FLEXMAN.

GOD our constant benefactor.

1 GREAT GOD! to thee my grateful tongue
My fervent thanks shall raise:
Inspire my heart to raise the song
Which celebrates thy praise.

2 From thy almighty forming hand
I drew my vital pow'rs;
My time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.

3 Thy pow'r my ever-present guard,
From ev'ry ill defends;
While numerous dangers hover round,
My help from thee descends.

4 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
How sweet is my repose!
Thy morning light renews the spring
From whence thy comfort flows.

In celebration of thy praise,
I will employ my breath;
And, walking steadfast in thy ways,
Will triumph over death.

164. L. M. Tate and Brady.

Praise due from the righteous.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love!
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can recount his wondrous deeds?
His greatness all our praise exceeds:
What mortal eloquence can raise
A tribute equal to his praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from his precepts never stray;
Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

Be this my happiness, to see
His saints in full prosperity!
That I the joyful choir may join,
And deem his people's triumph mine!

165. L. M. Liverpool Collection.

The universal providence of God.

THE earth, and all the heav'nly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim;
He gives the sun his genial pow'r,
And sends the soft refreshing show'r.

2 The ground with plenty bloor
And yields her various fruits t
To men, who from thy bount
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land

3 Nor to the human race alone
Is thy paternal goodness show
The tribes of earth and sea an
Enjoy thy universal care.

4 Not ev'n a sparrow yields its l
Till GOD permits the stroke o
He hears t[he] ravens when the
The father and the friend of a

166. S. M. MRS. S

Obligation to gratitude and pra

1 MY Maker, and my Kin
To thee my all I owe
Thy sov'reign bounty is the sp
From whence my blessings

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My GOD! thy benefits deman
More praise than tongue ca

4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divir
Let all my pow'rs to thee aspi
And all my days be thine.

167. C.M. Doddridge.

The peculiar goodness of God to his people.

1 WITH pleasing wonder, Lord! we view
The bounties of thy grace:
How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd
For those who seek thy face!

2 Thy lib'ral hand with worldly good
Oft makes their cup run o'er;
And in the cov'nant of thy love
They find a richer store.

3 But oh! what treasures, yet unknown,
Are lodg'd in worlds to come!
If these th' enjoyments of the way,
How happy is their home!

4 O how shall we our thanks express,
Or how thy goodness own?
But 'tis our comfort that to thee
Thy servants' hearts are known.

5 Since time's too short, all-gracious God!
To utter half thy praise,
Loud to the honour of thy name,
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

168. C.M. Addison.

God *every where the refuge of his servants.*

1 HOW *are thy servants* blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!

170. C.M. Addison.

Gratitude to God.

1 O How shall words, with equal warm
The gratitude declare,
That glows in my enraptur'd heart!—
But thou canst read it there.

2 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubl'd all my store.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.

4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in unknown worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise—
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

171. L.M. Watts.

Praise to God.

1 BE thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns where angels

pow'r on earth be known abroad,
l land to land thy wonders tell.

heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
nortal honours to thy name:
ake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
tongue, the glory of my frame!

thee, my GOD! are all the springs
boundless love, and grace unknown:
the rich gifts that nature brings,
gifts descending from thy throne.

gh o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
d reaches to the utmost sky;
y truth to endless years remains,
ıen lower worlds dissolve and die.

thou exalted, O my GOD!
ove the heav'ns where angels dwell:
y pow'r on earth be known abroad,
d land to land thy wonders tell.

172. P. M. WATTS.

Praise to GOD *the universal sovereign.*

ET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest hymns of praise,
o magnify JEHOVAH's name:
glory let the heathen know,
wonders to the nations show,
nd all his mighty works proclaim.

heathens know thy glory, LORD;
wond'*ring nations* read thy word;
Britain is JEHOVAH known:

Our

Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our maker is our GOD alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His robes are majesty and light;
His splendour, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And distant nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim

173. L. M. WATTS.

The one only true GOD.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due:
Glory be thine, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true!

2 Diffuse the knowledge of thy name,
Nor let the heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
Say, "Where's the GOD you've serv
long?"

3 The GOD we serve maintains his thro
Above the clouds, beyond the skies:
Through all the earth his will be done
Who knows our griefs, and hears ou

But the vain idols they adore,
Unconscious of their worship stand;
From wood or stone, or glitt'ring ore,
Created by the workman's hand.

Thy name, O LORD! our hope we make,
Thou art our refuge and our rest:
Thy people thou wilt ne'er forsake,
But all who fear thee shall be blest.

The dead no more can speak thy praise;
But thou from silence and the grave,
Thy sleeping servants, LORD, wilt raise,
And shew the world thy pow'r to save.

174. L. M. MERRICK.

Praise ye the Lord.

SING to the LORD a joyful song:
Earth to his praise the note prolong,
Till realms remote his acts have known,
And man's whole race his wonders own.

Great is the LORD, and great his praise;
What GOD like him our fear can raise?
Not such as heathen lands afford,
Created first, and then ador'd.

Let ev'ry people, ev'ry tribe,
Pow'r, glory, strength, to him ascribe,
Yield to his name the honours due:
Oft to his courts your way pursue.

Before the beauty of his shrine,
Ye saints, in low prostration join;
Ye natives of each *distant* shore,
His pow'r revere; his name adore.

175. L. M.

6 We see no terrors in his name,
  But in our GOD a father find:
  The voice that shakes all nature's frame,
  Speaks comfort to the pious mind.

178. C. M. WATTS.

Rational and devout praise.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
  To GOD the sov'reign king!
  Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
  And hymns of triumph sing.

2 In Isr'el stood his ancient throne;
  He lov'd that chosen race:
  But now he calls the world his own,
  And heathens taste his grace.

3 While angels praise the heav'nly king,
  Let mortals learn their strains:
  Let all the earth his honours sing;
  O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
  Let knowledge lead the song;
  Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
  Upon a thoughtless tongue.

179. C. M. WATTS.

A good life the best sacrifice.

1 THUS saith the LORD "The spacious
  "fields,
  "And flocks and herds are mine:
  "O'er all the cattle of the hills
  "I claim a right divine.

2 "I

ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burnt with fire:
To hope and love, to pray and praise,
Is all that I require.

Call upon me when trouble's near,
My hand shall set thee free:
Then shall thy thankful lips declare
The honour due to me.

The man that offers humble praise,
He glorifies me best;
And those who tread my holy ways,
Shall my salvation taste."

180. S. M. WATTS.

Sincere praise.

1 ALMIGHTY maker, GOD!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' all creation's frame!

2 Nature in ev'ry dress
Her humble homage pays;
And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembl'd praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too:
Fain would my tongue adore my king,
And pay the homage due.

4 In joy, oh! let me spend
The remnant of my days:
And *oft to* GOD, *my* soul ascend
In grateful songs of praise.

181. S.M. WATTS.

GOD's distinguishing goodness to man.

1 O LORD, our heav'nly king
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spr
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

2 When to thy works above
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon thy hands have
In all her splendour rise:

3 When I survey the stars
That fill the vaulted sky—
LORD, what is man, that he should
In thy regard so high?

4 Or what the son of man,
That he should be thy care,
And in the bounties of thy grace
Possess so large a share?

5 Tho' offspring of the dust,
(How vast the debt we owe!)
Next to thine angels are we plac'd
And lords of all below.

6 Appointed for our use,
The subject beasts obey,
And birds that cut the air with wir
And fish that cleave the sea.

7 How rich thy favours are!
How wondrous are thy ways!

dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

182. L.M. MERRICK.

The same subject.

WHENE'ER, O GOD! with raptur'd eye
I view thy wonders in the sky;
it glorious dome, which o'er our head
rich magnificence is spread:

e silent moon with waxing horn,
ng th' ethereal region borne;
e stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
it nightly walk their destin'd round:

RD! what is man, that in thy care
humble lot should find a share?
what the son of man, that thou
us to his wants thine ear shouldst bow?

rank a-while by thy decree,
angelic tribes beneath them see;
round him thy imparted rays
th unextinguish'd glory blaze.

3. P.M. WALKER'S COLLECTION.

Hallelujah.

LORY be to GOD on high!—*Hallelujah!*
GOD whose glory fills the sky:
t your voice, ye people all,
ise the GOD on whom ye call.

To be sung with or without the Hallelujah.

2 GOD his sov'reign sway maintains;
King o'er all the earth he reigns,
All to him lift up their eye;
He does ev'ry want supply.

3 Sons of earth, the triumph join:
Praise him with the host divine;
Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs
Their all-gracious GOD is ours.

4 Happy, who his laws obey!
Them he rules with milder sway;
Pure and holy hearts alone
He hath chosen for his own.

5 Him, whose joy is to restore,
Him let all our hearts adore:
Earth and heav'n repeat the cry,
Glory be to GOD on high.

184. P. M. SALISBURY COLLECT

Praise and thanksgiving.

1 HOLY, holy, holy LORD!
Be thy glorious name ador'd!
LORD, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Tho' unworthy, LORD, thine ear,
Our humble Hallelujahs hear!
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join in harmony;

hat thro' heav'n's all-spacious round,
hy praise, O GOD ! may ever sound.

ORD, thy mercies never fail :
ail, celestial goodness, hail !
oly, holy, holy Lord !
e thy glorious name ador'd.

185. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The greatness and condescension of GOD.

) LORD ! how glorious is thy name,
Thro' the wide earth's extended frame !
ajestic glories form thy seat,
nd heav'n adores beneath thy feet.

hen all thy shining works on high
meditate with raptur'd eye,
he silver moon, the starry train
hich gild the fair ethereal plain :

ORD, what is man, that he should share,
hy notice, thy indulgent care ?
hat man, frail child of earth, should be
he fav'rite of the Deity ?

is place thy forming hand assign'd
ut just below th' angelic kind ;
ith noblest favours circled round,
nd with distinguish'd honours crown'd :

nvested him with pow'r and sway,
nd bade the subject brutes obey :
ov'reign of all thy works below,
o him the meaner creatures bow.

ut still let man adoring own,
at thou, O LORD ! art king alone ;

And through the earth's extended fram
Declare the glories of thy name.

186. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Praise to God.

1 ALMIGHTY author of my frame!
To thee my vital powers belong:
Thy praise, delightful, glorious theme!
Demands my heart, my life, my tongu

2 My heart, my life, my tongue are thin
O be thy praise their best employ!
But may my song with angels join,
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy!

3 Th' Almighty sov'reign of the skies
To mortals bends a gracious ear;
Nor the mean tribute will despise,
If offer'd with a heart sincere.

4 Great God! accept the humble praise
And guide my heart, and guide my ton
While to thy name I trembling raise
The grateful, though unworthy, song.

187. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

The truth and faithfulness of God.

1 BEFORE thy throne, with prostrate
I will adore thy name!
Thy praise shall be my best employ,
Thy love and truth my theme.

midst the glories of thy name
Thy truth exalted shines:
A faithful GOD thy words proclaim,
In everlasting lines.

When in the day of deep distress,
To thee, my GOD! I cry'd,
With strength divine thy pow'rful grace
My fainting soul supply'd.

Th' eternal GOD looks kindly down,
And smiles on humble souls;
But from afar his piercing frown
The sons of pride controls.

Thou, LORD, wilt all my hopes fulfil!
To thee the work belongs:
Let endless mercy guide me still,
And tune my grateful songs.

188. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

The never-ceasing goodness of GOD.

HOUSE of our GOD, with chearful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing:
With sacred joy his wondrous deeds proclaim;
Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name.
LORD is good, his mercy never-ending;
His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.

His goodness never fails; the dawn, the shade
Still *see new bounties* through new scenes *display'd*;

Succeeding

Succeeding ages bless this sure ab
And children lean upon their fath
The deathless soul, thro' its immense
Drinks from this source immortal cor

3 Burst into praise, my soul! all nat
Angels and men, in harmony com
While human years are measur'd b
Yea, while eternity its course shall
His goodness in perpetual show'rs de
Exalt in songs and raptures never en

189. L. M. DODDRIDG

The bounty of providence improved.

1 FATHER of lights! we sing th
Who kindl'st up the lamp of
Wide as he spreads his golden flau
His beams thy pow'r and love disp

2 Fountain of good! from thee proc
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which 'midst the hills and thro' th
Revive the grass, and swell the gr

3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Despise thy law, and slight thy gr

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in pra

5 So shall our suns more grateful s
And show'rs in richer drops sha

When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O GOD ! enjoy'd in all.

190. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The divine goodness.

1 TRIUMPHANT, LORD ! thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains ;
And its full streams redundant flow,
Down to th' abodes of men below.

2 Thro' nature's works thy glories shine:
The cares of providence are thine :
And thou hast rais'd within our frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 O give to ev'ry human heart
To taste, and feel how good thou art ;
With grateful love, and filial fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

4 Let nature burst into a song :
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong !
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your maker's praise !

5 Join, O my soul ! the gen'ral song,
To thee its sweetest notes belong :
Blest above all, by love divine,
To praise is eminently thine.

191. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praising GOD *through the whole of existence.*

1 GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise:

The

The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my re
And griefs would rend my throbbing bre
Thy tuneful praises rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its pow'rs of language fail,
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

192. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD the intellectual light.

1 PRAISE to the LORD of boundless mi
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the world above:
Th' unchanging source of light and lov

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veil'd;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay bury'd in eternal gloom.

3 *Let there be light!* JEHOVAH said,

t o'er all its face was spread:
ray'd in charms unknown,
its new-born lustre shone.

He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

My soul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the LORD, who gives me light.

193. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

Reverence to the supreme governor.

THE LORD of glory reigns supremely great,
And o'er heav'n's arches builds his royal seat:
Thro' worlds unknown his sov'reign sway extends,
Nor space nor time his boundless empire ends:
His eye beholds th' affairs of ev'ry nation,
And reads each thought thro' his immense creation:

Lightnings and storms his mighty word obey,
And planets roll, where he has mark'd their way:
Unnumber'd cherubs veil'd before him stand,
And at his signal all their wings expand:
His praise *gives harmony* to all their voices,
And ev'ry heart thro' the full choir rejoices.

3 Rebellious

3 Rebellious mortals, cease your
Nor longer such unequal war
Let clay with fellow-clay in co
But dread to brave the pow'r t
live:
With contrite hearts fall prostr
him;
For, if he frown, ye perish all

194. C. M. Sowd

Praise on earth, and hope of nobler prai

1 THY goodness, LORD! wh
To thee my thanks shall
When morning ushers in the
Or ev'ning veils the skies.

2 When glimm'ring life resigns
Thy praise shall tune my br
The sweet remembrance of thy
Shall cheer the gloom of de

3 Not angels, who thy love proc
Thro' yon ethereal plains,
Shall glow with a sincerer flam
Or praise in purer strains.

4 Then, what a nobler song shall
When, freed from feeble-cl
Thy brightest glories meet my
In one eternal day!

195. L. M. Anony

Habitual devotion.

1 WHILE thee I seek, prote
Be my vain wishes still

nd may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

hy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
hy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:—
That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The low'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:—
That heart shall rest on thee!

196. C.M. JERVIS.

Praise the peculiar duty of man.

LORD of the world's majestic frame!
Stupendous are thy ways;
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.

2 The heav'ns thy matchless skill d
With all the stars of light,
The splendid sun that rules the da
The silver moon by night.

3 And while those radiant orbs of li
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise thee as they roll;

4 O shall not we of human race
The glorious concert join?
Shall not the children of thy grac
Attempt the theme divine?

5 Not all the feeble notes of time
Can shew forth GOD's high pr
Nor all the noblest strains sublim
That earth or heav'n can raise.

6 Yet this shall be our best employ,
Through life's uncertain days;
And in the realms of boundless jo
Eternal be thy praise!

197. C. M. DR. COLLE

Prayer to the supreme being.

1 MY GOD! the father of manki
Whose bounty all things sh
Let me thy grace my portion find
All else beneath my care.

2 I ask not titles, wealth, or state,
By worldly men possest;
Yet shall I still be rich and great,
If virtue fill my breast.

5 Let fervent charity remain
For ever in my breast:
O let me feel another's pain,
In others' joys be blest.

6 To charity within my heart,
Let steady faith unite;
Nor let me from thy law depart,
Nor let me live by sight.

7 With patience fortify my mind,
To bear each future ill;
In life and death alike resign'd
To thy unerring will.

198. C. M. Dr. Collett.

The same subject.

1 WHILE raptur'd saints adoring stand,
And burning seraphs sing,
Trembling I wait thy just command,
My father, God, and king!

2 Thou source of everlasting good,
Whose bounty flows to all!
Thy pow'r restrains the swelling flood;—
O hear! to thee I call.

3 Thy presence fills unbounded space,
Directs the reas'ning mind:
Thro' nature's various parts we trace
Her God: her God we find.

4 Thy wisdom paints each springing flow'r,
And shades the blushing green;
Thy goodness falls in ev'ry show'r,
In ev'ry show'r is seen.

5 Whene'er thy wisdom thinks it fit
To shake this clay-built frame,
Teach me with patience to submit,
With patience bless thy name.

6 Let not the stream of partial ill
My better thoughts betray,
Let truth and reason guide me still
Thro' virtue's peaceful way.

199. L. M. DYER.

Hymn to the Deity.

1 GREATEST of beings source of l
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and
All nature feels thy pow'r, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.

2 Wak'd by thy hand, the morning su
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs;
While raptur'd worlds look up and p

3 The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars that cheer the scen
Thee, the great LORD of light, proclai

4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and
And ev'ry flow'r, and ev'ry tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life
Have each a grateful song for thee,

5 But man was form'd to rise to heav'n
And blest with reason's clearer light,
He views his maker thro' his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat JEHOVAH's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

200. L. M. DYER.

The same subject.

1 GREATEST of beings, source of life,
Sov'reign of air, of earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy pow'r, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies:
And when oppress with guilt he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

3 Children, whose little minds, unform'd,
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heav'n;
And men whom reason lifts to GOD,
Tho' oft by passion downward driv'n:

4 Those too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb;
Who, sick'ning at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come:—

5 All, great Creator! all are thine;
And feel thy providential care;
And thro' each varying scene of life
Alike thy constant pity share.

6 And whether grief oppress the heart:
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or *life still keep its* little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest:

7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, LORD, obey:
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer Thee.

201. P. M. BIRMINGHAM

Good men invited to praise GOD.

1 YE works of GOD! on him alone
His footstool earth, high he
throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd:
His hand the beauteous fabric made
His eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

2 Ye sons of men! his praise display
Who stamp'd his image on your cla
And gave it pow'r to move:
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

3 Ye spirits of the just and good!
Who, panting for that blest abode,
To heav'n's bright mansions soar
O let your songs his praise display,
Till nature's self shall waste away,
And time shall be no more.

4 Praise him, ye meek and humble tr
Who shall those heav'nly joys obtai
Prepar'd for souls sincere.

Now praise him till you take your way
To regions of eternal day,
To dwell for ever there.

202. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise to GOD *through all the changes of life.*

1 FATHER of mercies! GOD of love!
My father, and my GOD!
I'll sing the honours of thy name
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys:
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise?

3 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear:
Thy mercies gild the transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

4 In all these mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see,
Nor let the gifts thy love bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

5 Teach me in times of deep distress
To own thy hand, O GOD!
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.

6 Thro' ev'ry changing state of life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind
Still equal and serene.

7 Then

7 Then may I close my eyes in death,
Free from all anxious fear:
For death itself, O GOD! is life,
If thou art with me there.

203. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise to GOD *in life and death.*

1 MY soul shall praise thee, O my G
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In each bright hour of peace and hope
Be this my sweet employ:
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.

3 When gloomy care, or keen distress,
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy pra
And sooth my pains to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my GOD;
My life with all my active pow'rs
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And when these lips shall cease to mo
When death shall close these eyes,
Then shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6 Then shall my pow'rs in endless strain
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongu
And an eternal day.

204. C. M. TATE and BRADY.

Encouragement from the experience of GOD's *goodness.*

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my GOD shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all who are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

The hosts of GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

O make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight;
Your wants shall be his care.

205. C. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

The Lord's prayer.

FATHER of all! eternal mind!
Immensely good and great!
Thy children form'd and bless'd by thee,
Approach thy heav'nly seat.

2 Thy

2 Thy name in hallow'd strains be su
We join the solemn praise:
To thy great name, with heart and
Our cheerful homage raise.

3 Thy mild, thy wise and righteous r
Let ev'ry being own:
And in our minds, thy work divin
Erect thy gracious throne.

4 As angels in the heav'nly worlds
Thy blest commands fulfil;
So may the creatures here below
Perform thy holy will.

5 On thee we day by day depend;
Our daily wants supply;
With truth and virtue feed our sou
That they may never die.

6 Extend thy grace to ev'ry fault;
Oh! let thy love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentments live.

7 Where tempting snares bestrew th
Permit us not to tread;
Or turn all real evil far
From our unguarded head.

8 Thy sacred name we would adore,
With cheerful, humble mind:
And praise thy goodness, pow'r an
Eternal, unconfin'd!

206. C. M. Select Collection.

Aspirations after the christian temper.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker! Lord of all!
Of life the only spring!
Creator of unnumber'd worlds!
Supreme, eternal king!

2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride;
Nor let me in forbidden paths
With thoughtless sinners glide.

3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit;
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

4 With gen'rous pleasure let me view
The prosp'rous and the great;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.

5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known:
Oh! give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.

6 Feed me with necessary food:
I ask not wealth or fame:
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.

7 Still let my days serenely pass
Without remorse or care;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

207. P. M. Mrs. Barbaul

Praise to God *in prosperity and adversity.*

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise
For the love that crowns our da
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olives use.

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop with fatt'ning dew
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

4 All that Spring with bounteous han
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

5 These to thee, our God! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flo
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Tho' the sick'ning flocks should fal
And the herds desert the stall;

ould thine alter'd hand restrain
e early and the latter rain;
ast each op'ning bud of joy,
id the rising year destroy:
ill to thee our souls shall raise
rateful vows and solemn praise:
nd, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
ove thee—for thyself alone!

208. C. M. Mrs. Rowe.

The righteous prayer.

TO thee, O God! my pray'r ascends,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
On the rich eastern shores;
Nor that deluding empty joy
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness, with its pride and state,
My restless thoughts inflame:
Nor pleasure's fascinating charms,
My fond desires allure;
But nobler things than these, from thee,
My wishes would secure.
The faith and hope of things unseen
My best affections move;
Thy light, thy favour, and thy smiles,
Thine everlasting love:
These are the blessings I desire;
Lord, be these blessings mine—
And all the glories of the world
I cheerfully resign.

209. L. M. Dryden.

Veni Creator.

1 OH! source of uncreated light
By whom the worlds were rai
night:
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kin

2 Plenteous in grace, descend from h
Rich in thy matchless energy:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

3 Purge and refine our earthly parts:
But oh! inflame and fire our hearts
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.

4 Chase from our path each noxious
And peace, the fruit of love, besto
And, lest our feet should step astra
Protect and guide us in our way.

210. C. M. Pope.

The universal prayer.

1 FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
The universal Lord!

2 Thou great first cause, least under
Who all my sense confin'd,

know but this—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

hat conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do:
nis, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
or GOD is paid when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.

211. C.M. POPE.

The same subject.

LORD, not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think thee LORD alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw;
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

5 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

212. C. M. Pope.

The universal prayer.

1 MEAN though I am, not whc
Since quicken'd by thy bre
LORD! lead me, wheresoe'er I g
Thro' this day's life or death.

2 This day be bread and peace my
But all beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd o
And let thy will be done.

3 To thee, whose temple is all spac
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise!

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

BOOK II.

TO BE SUNG BEFORE SERMON.

213. C. M. WATTS.

A hymn of praise.

1 IN GOD's own house pronounce his praise;
His grace he here reveals:
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise.
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds:
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your maker blest:
But when *I've pass'd* the vale of death,
My soul shall praise him best.

214. C.M. WATTS.

God a hearer of prayer.

1 PRAISE in thy churches waits for t
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou, LORD! wilt hear when sinners
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Blest are the men whom thou wilt cho
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To taste thy heav'nly grace.

3 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The LORD is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

215. L.M. WATTS.

Divine worship.

1 LET the unthinking many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly go
LORD, for thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.

2 Surely the mercies of the LORD
Attend his household all their days:
There will we dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face and sing his praise.

216.

216. C. M. Watts.

Delight in the worship of God.

ONE privilege my heart desires:
LORD! grant me an abode
Within the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my GOD.

2 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

217. L. M. Watts.

Sincerity in the worship of God.

1 JUDGE me, O LORD! and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart:
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ:
O lead me to thy heav'nly hill,
My GOD, my everlasting joy!

218. L. M. Watts.

Public prayer and praise.

1 O THOU! whose mercy bends the skies,
To save, when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

2 The praise of Sion waits for thee,
O GOD! and praise becomes thy h
Thy people here thy glory see,
And here perform their public vow

3 Blest is the man whom thou shalt
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

219. L. M. WATTS.

The presence of GOD *in his churches.*

1 GREAT GOD! attend, while Si
The joy that from thy presence
One day thus spent with thee on e
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth

2 GOD is our sun, he makes our day
GOD is our shield, he guards our v
He gives us all things, and withhc
No real good from upright souls.

3 Eternal GOD! whose boundless sv
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And from whose presence sinners
Blest is the man who trusts in the

220. S. M. WATTS.

GOD *worshipped with reverence.*

1 EXALT the LORD our GOD,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race:
And oft he made his justice known,
When they abus'd his grace.

Exalt the LORD our GOD,
Whose grace is still the same:
Still he's a GOD of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

221. C. M. WATTS.

Attendance on divine worship.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In GOD's own house let us appear,
And keep the solemn day!

2 My soul shall pray for Sion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There GOD my Saviour reigns.

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her *attendants blest*!

222. L. M.

222. L. M. SALISBURY COLLE

The house of GOD.

1 LO, GOD is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his f
Let all within us feel his pow'r,
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, GOD is here! him day and ni
Th' united choirs of angels sing:
To him enthron'd above all heigh
Heav'n's host their noblest praises

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign wil

223. C. M. WATTS.

Daily and nightly devotion.

1 YE that obey th' immortal king
Attend his holy place:
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning li
And send your souls on high:
Raise your admiring thoughts by n
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Sion cheers our heart
With kind and quick'ning rays:
The GOD that spreads the heav'ns
And rules the swelling seas.

224. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to GOD *in his house.*

1 PRAISE ye the LORD, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait;
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the LORD: the LORD is good:
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 Thro' ev'ry age the LORD declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known, th' ALMIGHTY GOD!

225. C. M. WATTS.

Acceptable worship.

1 LORD, who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with GOD.

2 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace:
This is the lot of those who seek
The king of glory's face.

3 The king of glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

226. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Hymn of praise.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; let praise em
In his own courts, your songs of j
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount his works in strains divine;
His wondrous works how bright they sh
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceed

3 To praise awake your tuneful string,
And to the solemn organ sing:
Harmonious let the concert rise,
And bear the rapture to the skies.

4 Let all whom life and breath inspire,
Attend and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly you who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

227. P. M. Doddridge.

The house of prayer.

1 GREAT father of mankind!
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place.
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of pray'r!

2 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;

nd thou attend the song,
nd smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Sion's hill.

228. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The divine blessing implored.

ETERNAL source of life and thought!
Be all beneath thyself forgot;
Whilst thee, great parent-mind! we own,
n prostrate homage round thy throne.

) may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace;
And thro' each path of duty move
With filial awe, and filial love!

229. C. M. WATTS.

The blessings of the Gospel.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound:
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through GOD's eternal name:
His promises exalt their hope;
And who shall dare condemn?

The LORD, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy king for ever reigns,
Thy GOD for ever lives.

230. C. M. Watts.

Praise for the gospel.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd!
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abr'am first;
His truth fulfils the grace:
The Gentiles make his name their trust
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

231. S. M. Watts.

The holiness of God.

1 THE God Jehovah reigns!
Let all the nations fear:
Let sinners tremble at his throne;
And saints be humble there.

2 In Sion is his throne;
His honours are divine:
His church shall make his wonders know
For there his glories shine.

3 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

232. L. M. WATTS.

GOD invisible.

URpow'rs, great GOD! are too confin'd,
To reach thy infinite abode:
is beyond a creature's mind,
glance a thought half-way to GOD.

: LORD of glory builds his seat
gems superlatively bright;
d spreads, beneath his sacred feet,
pervious clouds of gloomy night.

t, LORD, thy penetrating eyes
ok through, and cheer us from above:
ond our praise thy grandeur flies:—
t we adore, and yet we love.

233. L. M. WATTS.

GOD's condescension to our worship.

ND will th' eternal dwell with us?
Thy goodness, LORD, o'erwhelms our souls:
tempt thy chariot downward thus,
hat canst thou find beneath the poles?

OVAH fills his heav'nly throne,
ile angels raise their loftiest songs:
t still he condescends to own
e humble tribute of our tongues.

at GOD! what poor returns we pay
love so infinite as thine!
rds are but *air*, and tongues but clay;
thy compassion's all divine.

234. C. M. WATTS.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

1 FOR ever blessed be the LORD,
My saviour and my shield!
He sends his spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When all my foes their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight.
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

235. S. M. WATTS.

The blessings of the gospel.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal.

2 How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found!

3 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.

236. C. M. WATTS.

Light and salvation by JESUS CHRIST.

BE ev'ry vale exalted high;
Sink ev'ry mountain low:
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall GOD's salvation know.

2 The heathen realms, with Israel's land,
Shall join in sweet accord:
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the LORD.

3 Behold the morning star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit!
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet.

237. C. M. WATTS.

Confidence in GOD.

1 MY gracious, my almighty friend!
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace!

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march *with courage* in thy strength,
My father and my GOD!

238. L. M.

Salvation by CHR.

1 SALVATION is for ev
The souls that fear ar
And grace descending fr
Fresh hopes of glory shal

2 Now truth and honour sl
Religion dwell on earth a
And heav'nly influence b
In our redeemer's gentle

239. C. M.

A hymn of praise t

1 AMONG the princes,
There's none hath
Nor is their nature, migh
Nor are their works lik

2 The nations thou hast m
Their off'rings round
For thou alone dost won
For thou art GOD alo

3 LORD, I would walk with
Teach me thy heav'nl
And all my noblest pow'
In GOD my father's p

240. S. M.

GOD's *universal d*

1 THE LORD, the so
Hath fix'd his

O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will!
Bless ye the LORD, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 While all his wondrous works
Thro' his vast kingdom shew
Their maker's glory, thou, my soul!
Shalt sing his praises too.

241. C.M. WATTS.

GOD's faithfulness to his promises.

1 GIVE thanks to GOD, adore his name;
And tell the world his grace:
Thro' all the earth his grace proclaim,
That all may seek his face.

2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abr'am and his seed,
And made the blessings sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

242. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to GOD *for his goodness.*

1 TO GOD the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be addrest!
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 O may I see thy saints rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, LORD, to be
Still join'd to them, and near to thee.

243. P. M. WATTS.

The majesty and condescension of GOD.

1 YE that delight to serve the LORD,
The honours of his name record:
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

2 Nor time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds:
The heav'ns are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal GOD compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

244. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to GOD *from all nations.*

ALL ye nations! praise the LORD,
Each with a diff'rent tongue:
v'ry language learn his word,
nd let his name be sung.

mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land;
roclaim his grace abroad:
ever firm his truth shall stand;
raise ye the faithful GOD.

245. L. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise!
his almighty name be sung,
o' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue!

nal are thy mercies, LORD!
nal truth attends thy word:
praise shall sound from shore to shore,
suns shall rise and set no more.

246. S. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

HY name, Almighty, LORD!
Shall sound thro' distant lands:
at is thy *grace*, and sure thy word;
hy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure;
'Till morning light and ev'ning sh
Shall be exchang'd no more.

247. L. M. WATTS.

The benefit of public ordinances.

1 LORD! in the temple of thy gr
We see thy mercy, and adore
Here we behold thy blissful face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow

2 Father, my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side:
And when my feet shall hence de
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart

248. L. M. WATTS.

Prayer for divine aid.

1 O THOU, whose bright celesti
Our shades and darkness turn
Thy inward teachings make us kn
Our danger, and our refuge too.

2 The troubled conscience knows thy
Thy cheering words awake our joy
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

49. C.M. WATTS.

Voluntary obedience.

y the terrors of a slave
saints perform thy will;
the noblest pow'rs they have
est commands fulfil.

access at every hour
D within the veil;
ey derive a quick'ning pow'r,
ys that never fail.

men! O glorious state
abounding grace;
so near their father's seat,
e his blissful face!

50. L.M. WATTS.

excellency of the christian religion.

T GOD, how well thy truths agree:
/ wise and holy thy commands!
ises, how sure they be!
our hope, and comfort stands!

ve should trace the globe around,
h from Britain to Japan,
be no religion found
GOD, so safe to man.

us forms that men devise,
my faith with treach'rous art,
vanity and lies,
the gospel to my heart.

251. L. M. WATTS.

The equity of the divine government.

1 THY throne, O GOD! for ever st
Grace is the sceptre in thy han
Thy works, thy laws, are just and ri
Justice and grace are thy delight.

2 How few with pious care record
The wondrous dealings of the LORD
But wise observers still shall find
The LORD is holy, just, and kind.

3 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Let thy salvation be my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The LORD, my strength and righteo

252. L. M. WATTS.

The divine benignity.

1 THE wonders, LORD! thy love has wi
Exceed our praise, surpass our th
Should we attempt the long detail,
Our speech would faint, our numbe

2 Let all the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the LORI
How great his works! how kind his
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his prais

253. C. M. WATTS.

Security in GOD.

1 UNSHAKEN as th' eternal hills,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O LORD! on thee.

Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That ev'ry saint surround.

Deal gently, gracious GOD! with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

254. L. M. WATTS.

GOD's kind regard to the righteous.

IF GOD afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His holy soul abhors their ways.

The righteous LORD loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

255. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to GOD.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Thou, LORD! art worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And *blessings more* than we can give,
Be, LORD! for ever thine.

3 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

256. C. M. Watts.

Praise.

1 LET heav'n, and all that dwell
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sk
To celebrate his praise.

2 Let the whole earth his love procl
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honours of his na
In melody and songs.

3 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'r
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

257. L. M. Watts.

The divine mercy and truth.

1 NOW to the Lord, a joyful s
Awake, my soul! awake, m
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love procla

2 The spacious earth, and spreadin
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful C
And his rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

3 For ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the LORD:
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heav'n, established by his hand.

258. L. M. WATTS.

Praise for temporal blessings.

1 WE bless the LORD, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground:
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 To his kind care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
He helps the weak, he guards the strong:
Safety and health to God belong.

259. C. M. WATTS.

The eternity of GOD.

1 RISE, rise, my soul! and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad;
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound,
To praise th' Eternal GOD.

2 Thy years, O LORD! can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime:

Eternity's thy dwelling place,
And Ever is thy time.

3 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
GOD fills his own immortal Now,
And sees our ages waste.

260. L. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 GOD spake the wondrous word,
Creation rose at his command
Whirlwinds and seas their limits kr
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

2 The race of creatures ebbs and flow
Meas'ring their changes by the moo
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

261. C. M. WATTS.

Reliance on an unchangeable GOD.

1 OUR days are like the flow'rs tha
And life's declining light
Grows fainter till the length'ning sh
Sinks in the gloom of night.

2 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal GOD!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

262. C.M. WATTS.

GOD the only consolation.

1 SENSE can afford no real joy
To those who feel thy frown:
LORD, 'tis thy hand that lifts me high,
Thy hand that casts me down.

2 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll;
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

263. L.M. WATTS.

Hope in distress.

1 HOW long, O LORD! shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his GOD in vain?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?

2 If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night:
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

3 Whate'er my anxious thoughts suggest,
Thou art my hope, and thou my rest:
My heart shall taste thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

264. C.M. WATTS.

Hope in GOD.

1 THE *LORD* can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;

Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

2 Though seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive our hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
Since GOD ensures the crop.

3 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown
And a rich harvest bear.

265. C. M. WATTS.

The wisdom of GOD *in the formation of man.*

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand
And all my frame survey,
LORD! 'tis thy work; I own the hand
That built my humble clay.

2 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part:
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thine art.

3 Thine awful glories round me shine,
And show thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

266. L. M. WATTS.

The mercies of GOD *innumerable.*

1 LORD, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

I might survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand upon the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The endless wonders of thy grace.

These on my heart are still imprest;
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

267. L. M. PATRICK.

Joy in the divine government.

COME, let us all unite our joys,
And to the LORD our voices raise:
Before his gracious presence come,
With thankful hearts and hymns of praise.

We are the people of his care,
The sheep that on his pastures live:
To him that made us let us kneel,
And humble adoration give.

O let your cheerful temper shew,
The GOD you serve is good and kind!
Praise him for all his mercies past,
And wait with joy for those behind.

268. L. M. PATRICK

The same subject.

GOD reigns! let all the earth rejoice:
For tho' thick darkness may surround,
And cloud his ways of providence,
Justice and mercy are their ground.

2 Seeds of immortal light and bliss
For truly pious men are sown:
A joyful harvest will at length
Their labours and their sorrows crown.

269. L. M. PATRICK.

The divine bounty and compassion.

1 ALL ye his works, that subject are
In ev'ry place to his control,
Bless ye the LORD; and thou with them,
Join in his praises, O my soul!

2 He satisfies thy mouth with food,
And all thy Just desires supplies:
He makes declining strength return,
And to renewed youth arise.

3 As heav'n is high above the earth,
Thy pity, LORD, transcends our love;
Far as the east is from the west,
Thy mercy does our sins remove.

270. L. M. PATRICK.

The good shepherd.

1 GOD is my shepherd, who will see
That all my wants be well supply'd
I shall not be expos'd to wrong,
Nor left to stray without a guide.

2 His comforts, which revive my soul,
Life's toilsome journey pleasant make;
And in the peaceful ways of grace
He leads me for his goodness' sake.

271. L.M. PATRICK.

Divine equity and goodness.

E righteous, in the LORD rejoice!
And let his praise be your delight:
praise is lovely, and becomes
: lips of those whose hearts are right.

)'s word is, like its author, good;
law from all injustice free;
promise sure; and all his works
done in truth and equity.

this great LORD of heav'n and earth
our supreme regard be shown:
all the world his awful pow'r
th humble adoration own.

272. C.M. PATRICK.

The providence of GOD.

EYOND the limits of the sky,
Thy mercy, LORD, extends;
/ faithfulness the narrow bounds
)f time and space transcends.

RD, who can duly prize that love
Thou bearest to the just?
der thy providence and care
Good men securely trust.

those who in thy love confide,
Thy kindness still impart;
d all thy promises fulfil
To *men of upright* heart.

273. S.M.

273. S. M. PATRICK.

Virtuous desires.

1 GOD, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wand'ring steps conduct.

2 The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shews to all
Who his just laws obey.

3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love;
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4 Oh! ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

274. L. M. PATRICK.

GOD *our consolation.*

1 O GOD, the spring of all my joys
For thee I long, to thee I look:
No chased hart e'er panted more
To reach the cooling water-brook.

2 Thy mercy and thy truth display;
That, by the conduct of thy light,
Thy courts above I may attain,
And live for ever in thy sight.

3 Oft have I found thy worship here
My soul above its sorrows raise;
And thence again I'll seek relief,
Till my sad heart shall learn to praise.

4 I've found a remedy at last,
To keep my passions calm and still:
I'm nearer help by hope in GOD,
And resignation to his will.

275. L. M. TATE and BRADY.

The providence of GOD.

1 LORD, of thy goodness all partake:
Then with assurance shall the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints in thy protection trust.

2 With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
O! let thy saints thy favour gain!
To upright hearts thy truth display.

276. C. M. STERNHOLD.

Praise to GOD.

1 GIVE to the LORD, ye potentates,
Give ye with one accord,
All praise and honour, might and strength,
Unto the living LORD.

2 Give glory to his holy name,
And honour him alone:
Give worship to his majesty,
Before his lofty throne.

3 The

A desire to praise.

1 FATHER, and LORD of all!
With humble soul I bend
My wishes send, my wants imp
And dedicate my mind and hea

2 O parent, bountifully kind!
Warm and possess, and fill my
And let my father's glory be
More dear than life itself to me

278. P.M. PARNE

The pleasures of divine love.

1 HEAV'NLY Father! GOD
Look with mercy from al

Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladness, full of thee.

279. L. M. PARNELL.

The soul in sorrow.

WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
O Father, LORD of life on high!
And on thy servant's drooping head
Thy dews of blessing gently shed.

Whene'er I breathe the mournful sigh,
Look down with mercy's gracious eye:
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort, change within.

To my faint soul refreshment give,
And raise my mind, and bid me live;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But such as owe their birth to joy.

280. C. M. Book of Devotions, ROUEN.

Trust and submission.

WAKE now, my soul, and humbly hear
What thy mild LORD commands:
Each word of his will charm thine ear,
Each word will guide thy hands.

Hear how his sweet and tender care
Complies with our weak minds:
Whate'er our state and temper are,
Still some fit work he finds.

3 They that are merry, let them sin
And let the sad hearts pray;
Let those still ply their cheerful w
And these their sober way.

4 Both grief and joy should sing anc
Since both such hopes attend;
Hopes to possess, and taste, and f
Delights that never end.

281. C. M. EDINBURGH C

Ascription of praise to GOD.

1 I AM the first, and I the last;
Time centres all in me;
Th' Almighty GOD, who was, anc
And evermore shall be.

2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love;
All grateful honours paid on earth
And nobler songs above!

282. C. M. EDINBURGH C

The condescension of GOD.

1 AMIDST the heav'nly pow'rs s
GOD's throne is fix'd on high
And through eternity he hears
The praises of the sky.

2 Yet, looking down, he visits oft
The humble, hallow'd cell;
And with the penitent who mourn
'Tis his delight to dwell.

ıe downcast spirit to revive,
The sorrowful to cheer;
nd, from the bed of dust, the man
Of contrite heart to rear.

/ith him dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race:
he men whom he has form'd shall find
A refuge in his grace.

283. C. M. STERNHOLD.

The majesty of GOD.

THE LORD descended from above
And bow'd the heav'ns most high;
ınd underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

)n cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
ınd on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

Ie sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
ınd he, as sov'reign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

284. P. M. FAWCETT.

Universal praise.

)RAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue;
)in, my soul, *with* ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heav'n,
Sound JEHOVAH'S praise on high.

285. P. M. TOPLADY'S COLLEC.

GOD *unchangeable.*

1 THIS GOD is the GOD we adore,
The faithful unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis he is the first and the last,
Whose hand shall conduct us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

286. C. M. TOPLADY'S COLLEC.

True resignation.

1 WITH GOD my friend, the radiant sun
Sheds a more lively ray:
Each object smiles, all nature charms;
I sing my cares away.

2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind:
To his unerring, gracious will
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

3 Good, when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less when he denies:
Afflictions from his gracious hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

287. L. M

287. L.M. COWPER.

The love of GOD *better than life.*

ORE of thy presence, LORD! impart;
More of thy image let me bear:
ect thy throne within my heart,
id reign without a rival there.

ve me to read my pardon seal'd
id thence derive my joy and strength;
see thy boundless love reveal'd
all its height, and breadth, and length.

ant these requests—I ask no more;
t to thy care the rest resign:
k or in health, or rich or poor,
shall be well if thou art mine.

288. L. M. COWPER.

Before sermon.

EMEMBER us, we pray thee, LORD,
With those who love thy gracious name,
id to our souls that good afford,
y promise has prepar'd for them.

us thy great salvation show;
ve us a taste of love divine;
at we thy people's joy may know,
d in their holy triumph join.

289. L. M. Anonymous.

Light and comfort from God.

1 BELOW, perpetual change appea
The seasons mark the rolling ye
Not always black the prospect low'r
Nor clouds drop down incessant sh

2 Though darkness long encompass re
My paths and ev'ry prospect bound
If God be kind, his cheering ray
Shall turn my darkness into day.

290. L. M. Anonymous

The gratitude of the heart.

1 TO pay our God the tribute due,
Faint is all utt'rance, words an
The bended knee, the prostrate hear
Our grateful thanks can best impar

2 What the weak fault'ring tongue d
The fulness of the soul supplies:
Yet all your feeble efforts try;
Lift up your voices, lift them high.

3 When feeling hearts their thanks p
Each sigh, each thought, to heav'n
Our God, who reigns in endless st
Is mild as just, and kind as great.

291. C. M. Anonymous.

Happiness seated in the mind.

vain alas! from shore to shore,
ı search of bliss we roam,
strange delights abroad explore;
ır best reside at home.

ıin the just and pious heart
ır truest joys we find;
:h calm and sweet repose impart,
ıd leave no sting behind.

292. C. M. Anonymous.

The returning penitent.

LORD! when man's o'erwhelm'd with guilt,
s pangs with pity see;
:en remorse within his breast,
ıd turn his heart to thee.

: the spirit of thy grace
s wand'ring sense reclaim;
yet the sinner may repent,
ıd live to praise thy name.

293. L. M. Anonymous.

The divine mercy and compassion.

HEN pious hearts, with zeal unfeign'd,
The lofty throne of heav'n address,

The

298. C. M. LINDSEY'S COLLEC

Christ the light of the world.

1 NOW let thy servant die in peace,
From this vain world dismiss'd:
I've seen thy great salvation, LORD!
And hasten to my rest.

2 Thy long-expected grace disclos'd
Before thy people's view,
Hath prov'd thy love was constant stil
Thy promises all true.

3 This is the sun, whose cheering ray
Thro' heathen darkness spreads,
Pours glory round thy chosen race,
And blessings on their heads.

299. L. M. CAPPE'S SELECTIO

Praise due to GOD *from all his creatures.*

1 TO GOD, whose glories are display
Thro' all the earth, thro' all the
Be universal honours paid,
Let everlasting worship rise.

2 Let creatures various as they are,
To GOD united glory give:
Alike they want their maker's care,
Alike they on his bounty live.

300. C. M. CAPPE'S SELECTI

Prayer for spiritual and eternal blessings.

1 ETERNAL source of life and light
Supremely good and wise!

: we bring our grateful vows,
ıee lift up our eyes.
rk and erring minds illume
ı truth's celestial rays;
our hearts with sacred love,
tune our lips to praise.
conduct us, by thy grace,
' life's perplexing road:
ace us, when that journey's o'er,
ıy right hand, O GOD!

301. C. M. WATTS.

Trust in GOD.

' judgments, LORD! are deep and
gh;
earchable thy deeds:
ory spreads beyond the sky,
all our praise exceeds.
en that know thy name will trust
hy abundant grace;
ıu didst ne'er forsake the just,
o humbly sought thy face.
on to the LORD belongs;
arm alone can save:
ıgs attend thy people here,
l reach beyond the grave.

02. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Gratitude.

ID! when my thoughts delighted rove
midst the wonders of thy love,
hope *revives* my drooping heart,
ds my fears and doubts depart.

2 Be all my heart, and all my ways,
Devoted to thy fervent praise:
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love!

303. L.M. Boyce.

Acceptable worship.

1 COME! pay the worship God require
Inflam'd with chaste and holy fires;
When love celestial warms the breast,
Our homage, and our vows, are blest.

2 When piety, and truth refin'd
Possess the temple of the mind,
With grateful flames the altars glow,
And God will visit man below.

304. L.M. Merrick.

Delight and confidence in God.

1 O SAY, in heav'n's capacious rou
What friend like thee my s
found?
Or who, great God! on earth resid
Whose love with thine my breast

2 My heart and flesh shall fail;
My lasting heritage I see:
Thy strength my fainting spirit c
And checks my griefs, and calms

305. L.M. Merric

Confidence in God.

1 FATHER of all! my soul de
On thee my steadfast hop

let me bless, the faithful guide
ıe counsels o'er my life preside.

gh to the grave I must descend
hus has heav'n's high will ordain'd),
ope e'en there, my constant guest,
smooth the pillow of my rest.

gh death a while reign o'er my frame,
from the grave my life wilt claim;
to my eyes, in full survey,
)p'ning paths of life display:

e paths that to thy presence bear;
)leñitude of bliss is there:
pleasures, LORD, unmix'd with woe,
ıy right hand for ever flow.

306. C. M. MERRICK.

Acquiescence in the will of GOD.

JTHOR of good! we rest on thee:
Thine ever watchful eye
ıe our real wants can see,
hy hand alone supply.

let thy fear within us dwell,
ıy love our footsteps guide;
love shall vainer loves expel,
ıat fear, all fears beside.

since, by passion's force subdu'd
)o oft with stubborn will,
blindly *shu . the* latent good,
ıd grasp the specious ill:

4 Not what we wish but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good, unask'd, let mercy grant,
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

307. P. M. MERRICK.

Universal praise.

1 LET thy various realms, O earth!
Praises yield to heav'n's high Lor
Praise him, all of human birth,
And his wondrous acts record.

2 See his mercy o'er our land
Spread his ever-healing wing,
And his truth thro' ages stand:
Praise, O praise th' eternal king!

308. P. M. MERRICK.

Praise to GOD.

1 THEE, O GOD, enthron'd above!
Thee my lips shall sing, whose lov
To my voice attention gave,
Prompt to hear, and strong to save.

2 Safe in Israel's Lord confide;
He is GOD, and none beside:
Thee my GOD! in sacred lays,
Thee my raptur'd lips shall praise.

309. L. M. MERRICK.

Prayer and praise.

1 YE servants of th' eternal king!
Your grateful hymns triumphant

ıy pious joy your hearts inflame,
hile you his glorious praise proclaim!
ıd may the GOD, whose pow'r has made
ıe earth, and heav'n's wide arch display'd,
:ver from you his sons remove
ıe blessings of a father's love.

310. L.M. MERRICK.

The divine power and providence.

) THOU, whose all disposing sway,
The heav'ns, the earth, and seas obey:
'hose might thro' all extent extends,
nks thro' all depth, all height transcends:
:om earth's low margin to the skies,
ow bids the pregnant vapours rise;
he lightning's pallid sheet expands,
nd glads with show'rs the furrow'd lands:
ow from thy store-house, built on high,
ermits th' imprison'd winds to fly;
nd, guided by thy will, to sweep
he surface of the foaming deep!
hee do we praise, eternal King!
f life and good th' exhaustless spring!
o thee our cheerful voices raise:
/hat theme so well deserves our praise?

311. P.M. MERRICK.

A Hymn of praise.

)RAISE, *O praise*, the name divine!
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine:

Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

2 Let his acts, and pow'r supreme,
To your songs suggest a theme:
Let the organ in his praise
Learn its loudest note to raise.

3 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ;
And in one great chorus join:
Praise, O praise the name divine!

312. C.M. JERVIS.

Gratitude to GOD.

1 GREAT source of all that we enjoy,
From whom our comforts flow!
To thee, who dost our souls reclaim,
Eternal thanks we owe.

2 Though the vast debt we ne'er can pay
Of gratitude and love;
Yet grant us, LORD, thine aid divine,
Thy goodness to improve.

3 Be this, on earth, our chief delight,
Our feeble songs to join;
In heav'n we'll celebrate thy praise
In anthems more divine.

313. C.M. JERVIS.

Confidence in GOD.

1 GREAT GOD! thine attributes divine
Thy glorious works and ways,
The wonders of thy pow'r and might,
The universe displays.

ty may thy children rest
thy sustaining arm:
led still, and strong to save
n danger and alarm.

thy gracious presence, LORD,
se anxious fears away;
t the ruins of the world,
guardian and our stay!

14. L. M. MRS. ROWE.

A hymn of praise.

tD, what is man, that he should prove
he object of thy boundless love!
hy should he so largely share
vour and thy tender care?

these my lips draw vital breath,
I close my eyes in death,
'er forget thy wondrous love,
ioughtless of thy kindness prove.

th thy shadowing wings' defence,
ice my only confidence:
y danger and distress,
e will I my pray'r address.

l all my hopes on earth be lost,
: I'll make my constant boast:
ead the glories of thy name,
ıy unbounded love proclaim.

15. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD *the portion of good men.*

)VAH! 'tis a glorious name,
l pregnant with delight!

It scatters round a cheerful beam,
To gild the darkest night.

2 What though our mortal comforts fade,
And droop like with'ring flow'rs!
Nor time, nor death can break that band,
Which makes JEHOVAH ours.

3 My cares, I give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust;
Well may I trust my all with him,
With whom my soul I trust.

316. C.M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD a refuge in adversity.

1 HOW firm the saint's foundations stand!
Nor can his hopes remove;
Sustain'd by GOD's almighty hand,
And shelter'd by his love.

2 Fig-teees and olive-plants may fail,
And vines their fruit deny,
Famine through all his fields prevail,
And flocks and herds may die.

3 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy;
Which no afflictions can control,
Nor death itself destroy.

317. C.M. DODDRIDGE.

Divine mercy in affliction.

1 GREAT ruler of all nature's frame!
We own thy power divine:
We hear thy breath in ev'ry storm,
For all the winds are thine.

le as they sweep their sounding way,
hey work thy sov'reign will;
, aw'd by thy majestic voice,
onfusion shall be still.

' mercy tempers ev'ry blast
o them that seek thy face;
l mingles with the tempest's roar
he whispers of thy grace.

318. L.M. DODDRIDGE.

God's name a foundation of trust.

WAKE, our noblest pow'rs! to bless
The GOD of Abr'am, GOD of peace!
' by a dearer title known,
er, and GOD of Christ his son.

ough ev'ry age his gracious ear
pen to his servant's pray'r:
can the upright e'er complain,
t he has sought his GOD in vain.

at unbelieving heart shall dare
hispers to suggest a fear?
le GOD still owns his ancient name,
same his pow'r, his love the same.

319. C.M. DODDRIDGE.

Asking the way to Sion.

QUIRE, ye pilgrims! for the way
That leads to Sion's hill;
thither set your steady face
With a determin'd will.

e *the strangers* all around,
Your pious march to join;

And

And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.

3 Come let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there:
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour out fervent pray'r.

4 Come let us join our souls to GOD
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With willing hearts and hands.

320. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The knowledge of GOD.

1 VAIN are the charms, and faint the
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Are in GOD's presence lost.

2 To know the author of our frame,
Is our sublimest skill:
True science is to learn his name,
True life to do his will.

3 For this I long, for this I pray;
This let me still pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

321. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The good man's prospect for time and eternity.

1 MY soul, triumphant in the LORD,
Shall tell its joys abroad,

arch with holy vigour on,
ported by its GOD!

all the winding maze of life,
hand hath been my guide;
i his long-experienc'd care
heart shall still confide.

'e thro' all the desart flows,
unexhausted stream:
ve on Sion's sacred mount
l be my endless theme.

22. S.M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD's care, a remedy for ours.

W gentle GOD's commands!
low kind his precepts are!
cast your burdens on the LORD,
trust his constant care.

providence is kind:
saints securely dwell:
nd which bears all nature up,
l guard his children well.

hy should anxious fears
urb your restless mind?
o your heav'nly father's throne,
sweet refreshment find.

23. C.M. DODDRIDGE.

ure glory the reward of present sufferings.

W *rich thy favours*, gracious GOD!
ow *various*, how divine!

Full

Full as the ocean they are pour'd
And bright as heav'n they shine.

2 GOD to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

3 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, thro' suff'rings of an hou
To joys that never end.

324. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

Hymn of praise.

1 O PRAISE ye the LORD! prepare a song;
And let all his saints in full concert jo
With voices united the anthem prolon
And shew forth his praises with musi
vine.

2 Let praise to the LORD, who mad
ascend;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its k
The GOD whom we worship, our song
attend,
And view with complacence the off'rin
bring.

3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his m
And let your glad songs awake with
morn:
For those who obey him are still his del
His hand with salvation the meek will

Then praise ye the LORD! prepare a glad song;
And let all his saints in full concert join:
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And shew forth his praises with music divine.

325. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Devout aspirations.

GOD, our kind Master, merciful as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust:
His ear is open to the softest cry;
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye.

He reads the language of the silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere:
He marks the dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

Oh! set me from all earthly bondage free!
Still ev'ry wish that centres not in thee:
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiet cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

326. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The same subject.

IF friendless in the vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let *my steady soul* thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee.

2 In ev'ry creature, LORD, I
In each event thy providen
Thy promises shall cheer n
Thy precepts guide me, a
trol.

3 Then, when at last I qu
scene,
Help me to leave it with a
Teach me to fix my arden
And, having liv'd to thee,

327. L. M. MRS

Trust in the divine promises a

1 THY promises are large
To humble souls who
O where for refuge can I fl
My GOD!—but to thy thr

2 My thoughts recal thy fav
In many a dark and trying
Thy kind support my hea
And own'd thy wisdom, l

3 And still these bright perf
Eternal their unclouded ra
Unchanging faithfulness i
And just and right are all

328. P. M. MRS.

The pleasures of relig

1 'TIS religion that can
Sweetest pleasur

religion must supply
comforts when we die.

death its joys will be
ng as eternity:
ne then make GOD my friend,
on all his ways attend.

29. P. M. MISS DAY.

Attendance upon religious institutions.

less JEHOVAH's glorious name,
ose goodness heav'n and earth pro-
im,
ev'ry morning light:
the close of every day,
my cheerful homage pay,
guards me thro' the night.

his temple to appear,
my humble worship here,
be my sweet employ:
that saw my Saviour rise,
wn on my delighted eyes
pure and holy joy.

ateful sorrow in my breast,
orate the dying feast
y departing LORD;
ile his perfect love I view,
ht example I'll pursue,
meditate his word.

330. C.M. Mrs. Steele.

Entreating the presence of God *in his churches.*

1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those abov
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of lov
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Dear Father! let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
Make earth a heav'n appear.

331. L.M. Mrs. Steele.

Life and safety in God *alone.*

1 THOU only sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend!—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

3 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

32. S. M. Mrs. Steele.

Imploring the presence of God.

EAR source of all my joys,
And solace of my care;
thou hear my plaintive voice,
grant my humble pray'r!

envious clouds remove;
cheering light restore:
n my int'rest in thy love,
I can doubt no more.

n if my troubles rise,
thee, my God! I'll flee,
aise my hopes above the skies,
l cast my cares on thee.

33. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Trust in the divine mercy.

)ULGENT still to my request,
ow free thy tender mercies are!
full consent my thoughts attest,
racious God! thy faithful care.

and that holds the rod, I see;
gentle hand I must adore:
goodness how divinely free,
h my expectant hopes implore!

and sustains me lest I faint,
the needful stroke repine:
ear *attends to* my complaint;
nderest pity, Lord is thine.

334. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Filial submission.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, "My Father, God!"
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise:
Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloo
And bid me wait serene!
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

335. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Gratitude and devotion.

1 WHAT shall I render to the Lor
Or how his wondrous grace re
To him my grateful voice I'll raise,
An humble tribute to his praise.

2 His crowded courts shall see me pay
The vows of my distressful day;
In life and death the saints shall find
Their guardian God for ever kind.

3 Thy servant Lord is wholly thine,
By nature's ties, and bonds divine;
From deep distress and sorrow free,
Anew I give myself to thee.

336. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The favour of GOD.

IN is the toilsome search of good
In all things here below:
love alone, my gracious GOD!
in real bliss bestow:

love, whence all my comfort springs,
ith gladness fills my heart:
oy increasing affluence brings,
ch pleasure can impart.

lays by thy kind presence blest,
om thee my safety flows;
favour guards my nightly rest,
id gives me sweet repose.

337. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Religion the road to happiness.

HAPPINESS, thou pleasing dream!
Where is thy substance found?
ht thro' the varying scenes in vain,
earth's capacious round.

gion's sacred lamp alone
nerring points the way,
re happiness for ever shines
ith unpolluted ray:

egions of eternal peace,
yond the starry skies;
re pure, sublime and perfect joys
endless prospect rise.

338. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Everlasting praise.

1 MY God! my king! to thee I'll r
My voice and all my pow'rs:
Unweary'd songs of sacred praise
Shall fill the circling hours.

2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue
While suns shall set and rise;
And tune my everlasting song,
When all creation dies.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

BOOK III.

ADAPTED TO VARIOUS SUBJECTS OF DISCOURSES.

339. C.M. WATTS.

The all-seeing GOD.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.

Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am *surrounded still* with GOD.

3 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my GOD distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest:
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin—for GOD is there!

340. L. M. WATTS.

The universal presence of GOD.

1 LORD could I e'er so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
How could I 'scape thy searching eye?
Where from thine awful presence fly?

2 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

3 Or should I try to shun thy sight.
Beneath the spreading veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

4 Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.
Mid

night and noon in this agree—
it GOD! they're both alike to thee.

ay these thoughts possess my breast,
re'er I rove, where'er I rest:
let my weaker passions dare
ient to sin—for GOD is there!

341. C.M. WATTS.

The same subject.

ll my vast concerns with thee,
vain my soul would try
un thy presence, LORD, or flee
e notice of thine eye.

e all-surrounding sight surveys
y rising and my rest,
ublic walks, my private ways,
id secrets of my breast.

houghts lie open to the LORD,
fore they're form'd within;
ere my lips pronounce the word,
: knows the sense I mean.

ndrous knowledge, deep and high!
here can a creature hide?
in thy circling arms I lie,
set on every side.

beams of noon, the midnight hour,
e both alike to thee:—
ay I ne'er provoke that pow'r
om *which I* cannot flee!

342. L.M

342. L. M. Blacklock.

God's omniscience and omnipresence.

1 FATHER of all! omniscient mind!
Thy wisdom who can comprehend!
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend?

2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy boundless view?

3 If up to heav'n's ethereal height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise;
In splendour there, supremely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise.

4 Thee, mighty God! my wond'ring soul
Thee, all her conscious pow'rs adore;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.

5 Thine essence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in ev'ry vital part;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart.

6 To thee from whom my being came,
Whose smile is all the heav'n I know!
Inspir'd with this exalted theme,
To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

343. C. M. WATTS.

Natural and moral providence.

HE world of nature, LORD, is thine,
The darkness and the day;
s didst command the morn to shine,
nd mark the sun's bright way.

pow'r hath trac'd the winding coast,
ath giv'n the sea its bounds;
summer's heat and winter's frost,
their perpetual rounds.

who can stand before thy sight,
Vhen once thy wrath appears?
ugh heav'n should blaze with dreadful
light,
he earth lies still, and fears.

ile GOD, in his mysterious ways,
omes down to save th' opprest,
wrath of man shall work his praise,
nd he'll restrain the rest.

344. C. M. WATTS.

Past deliverances a ground of future hope.

Judah, GOD of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
alem stood his lofty throne,
nd Sion *was his* seat.

2 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And thus secure their flight.

3 At thy rebuke, eternal GOD!
Both horse and chariot fell!
Who knows the terrors of thy rod,
Thy vengeance who can tell?

4 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shewn
In ages long before
And now no other GOD we own,
No other GOD adore.

345. L. M. WATTS.

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

1 WHEN Israel, free'd from Pharaoh hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land;
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep
Like lambs the little hillocks leap:
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.

4 What pow'r could make the deep divide
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?

y did ye leap, ye little hills?
whence the terror Sinai feels?

ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
re, and know th' approaching GOD,
king of Israel: see him here!
nble, thou earth! adore and fear.

thunders, and all nature mourns;
rocks to standing pools he turns;
ts spring with fountains at his word,
fires and seas confess the LORD.

346. C. M. WATTS.

rust in GOD *derived from past dispensations of Providence.*

L meditate his works of old;
The king that reigns above!
ıear his ancient wonders told,
nd learn to trust his love.

el, his people, and his sheep,
lust follow where he calls:
ade them venture thro' the deep,
nd made the waves their walls.

waters saw thee, mighty GOD!
he waters saw thee come:
ward they fled, and frighted stood,
o make thine armies room.

nge was thy journey thro' the sea;
hy footsteps, LORD, unknown;
l terrors mark'd the wondrous way
hat brought thy mercies down.

5 Thy voice, tremendous in the sound!
Through clouds and darkness broke:
All heav'n in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

6 Thine arrows thro' the skies were hurl'd:
How glorious is the LORD!
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world:
His saints his name ador'd.

7 He gave them water from the rock:
And safe by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desart, led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.

347. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The captivity of the Jews.

1 WHERE Babel's rivers, winding stray,
A silent cool retreat we chose;
There lost in thoughtful sadness lay,
And ponder'd o'er our mighty woes.

2 Our mighty woes increasing rise,
Revolving Sions hapless fate;
And louder griefs and streaming eyes;
Deplore her wretched, ruin'd state.

3 No more could music sooth our cares;
Our harps neglected and unstrung,
Vanish'd their once delighted airs,
All silent on the willows hung.

4 Far from our dear-lov'd native soil,
Shall we resume the pleasing lay?
Can rugged bondage wear a smile,
Or ever-wasting grief be gay?

I forget thy ruin'd state,
rusalem, my heart's desire!
hen let my useless hand forget
ler skill to strike the sounding lyre.

f I indulge a mirthful song,
r thy dear name my mem'ry leave;
ll silent, let my faithless tongue
ast to my mouth for ever cleave.

erusalem, lamented name!
hall still my mournful voice employ;
nd I the sadly-pleasing theme
refer to ev'ry thought of joy.

348. C.M. ANONYMOUS.

The return of liberty and peace.

)ESERTED now the verdant fields,
No lowing herds appear:
o golden grain the harvest yields,
No grapes the vineyards bear.

ır harps upon the willows hung,
We sat in silent grief:
ıe voice of joy forsook our tongue,
And tears were our relief.

HOVAH saw our sad distress,
He pity'd and arose:
ift to his sons he brings redress,
And scatters all our foes.

ıil, liberty! hail, balmy peace!
Our wonted joys restore:
thy return *our sorrows* cease,
And Judah mourns no more.

5 See the blest change! the verdai
New cloth'd with herds appea
The golden grain the harvest yiel
Rich grapes the vineyards bea

349. C.M. WATT

The divine power and wisdom a ground

1 HAST thou not heard, hast known,
That firm remains on high,
The everlasting throne of Him
Who form'd the earth and sk

2 Art thou afraid his pow'r shall f
When comes thy evil day?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay?

3 Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r,
The rock of ages stands:
Tho' him thou canst not see, no
The working of his hands.

4 He gives the conquest to the we
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heav'nly aids impart.

350. L.M. WATT

Safety in public diseases and danger

1 THEY that have made their re
Shall find a most secure abo
Shall walk all day beneath his sh
And there at night shall rest the

beams of noon conspire
pestilential fire,
ir life; his wings are spread,
them with an healthful shade.

with malignant breath
, and scatter midnight-death,
are safe: the poison'd air
ws pure, if GOD be there.

fire, or plague, or sword,
ommission from the LORD,
his saints among the rest,
pains and deaths are blest.

l, the pestilence, or fire,
fulfil their best desire;
and sorrows set them free,
thy children, LORD, to thee.

91. C.M. WATTS.

Protection and deliverance.

s of men, a feeble race,
s'd to ev'ry snare!
ake the LORD your dwelling-place,
and trust his care.

e on me they set their love,
ve them," saith the LORD;
r their joyful souls above
uction and the sword.

ce shall answer when they call;
uble I'll be nigh:
r shall help them when they fall,
aise them when they die.

4 "Those that on earth my name have kno
"I'll honour them in heav'n;
"There my salvation shall be shewn,
"And endless life be given."

352. L. M. WATTS.

Divine protection.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting GOD,
Who built the world, who spread the sk
The heav'ns, with all their hosts, he m
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 His servants thus divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Their holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite their head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast their couch, no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire from far.

6 With fiercest rage should malice burn,
Still they shall go, and still return,
Safe in the LORD; his heav'nly care
Defends their lives from ev'ry snare.

353. P. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

[PWARD I lift mine eyes,
From GOD is all my aid;
e GOD who built the skies,
id earth's foundations laid:
GOD is the tow'r
To which I fly:
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

y feet shall never slide,
fall in fatal snares,
ice GOD my guard and guide,
fends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

burning heats by day,
or blasts of ev'ning air,
all take my health away,
GOD be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

ast thou not given thy word,
save my soul from death?
nd I can trust the LORD
keep my mortal breath:

356. L. M. Watts.

The safety of good men amidst national calamities.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of deep distress invade:
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid!

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and bury'd there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubl'd ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 'Midst storms and tempests, Lord, thy word
Does all our raging fears control:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And well sustain the fainting soul.

357. C. M. Pitt.

God *our refuge.*

1 ON God we build our sure defence,
In God our hopes repose:
His hand protects our varying life
And guards us from our woes.

2 Our minds shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloah's peaceful flood;
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The city of our God.

y GOD ! my father ! blissful name !
Above expression dear !
thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

355. C.M. WATTS.

GOD the defence of his people.

THE LORD of glory is my light,
And my salvation too :
GOD is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

GOD has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide ;
When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide.

In GOD, most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust ;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

What tho' the hosts of sin and death
All arm'd against me stood ;
Vain fears no more shall shake my soul,
My refuge is in GOD.

Ye groundless terrors, then, begone !
My confidence is here :
The man who truly fears his GOD,
Should know no other fear.

356. L.M.

359. L. M. Doddridge.

The majesty of God.

1 YE weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day!
Low in your native dust bow down
Before th' Eternal's awful throne.

2 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.

3 Join'd with the living, let the dead,
Rising, the face of earth o'erspread;
And while his praise unites their tongues
Let angels echo back the songs.

4 The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, great God! to thee

360. L. M. Merrick.

The wisdom and righteousness of providence asserted.

1 THINE is the throne: beneath thy fe
Great king of kings! the tribes prof
Behold their dream of conquest o'er,
And vanish to be seen no more.

2 What eyes like thine, eternal Sire!
Thro' sin's dark mazes can inquire?
What hand, like thine, to virtue's foes,
Such awful judgments can oppose?

'he meek observer of thy laws
o thee commits his injur'd cause;
r thee, each anxious fear resign'd,
he fatherless a father find.

hou LORD, thy servants' wish canst read,
re from their lips the pray'r proceed:
'is thine the drooping heart to cheer,
'o wipe away the falling tear:

'o vindicate the suff'rer's cause,
'o rescue from oppression's jaws,
'o curb the haughty tyrant's will,
nd bid the sons of pride be still.

361. C. M. WATTS.

The King of Kings.

HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground
Reigns the Creator, GOD;
Vide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful rod.

et princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
ender their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

now that his kingdom is supreme:
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
ho' Gods you're call'd, that awful name,
Yet you must die like men.

hen let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
le puts on *vengeance like* a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise
And think of heav'n with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

362. C.M. WATTS.

Creatures vain, and GOD *all-sufficient.*

1 BLEST is the nation where the LORD
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls the tribes his own.

2 His eye with infinite survey
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies, from the grave;
Nor speed, nor courage of a horse,
Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from GOD obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 GOD is their fear, and GOD their trust
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just,
Amongst ten thousand dead.

6 LORD, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice
And trust thy grace alone.

363. C. M. WATTS.

Trust in the divine goodness.

o my GOD my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
hall my desires fulfil.

my desires to thee are known,
hine eye counts ev'ry tear:
d ev'ry sigh and ev'ry groan
notic'd by thine ear.

ne innocence wilt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

e meek, at last, the earth possess'd,
And are the heirs of heav'n:
ue riches, with abundant peace,
o humble souls are giv'n.

364. S. M. WATTS.

Daily devotion.

WHILE thoughtless sinners choose
The road that leads to death;
the service of my GOD
Will spend my daily breath.

I'll worship at his throne,
When morning brings the light;
seek his blessings ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows by night.

With all *my anxious* cares,
I'll lean upon the LORD;

I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

4 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety s
No earthly pow'r can move.

365. L.M. WATTS.

Trust in GOD.

1 MY spirit looks to GOD alone;
My rock and refuge are his t
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints! in all your
Pour out your hearts before his fa
Though succours fail, and fears in
GOD is our all-sufficient aid.

3 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have hea
All pow'r is his eternal due,
He must be fear'd and trusted too

4 Almighty pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lo
Shall well divide our last reward.

366. S.M. WATTS.

Safety in GOD.

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with g
My heart within me die
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
nd make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

Within thy presence, LORD,
For ever I'll abide,
hou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name:
f endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

367. L.M. WATTS.

The condescension of GOD *to human affairs.*

TH' Almighty stoops to view the skies,
And bows to see what angels do;
'et down to earth directs his eyes,
nd bends his footsteps downwards too.

le over-rules all human things,
nd manages our mean affairs:
)n humble souls the King of kings
estows his counsels and his cares.

1 vain might earthly monarchs try
uch condescending schemes to plan:
or man was never rais'd so high
bove his meanest fellow-man.

) could our thankful hearts devise
tribute equal to thy grace,
o *heav'n our* grateful songs should rise,
d list'ning angels learn thy praise.

368. C. M. WATTS.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of GOD.

1 TIME—what an empty vapour 'tis!
Our days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh:
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

3 Yet, mighty GOD! our fleeting days
Thy lasting bounties share,
And all the riches of thy grace
Still crown the rolling year.

4 Thy goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the LORD!
His mercy never knows a bound:
Be his blest name ador'd!

5 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when in dust we lie,
Let age to age thy praise prolong
Till time and nature die.

369. L. M. WATTS.

Confidence in the promises of GOD.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him who earth's foundation laid
Praise to the GOD, whose sov'reign will
All nature's laws and pow'r fulfil!

ıe goodness of the LORD,
his people by his word;
h contemplates his decrees,
gracious promise sees.

ɔng and lasting faith,
/hat th' Almighty saith;
: the message of his Son,
e joys of heav'n our own!

ıld the earth's vast pillars shake,
: wheels of nature break;
souls should fear no more
rocks when billows roar.

ıting hopes arise
perishable skies;
ıeir basis shall remain,
'e to chaos sink again.

0. C.M. WATTS.

ithfulness of GOD *in the promises.*

AIM salvation from the LORD,
ıful, dying men!
nscrib'd the sacred word
ı immortal pen.

s in eternal brass
;hty promise shines;
e pow'rs of darkness, 'rase
:lasting lines.

n dash whole worlds to death,
ke them when he please;
and his almighty breath
s *great* decrees.

4 He said, Let the wide heav'n be spread
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad:
" Abr'am, I'll be thy GOD," he said,
And he was Abr'am's GOD.

5 Oh! might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whisper, Thou art mine!
Those gentle words would raise my soul
To notes almost divine.

371. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD faithful to his promises.

1 THE promises I sing,
Which love supreme hath spoke
Nor will th' eternal king
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure,
And steadfast still;
Not Sion's hill
Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away
When once the judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years:
But still the same
In radiant lines
His promise shines
Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres:

st all the shock
iat dread scene,
id serene,
word my rock.

2. C. M. DARWIN.

in GOD *in prosperity and adversity.*

ORD! how tender is his love,
ustice how august;
her fears my soul derives
nchors all her trust.

's the manna from above,
the barren waste;
with death the fiery hail,
nine waits the blast.

realms, and worlds, his wrath in-
d,
st beneath his tread:
s the fair, unplumes the proud,
akes the learned head.

listress forget to groan,
k from anguish cease;
ns spreads his healing wing,
ftly whispers peace.

eance rides the rushing wind,
the bolt with flame:
ness breathes in ev'ry breeze,
irms in ev'ry beam.

) LORD! whatever lot
urs commission'd bring;
r *with'ring* blessings die,
r *clusters* spring;

7 Oh! grant that still with grateful hea
My years resign'd may run;
'Tis thine to give or to resume;
And may thy will be done!

373. L. M. Watts.

The mystery of providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 When thou array'st thy heav'nly face
In awful frowns, without a smile;
We, thro' the cloud, discern thy gra
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distres
We sail by faith and not by sight:
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the darkness of the nigh

4 Dear Father! if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely throug

374. C. M. Watts.

The decrees of God.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before the Lord!
Whate'er his pow'rful hand has form
He governs with a word.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought;
The rising years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

here's not a sparrow, or a worm,
O'erlook'd in his decrees:
e raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks with equal ease.

light attend the course I go,
'Tis he provides the rays!
nd 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

'rusting his wisdom and his love,
I would not wish to know
What in the book of his decrees
Awaits me here below.

ie this alone my fervent pray'r,
Whate'er my lot shall be:
)r joys or sorrows, may they form
My soul for heav'n, and thee!

375. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

The unsearchable decrees of providence.

ORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise!
ıy steps can mortal eyes explore?
ıs ours, to wonder and adore.

eat God! I would not ask to see
hat in futurity shall be:
light and bliss attend my days,
ıen let my future hours be praise.

darkness and *distress* my share?
ll let me trust thy guardian care:

Enough

Enough for me, if love divine
At length thro' ev'ry cloud shall sl

4 Yet this my soul desires to know;
Be this my only wish below;
That I am thine!—this great requ
Grant, bounteous GOD!—and I a

376. L. M. SCOTT.

The equity of the divine dispensations.

1 WHO, gracious Father! can
Under thy mild and gentle
Who does a weight of duty share,
More than his aids and pow'rs can

2 With diff'ring climes, and diff'ri
With fertile plains, and barren sar
Thy hand hath fram'd this earthly
And set each nation in its bound.

3 So various thy celestial ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter da
The GOD of all, unkind to none.
To all the path of life hath shewn.

4 Large is the bounty of his hand?
He will a large return demand:
Haste, then, life's arduous work f
And keep the heav'nly prize in vi

377. L. M. LIVERPOOL C

Man's dependance on GOD.

1 THRO' all the various shifting
Of life's mistaken ill or go

The hand of GOD conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 He giveth with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
On his eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.

4 Be this my care—to all beside
Indiff'rent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fix my soul, great GOD! on thee.

378. C. M. COWPER.

The mystery and benignity of providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace!

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

379. S.M. Scott.

The changes of human life appointed by God.

1 As various as the moon
Is man's estate below:
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.

2 The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief;
Again the morn of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.

3 Yet not from fickle chance
These varying scenes arise:
Our dark and brighter hours advance,
By laws supremely wise.

4 God measures unto all
Their lot of good and ill;
Nor this too great, nor that too small
Ordain'd by heav'n's high will.

5 Let man conform his mind
To ev'ry changing state:

Be joyful now, and now resign'd,
And the great issue wait.

Hopeful and humble bear
Thy evil and thy good;
Nor by presumption, nor despair,
Weak mortals be subdu'd.

380. S. M. Enfield's Collection.

Worldly anxiety reproved.

WHY should I thus perplex
My life with fruitless care,
With fears and hopes which idly vex,
And oft the heart ensnare?

Can anxious thoughts increase
My days' appointed sum?
Why waste I then my health and peace,
To hoard for years to come?

To him these low desires,
This sordid gain I leave,
Who to no higher good aspires,
Than what this world can give.

Then let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow stay:
The trouble which to-day prepares
Suffices for to-day.

381. P. M. Merrick.

Prayer for divine wisdom.

SACRED wisdom! be my guide:
Suffer not my feet to slide;

Or from thine all-perfect way,
Lost in paths of sin to stray.

2 When, O when, celestial guest!
Shall my heart with thee be blest?
O what peace will then be mine,
When my heart is wholly thine!

3 Ne'er may my presumptuous hand
Dare to break thy just command;
Ne'er within me may'st thou find
Ought that speaks a faithless mind?

382. C. M. MERRICK.

Trust in GOD *under the trials of virtue.*

1 OH! how my fears the dangers mou
That virtue's paths enclose!
While I the wise pursuit approve,
Alas, what toils oppose!

2 For see! ah, see! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

3 Oh! how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
Those terrors learn to meet;
How from the thousand snares to guar
And to restrain my feet?

4 But why art thou cast down, my soul?
Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience rol
O'er scenes of future ill?

5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;

Thy Maker's will hath plac'd thee here,
Thy Maker wise and good!

He to thy ev'ry trial knows
Its just restraints to give,
Attentive to behold thy woes,
And faithful to relieve.

Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide;
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the headlong tide.

383. C.M. Cowper.

Submission.

O LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears;
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
Short-sighted creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

But ah! my heart within me cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;

Else the next cloud that veils the skie
Drives all these thoughts away.

384. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Resignation and thankfulness.

1 WHEN I survey life's vary'd scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flow'rs.

2 Lord, teach me to adore thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow;
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

3 Are health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God!
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.

4 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me;
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee!

385. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

The same subject.

1 WHEN present suff'rings pain my heart,
Or future terrors rise,
And light and hope almost depart
From these dejected eyes:

2 Thy pow'rful word supports my hope
Sweet cordial of the mind!

ears my fainting spirit up,
d bids me wait resign'd.
oh! whate'er of earthly bliss
y providence denies,
pted at thy throne of grace,
et this petition rise:

e me a calm, a thankful heart,
rom ev'ry murmur free:
blessings of thy grace impart,
nd make me live to thee.

the sweet hope that I am thine,
ly path of life attend;
presence through my journey shine,
nd crown my journey's end.

386. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Refuge in the mercy of GOD.

Y GOD, 'tis to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
ere I find a safe retreat,
hen storms and tempests rise.

heerful hope can never die,
thou, my GOD! art near:
race can raise my comforts high,
d banish ev'ry fear.

reat protector, and my LORD!
y constant aid impart;
let thy kind, thy gracious word
stain my trembling heart.

ver let *my soul* remove
m this divine retreat:

Still

Still let me trust thy pow'r and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

387. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Hope in the contemplation of the divine perfection.

1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe, if God be nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand:
That gracious hand, on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline:
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright th
shine!

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless pow'r!
Unchanging faithfulness and love—
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

5 My God! if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in times of need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!
And ease the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

388.

388. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

The eternity and perfections of God.

ARTH's old foundations GOD hath laid:
The heav'ns, a glorious frame,
iis almighty hand were spread,
nd speak their maker's name.

ir shining wonders all shall fade;
y thy controlling pow'r,
ng'd like a vesture quite decay'd;
ut thou shalt still endure.

' bright perfections, all divine,
ternal as thy days,
ough everlasting ages shine,
Vith undiminish'd rays.

' children's children, still thy care,
hall own their father's GOD;
latest times thy favour share,
nd spread thy praise abroad.

389. C. M. Watts.

The divine glories above our reason.

UR reason stretches all its wings
And climbs above the skies;
still how far beneath thy feet
)ur grov'ling reason lies!

RD, here we bend our humble souls,
\nd awfully adore:
' the weak pinions of the mind
an stretch a thought no more.

3 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

4 In humble notes our faith adores
The great eternal king;
While angels strain their nobler pow
And sweep th' immortal string.

390. L. M. Mrs. Steele

God the object of our trust.

1 THE Lord, my Saviour, is my li
What terrors can my soul affri
While God, my strength, my life, i
What potent arm shall make me fe

2 Should num'rous hosts besiege me
My steadfast heart no fear shall wo
Though war should rise in dread arm
God is my strength, my trust, my s

3 When troubles rise, my guardian, (
Will hide me safe in his abode:
Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,
Sustain'd by his almighty hand.

4 This only boon my heart desires;
To this my ardent wish aspires:
This will I seek with restless care,
Till God attend my humble pray'r:

5 In his own house to spend my days,
My life devoted to his praise:
There would my soul his glories trac
And learn the wonders of his grac

ered spring of all my joys!
er I raise my plaintive voice
r sov'reign mercy hear,
wer all my humble pray'r.

1. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

The same subject.

is the confidence and stay
the wide earth's remotest ends;
se who try the dang'rous sea—
their hope, their all depends.

vful word, with potent sound,
le the solid mountains stand:
r encircles nature round:
e rests upon thy hand.

rd which stills the raging seas,
e loud waves tempestuous roar,
ids the warring world to peace;
e and tumult are no more.

dful signs display'd abroad,
bling nations with surprise:
ibling nations own the God,
their supplicating eyes.

2. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

God's *care of his people.*

way, O God! thy wondrous way,
ile in thy temple I survey;
ith astonishment, I cry,
s a pow'r so great, so high!

surveys thy works must own
u art God, and thou alone:

Thy

Thy favours to thy chosen care
The wonders of thy pow'r declare.

3 Thy potent arm, for ever near,
Controll'd their foes, controll'd their
And Jacob's sons, distinguish'd race
Confess'd thy kind delivering grace.

4 The waters, with thy presence aw'd,
Beheld, and own'd their maker, Gor
The ocean shook with all its waves
And trembl'd thro' its deepest caves.

5 The full clouds pour'd their wat'ry s
Amid the storm's impetuous roar,
Thy dreadful arrows flew abroad,
And sounding skies proclaim the Gc

6 Thine awful voice in thunder broke,
Heav'n listen'd while th' Almighty
While o'er the world keen lightnings
Earth trembl'd with unusual dread.

7 Thy path, O LORD! thy trackless
Lies in the deep unfathom'd sea;
No mortal thought can ever trace
Thy steps of wisdom, pow'r, and gr

8 Thy people found thy guardian care
Where'er they wander'd, GOD was
Till guided by thy prophet's hand,
They reach'd secure the promis'd la

393. C. M. WATTS.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to GOD; he reigns
Kind are his thoughts, his nam

His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

Let the redeemed of the LORD
The wonders of his grace record:
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

In their distress to GOD they cry'd;
GOD was their Saviour and their guide:
He led their march far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

Thus, when our first release we gain
From sin's hard yoke and galling chain,
Beset with dangers is the road,
Which leads us to our wish'd abode.

He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray:
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

394. L. M. BROWNE.

Give thanks to GOD *in all things.*

GREAT GOD! my joyful thanks to thee
Shall, like thy gifts, continual be:
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end nor interruption knows.

From thee my comforts all arise,
My num'rous wants thy hand supplies;
Nor can I ever, LORD, be poor,
Who live on thine exhaustless store.

3 If what I ask my GOD denies,
It is because he's good and wise:
And ills which cause my heart to mo
Thou canst to real blessings turn.

4 Deep, LORD, upon my thankful brea
Let all thy favours be imprest;
That I may never more forget
The whole, or any single debt.

5 May I, with grateful heart, each day
For all thy gifts my praises pay;
And still delighted may I be
In all things to give thanks to thee!

395. L. M. WATTS.

The blessings of GOD *on the business and comforts of*

1 IF GOD succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are
If GOD the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may slee

2 What though you rise before the sun,
And work and toil till day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread:

3 'Tis all in vain, till GOD hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too
If GOD our father make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his lov

396. C.M. Doddridge.

Joy and prosperity from the blessing of God.

[INE on our souls, eternal God !
With rays of mercy shine :
t thy favour crown our days,
nd their whole course be thine.

we not raise our hands to thee,
ur hands might toil in vain :
ll joy success itself could give,
thou thy love restrain.

h thee let ev'ry week begin,
'ith thee each day be spent,
hee each fleeting hour improv'd,
nce each by thee is lent.

s cheer us thro' this toilsome road,
ll all our labours cease ;
heav'n refresh our weary souls
'ith everlasting peace.

397. C.M. Watts.

Hope of heaven our support under trials on earth.

THEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
l farewell to ev'ry fear,
nd dry my weeping eyes.

ald earth against my peace engage,
nd all its darts be hurl'd ;
n could I smile to see its rage,
nd face a frowning world.

3 Though cares like a wild deluge
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my hom
My GOD, my heav'n, my all

4 In those bright realms, thou, O
Shalt find eternal rest;
Nor shall a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

398. C. M. WAT

The faithfulness of GOD.

1 MY never-ceasing songs sha
The mercies of the LORD
And make succeeding ages kno
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truth his lips pronou
Shall firm as heav'n endure:
And if he speak a promise once
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David hel
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant se
By David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies:
The meanest subject of his gra
Shall to that glory rise.

5 LORD GOD of hosts! thy wond
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their hono
To thy unchanging love.

399. C.M. WATTS.

The first and second coming of Christ.

SING to the LORD, ye distant lands!
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue!
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations, Jesus came,
A guilty world to save;
From vice and error to reclaim,
And rescue from the grave.

Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

With pleasure lift your wond'ring eyes,
Ye islands of the sea!
Ye mountains! sink; ye valleys! rise;
Prepare the Saviour's way.

Behold he comes! he comes to bless
The nations from their GOD;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

Again he comes, with pow'rful voice,
To wake the num'rous dead,
And call his churches to rejoice
With their exalted head.

When he, who is our life, draws near,
And all his glory view,
His *faithful servants* shall appear
With him in glory too.

400. S. M. WATTS.

The birth of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the grace appears,
The blessing promis'd long!
Angels announce the Saviour near
In this triumphant song:

2 Glory to GOD on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth:
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the redeemer's birth!

3 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues:
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:

4 Glory to GOD on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our redeemer's birth!

401. L. M. WATTS.

The mission of Christ.

1 TO those who fear and trust the LORD
His mercy stands for ever sure;
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

2 He spake to Abr'am and his seed,
In thee shall all the earth be bless'd!
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

no more shall Israel wait,
the Gentiles lie forlorn:
esire of nations comes!
ie promis'd seed is born!

)2. C. M. WATTS.

he coming and kingdom of Christ.

the world! the Lord is come,
ng-predicted king:
heart prepare him room,
av'n and nature sing.

: earth; the Saviour reigns!
n their songs employ;
lds and floods, rocks, hills, and
s,
the sounding joy.

let sins and sorrows grow,
rns infest the ground;
to make his blessings flow,
er guilt is found.

the world with truth and grace,
ikes the nations prove
es of his faithfulness,
nders of his love.

). M. EDINBURGH COLLECT.

The same subject.

D, he comes! your leader comes,
might and honour crown'd;
who shall spread my name
's remotest bound.

2 The beam that shines from Sion's hill,
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The king who reigns in Salem's tow'rs,
Shall all the world command.

3 See, nations hasten to his call
From ev'ry distant shore;
Isles yet unknown shall bow to him,
And Israel's GOD adore.

4 Come, then, O house of Jacob! come,
To worship at his shrine;
Still walking in the light of GOD,
With holiness divine.

404. L.M. MERRICK.

The promised Messiah.

1 WELCOME the hope of Israel's race,
The messenger of truth and grace!
Your hearts in righteousness prepare;
Behold your wish'd redemption near!

2 See glory, bursting from the skies,
O'er Judah's land effulgent rise;
And fix amidst her coasts its seat,
Where justice, truth, and mercy meet:

3 While faith and hope, their offspring dear,
Attendant on their steps appear:
And join'd in friendly compact move,
Bless'd with philanthropy and love.

4 Truth in thy lands, O earth! shall spring
And righteousness her healing wing
Expa-

tpanding, downward cast her eye;
hile heav'ns great monarch, from on high,

ıe heathen gloom shall chase away,
ıd bring again a glorious day;
ıd, from his own propitious will,
ıe promis'd grace to man fulfil,

405. S.M. NEEDHAM.

Christ the light of the world.

BEHOLD, the prince of peace,
The chosen of the LORD,
)D's well-beloved Son fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

No royal pomp adorns
This king of rightcousness:
eekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

The spirit of the LORD,
In rich abundance shed,
n this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

Jesus, the light of men!
His doctrine life imparts:
may we feel its quick'ning pow'r
To warm and glad our hearts!

Cheer'd by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heav'nly way:
he path which *Christ* hath mark'd and trod
Will lead to endless day.

406. S.M.

406. S. M. WATTS.

The triumph of Christ's kingdom.

1 MAKER, and sov'reign LORD
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas!
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' anointed of the LORD?

3 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design:
Against the LORD their pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they join.

4 The LORD derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
Hath own'd him for his son.

407. L. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION

GOD *the leader of his people.*

1 O GOD of our forefathers! hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known
While we with confidence draw near,
And place our trust on thee alone.

2 Arise, as in the ancient days,
(The ancient annals speak thy fame)
Be now omnipotently nigh,
To endless ages still the same.

Egypt when thy chosen race
phant urg'd their wond'rous way,
ly led, behold they pass
watry deep, the empty'd sea.

ance heap'd on either hand,
ng a strange unbeaten road,
stal walls the waters stand,
wn the arm of Israel's GOD.

rm which is not shorten'd now,
wants not now the pow'r to save,
present with thy people still,
hem through life's tumultuous wave.

th and hell pursu'd in vain,
e thy chosen seed shall come,
ng, their heav'nly Canaan gain,
ss thro' death triumphant home.

408. L. M. WATTS.

The kingdom of Christ.

EAT GOD! whose universal sway
he known and unknown worlds obey:
l the kingdom of thy son,
'ry land his rule shall own.

eptre well becomes his hands,
ise and good are his commands;
ws protect the humble poor,
id oppression rage no more.

form to righteousness the mind,
that's candid, gentle, kind;
e with love the human breast,
tormy passions sooth to rest.

4 As gentle rain on parching ground,
His gospel sheds its influence round;
Its grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of darkness and of death,
Revive at its first dawning light,
And desarts blossom at the sight.

6 His throne immoveable shall stand,
Upheld by thine almighty hand;
Till all shall love thee, and adore,
And vice and mis'ry be no more.

409. L. M. Watts.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 TO God let fervent pray'rs arise
With ev'ry daily sacrifice,
The great Messiah's reign to spread,
And with new honours crown his head.

2 Soon may he reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

3 Great God! may realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on thy love with sweetest song;
And with united hearts proclaim,
That grace and truth by Jesus came.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains:
The weary find eternal rest,
And contrite hearts with peace are blest.

Where he displays his healing pow'r,
The sting of death is known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Parent of good! to thee we trace
These boundless stores of richest grace;
All have their source in love divine;
And be the praise and glory thine!

410. L.M. Watts.

The success of the gospel.

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ his son, ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 From Sion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 That day shall shew thy pow'r is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines.

4 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed *the drops of* morning dew.

3 So, saith the GOD of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its pow'r,
And bear it down
To millions more.

414. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The mission of Jesus Christ.

1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart a throne prepare,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its holy fire;
Wisdom and pow'r, and zeal and love
His sacred breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In wretched bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

songs of joy and gratitude
is welcome shall proclaim;
to the prince of peace, who comes
GOD our father's name!

415. L. M. WATTS.

The yoke of religion easy.

OME hither, all ye weary souls!
Ye heavy-laden sinners! come:
give you rest from all your toils,
raise you to a heav'nly home.

ey shall find rest who learn of me;
of a meek and lowly mind:
passion rages like the sea,
pride is restless as the wind.

st is the man whose shoulders take
yoke, and bear it with delight;
yoke is easy to his neck,
grace shall make the burden light.

eat GOD! we come at this command;
ith faith and hope, and humble zeal,
ign our spirits to thy hand,
mould and guide us at thy will.

416. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

ey are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness.

ORD, we adore thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown,
pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
thy beloved son.

2 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor!
Your father's bounty taste;
Behold a never-failing store
For every willing guest.

3 Here shall your num'rous wants receive
A free and full supply;
GOD has unmeasur'd bliss to give,
And joys that never die.

4 LORD, bring unwilling souls to thee,
By thine all-gracious power;
Thy boundless love let sinners see,
And at thy feet adore.

417. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The example of Christ.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to still
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heav'nly father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humanity and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life divinely bright!

5 Div

ing good where'er he came,
ours of his life were love:
ve love our Saviour's name,
divine example move.

118. C. M. Watts.

The same subject.

of my mercy and my praise!
y glory is my song;
k the honours of thy grace
a rejoicing tongue.

Christ among the sons of men,
mble form was found,
uel slanders, false and vain,
compass'd him around.

is'ries his compassion mov'd,
peace he still pursu'd:
nder'd hatred for his love,
evil for his good.

alice rag'd without a cause;
vith his dying breath
'd for murd'rers on his cross,
bless'd his foes in death.

his conduct, all divine,
e a model prove:
, O God! my heart incline
nemies *to love.*

419. L. M. WATTS.

The example of Christ.

1 I READ my duty in the word
Of my redeemer and my lord!
But in his life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 What zeal his mission to fulfil!
What def'rence to his father's will!
His love and meekness, how divine!
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of his pray'r;
The desart his temptations knew,
His conflict and his vict'ry too.

4 He is my pattern; may I bear
More of his gracious image here!
And let me trace the steps he trod,
Which lead to virtue and to GOD.

420. P. M. SCOTT.

The resurrection of Christ a ground of triumph over death.

1 LO! the rock is roll'd away—*Hallelujah!*
Death resigns his new-made prey—*Hallelujah.*
Jesus rising from the tomb—*Hallelujah!*
Scatters all its dismal gloom—*Hallelujah*

2 Raise, ye saints, your noblest song;
Let the strains be sweet and strong;

the earth's remotest bound
ar the heart-reviving sound.

sts of heav'n, seraphic choirs!
ith rapture sweep your golden lyres:
ns of men! in humbler strain,
ig the honours of his reign.

n the praise, ye heav'nly choir!
t our joys your songs inspire:
here is now, O death! thy sting?
here thy terrors—vanquish'd king?

421. C.M. WATTS.

Hope of heaven from the resurrection of Christ.

BLESS'D be the everlasting GOD,
The father of our LORD!
his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

hen from the dead he rais'd his son,
And call'd him to the sky;
gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

hat though the frame of man requires
That he should see the dust;
ice Christ our pledge and pattern rose,
So all his followers must.

ere's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day:
s uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

s Saints

5 Saints by the pow'r of GOD are kept,
Till this salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till he shall call us home.

422. S. M. WATTS.

Mercy in the midst of judgment.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise.
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His word subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Will all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the LORD,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;
His anger like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

6 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

hy compassion, LORD,
endless years endure;
children's children ever find
ıy words of promise sure.

423. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The heavenly kingdom an inheritance.

humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store;
happy, how divinely blest,
sacred words of truth attest.

n conscious grief laments sincere,
pours the penitential tear;
e points to your dejected eyes
right reversion in the skies.

ain the sons of wealth and pride
pise your lot, your hopes deride;
ain they boast their little stores,
es are their's, a kingdom your's:

ngdom of immense delight,
ere health, and peace, and joy unite;
ere undeclining pleasures rise,
ev'ry wish has full supplies:

ingdom which can ne'er decay,
' time sweeps earthly thrones away:
state which pow'r and truth sustain,
nov'd for ever must remain.

ıt GOD! to thee we breathe our pray'r;
ou confirm our interest there,
ıll'd *among thy happy poor,*
largest wishes ask no more.

424. S. M.

424. S. M. Watts.

The excellency of the gospel.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way:
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just:
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.

5 My gracious God! how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n!

425. P. M. Watts.

The same subject.

1 I LOVE the volumes of thy word:
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distrest!

precepts guide my doubtful way;
fear forbids my feet to stray;
y promise leads my heart to rest.

the discov'ries of thy law,
erfect rules of life I draw;
ese are my study and delight:
ioney so invites the taste,
old that hath the furnace past,
pears so pleasing to the sight.

threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
warn me where my danger lies;
t 'tis thy blessed gospel, LORD,
makes my guilty conscience clean,
erts my soul, subdues my sin,
d gives a free, but large, reward.

knows the errors of his thoughts?
OD! forgive my secret faults,
d from presumptuous sins restrain:
pt my poor attempts of praise,
I have read thy book of grace,
d book of nature not in vain.

426. C. M. WATTS.

Instruction from scripture.

OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
word the choicest rules imparts,
keep the conscience clean.

n *once it enters* to the mind,
preacs such light abroad

The meanest souls instruction find
And raise their thoughts to GOD.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day:
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

427. C. M. WATTS.

Excellence of scripture.

1 THE starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place:
And these, thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express.

2 But still thy law and gospel, LORD,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

3 Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book:
Great GOD! if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

4 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could shew one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heav'n.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth:
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

428. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in scripture.

) How I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
ıd thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

ow doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
ıd, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yield's me a heav'nly song.

n I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis a divine repast;
ɔt honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

› treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
r loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

'hen nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
'e pillars to support my hope;
And there I write thy praise.

429. C. M. WATTS.

The consolations of scripture.

ORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage:
ıere *shall my noblest* pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

430. L. M. WATTS.

The holy scriptures.

1 GOD, who, in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent Christ, his son, with truth and grac
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Now we may read the written word,
That book of life, that true record;
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by this sure conveyance giv'n.

3 GOD's kindest thoughts are here exprest,
Able to make us wise and blest;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 O render thanks to GOD above,
For his rich grace, his boundless love!
Let all mankind receive his word,
And ev'ry nation praise the LORD.

431. C.M

431. C. M. Watts.

The same subject.

IE volume of my father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
cheering promises I trace
most in ev'ry page.

is the field where hidden lies
e pearl of price unknown:
merchant is divinely wise,
ho makes that pearl his own.

is the judge that ends the strife,
here wit and reason fail;
uide to everlasting life
rough all this gloomy vale.

ay thy counsels, mighty God!
y roving feet command;
I forsake the happy road
at leads to thy right hand.

432. C. M. Doddridge.

The perfect law of liberty.

HOLD that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives;
y it all our souls refine,
d sanctify our lives!

with a transient glance survey'd,
d in an *hour forgot,*
eep inscrib'd on ev'ry heart.
eign o'er ev'ry thought.

3 Great author of each perfect gift,
Thy gracious pow'r display,
That our ungrateful wand'ring hearts
May hearken and obey.

433. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

The excellency of the holy scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines!

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast:
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

34. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Light and comfort from the scriptures.

soul to God, its source, aspires!
Come, Lord, and fill my vast desires!
u my portion; here I rest,
of my utmost wish possest.

t thy sacred word impart
'rous influence to my heart;
pow'r, and light, and love divine,
my soul that thou art mine.

issful word, with joy replete,
id my gloomy fears retreat;
eav'n-born hope, serenely bright,
cheerful through this mortal night.

hall my joyful spirit rise
ngs of faith above the skies:
hen these transient scenes are o'er,
is vain world shall tempt no more;

nay I reach the blissful plains,
thy unclouded glory reigns,
well for ever near thy throne
s to mortal thought unknown.

435. C. M. Cowper.

The light and glory of the word.

IAT glory gilds the sacred page
Majestic like the sun!
s *a light to ev'ry age,*
'es, *but borrows* none.

2 The

2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

436. S.M. Scott.

The right and duty of private judgment.

1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye:
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

2 O may we still maintain
A meek inquiring mind:
Assur'd we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.

3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

437. L. M. Scott.

Persecution and intolerance.

BSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind;
orce conviction, and reclaim
wand'ring, by destructive flame.

l arrogance! to snatch from heav'n
inion not to mortals giv'n;
conscience to usurp the throne,
ountable to God alone.

is, thy gentle law of love
h no such cruelties approve:
l as thyself, thy doctrine wheels
rms but what persuasion yields.

roofs divine, and reason strong,
aws the willing mind along;
conquests to thy church acquires
loquence which heav'n inspires.

438. L. M. Scott.

Candour.

L-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
dge, from principles within,
n frailty errs, and when we sin.

among men, great Lord of all!
servant to his bar shall call?
e him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
doom him to the realms of woe?

3 Who

3 Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Guided by thee, we form our own;
And bow to thy commands alone.

4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right,
While faithful we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

439. L.M. WATTS.

A conversation becoming the gospel.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess!
So let our works and virtue shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honour of Almighty GOD;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and
Our inward piety approve.

4 What though we drink of sorrow's c
Religion bears our spirits up;
Hope waits the coming of the LORD,
And faith stands leaning on his word

440. C.M. WATTS.

Want of religious zeal.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sou
Of thy salvation, LORD;

Yet still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
What faint impressions of thy grace
My languid pow'rs retain!

How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

Great GOD! thy gracious aid impart
To give thy word success;
Write all its precepts on my heart,
And deep its truths impress.

O speed my progress in the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

441. S. M. WATTS.

Forgiveness of sin upon confession.

O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the LORD
Imputes their guilt no more!

They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and *lives* without deceit,
Shall prove their souls sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
But I renounc'd my former sins,
And peace and pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in GOD alone.

442. L. M. WATTS.

Penitence.

1 SHEW pity, LORD! O LORD, forgive!
Let a repining sinner live:
Are not thy mercies large and free!
May not the contrite trust in thee?

2 With shame my num'rous sins I trace,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
And tho' my pray'r thou should'st not hea
My doom is just, and thou art clear.

3 Yet save a penitent, O LORD!
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy wo
Seeks for some precious promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

4 My sins are great, but don't surpass
The riches of eternal grace;
Great GOD! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

ash my soul from ev'ry stain,
let the guilt I mourn, remain;
: me to hear thy pard'ning voice,
bid my bleeding heart rejoice.

n shall thy love inspire my tongue;
ation shall be all my song;
l ev'ry pow'r shall join to bless
LORD, my strength and righteousness.

443. L.M. WATTS.

The same subject.

THOU who hearest when sinners cry!
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
old them not with angry look,
blot their mem'ry from thy book.

iew me, O my GOD! within,
l form my soul averse to sin:
/ freely-pard'ning grace impart,
l shed thy love through all my heart.

ough I have oft offended, LORD,
/ hope and comfort still afford;
l here, while prostrate at thy throne,
ead, and trust, thy grace alone.

roken heart, my GOD, my king!
ll the sacrifice I bring;
: GOD of grace will ne'er despise
roken heart for sacrifice.

nnot live without thy light,
t out and banish'd from thy sight,
/ holy joys, my GOD, restore,
guard me that I fall no more.

6 Then will I teach the world thy praise;
Sinners shall learn to seek thy face,
Forsake the evil way they trod,
And love and serve a pard'ning GOD.

444. L. M. WATTS.

Promises of mercy and pardon.

1 THERE is forgiveness, LORD, with thee
The humble penitent to cheer;
That all who thy rich mercy see,
May hope and love as well as fear.

2 More welcome than the morning's face
To those who long for breaking day,
Great GOD! is that abundant grace
Which thy kind promises display.

3 Our trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall we trust thy word in vain:
Let contrite souls address the LORD,
And find relief from all their pain.

445. C. M. WATTS.

Hope prevailing over melancholy.

1 TO thee, my GOD! I rais'd my voice,
I sought thy gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd my heart with fear.

2 I call'd back years, and former times,
When I beheld thy face;
I sought to know what secret crimes
Might thus withhold thy grace.

l'd thy mercies to my mind,
hich I enjoy'd before:—
will the LORD no more be kind?
is face appear no more?

he for ever cast me off?
ıall anger still prevail?
he forget his tender love?
r can his promise fail?

I forbid this hopeless thought,
ill trusting in thy name;
ow what thy kind hand hath wrought—
hy hand is still the same.

hink again of all my ways,
nd talk thy mercies o'er;
in proclaim thy wondrous grace,
ill time shall be no more.

446. L. M. WATTS.

Appeal to the searcher of hearts.

Y thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace:
ıce I derive a glimpse of hope,
bear my sinking spirits up.

old thy servant pleads thy grace:
judgment not against me pass:
uld justice call me to thy bar,
man alive is guiltless there.

tch o'er my lips, and guard them LORD,
m ev'ry rash and heedless word;
let my feet incline to tread
guilty path where sinners lead.

4 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

447. L.M. WATTS.

Devout profession of sincerity.

1 LET sorrow, LORD, my bosom fill,
When impious men transgress thy will
Teach me to mourn when lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Wirh indignation may I treat
The works of malice and deceit;
And ever from their friendship flee.
Who dare to scorn thy laws and thee.

3 LORD, search my soul, try ev'ry thought:
If my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a vain disguise,
I seek the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in the perfect way!

448. C.M. WATTS.

Forgiveness of sins.

1 THE soul opprest with sin's desert
Our GOD will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is the best sacrifice.

beyond expression, he
e debts are all discharg'd;
om the guilty bondage free,
all his soul enlarg'd.

s, come, and taste his love;
, learn his gracious ways;
your own experience prove
iches of his grace.

49. L.M. PATRICK.

Hope in the mercy of GOD.

EST with guilt, or grief, or care,
eat GOD! thy humble suppliant hear:
sunk, I ne'er can sink so low,
a canst hear the voice of woe.

t thou against each evil deed
severity proceed;
t, without mercy, try'd,
ould be clear'd and justify'd.

u forgiveness dost proclaim,
en may turn and fear thy name;
rich grace, O LORD! we fly,
thy promises rely.

rite hearts who guilt deplore!
eek his face and sin no more;
all we know that GOD is kind,
l redemption with him find.

450. P.M. DENHAM.

Imploring the divine mercy.

1 OUT of the depth of sad distress,
The gloomy mazes of despair,
To heav'n I raise my warm address;
Deign, O my GOD! to hear my pray'r
O let thine ear indulge my grief,
For thy indulgence is relief.

2 Shouldst thou, O my GOD! minutely scan
Our faults, and as severely chide,
No mortal seed of sinful man
Could such a scrutiny abide:
But mercy shines in all thy ways,
Bright theme of universal praise!

3 With longing eyes I seek the LORD,
Before his throne my soul attends:
Firmly on his eternal word
My hope is fix'd, my faith depends:
Before the dawn my soul shall rise
In contemplation to the skies.

4 Ye pious minds! on GOD rely;
With full assurance in him trust;
He sends redemption from on high,
And raises sinners from the dust:
He will at length absolve his heirs
From all their guilt and all their fears.

451. C. M. ADDISON.

Hope of divine mercy.

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see

ee my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
y heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought.

hen thou, O LORD! shall stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
id sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

it there's forgiveness, LORD, with thee;
Thy nature is benign;
ıy pard'ning mercy I implore,
For mercy, LORD, is thine.

let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul!
rrect my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears controul.

d may I taste thy richer grace
h that decisive hour,
ıen Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.

452. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Invitations of mercy.

OME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
ill guide you to your home;
eary pilgrim, hither come!

ou, *who houseless*, sole, forlorn,
g *hast born* the proud world's scorn,

LONG

Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Ye who, tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain:
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise:

4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?

5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound!
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

453. C. M. Mrs. Carter.

The mercy of God.

1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares controul,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul!

2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate in vain?

3 Opprest with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts
And dissipates our fears.

4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive:

y gentlest, best-belov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.

om that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
nd sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

ur hearts adore thy mercy, LORD,
And bless the friendly ray,
hich ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

454. C. M. JERVIS.

Peace to the returning penitent.

WEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace;
hich bids the penitent rejoice,
nd sin and sorrow cease.

healing balm on earth like this
an cheer the contrite heart;
flatt'ring dreams of earthly bliss
such pure delight impart.

ou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, LORD, reveal:
broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

thy bright presence, LORD, restore
eace to my anxious breast:
nduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

455. C. M.

455. C.M. JERVIS.

Penitent supplication.

1 THOU, LORD! in mercy wilt regard
The upright and sincere:
Thou wilt with gracious eye, behold
The penitential tear.

2 Thou canst restrain wild passions sway,
The pow'r of vice controul;
Restore bright reason's ray divine,
To purify the soul.

3 O GOD! from error turn my feet,
That I no more may stray:
And guide my steps direct and safe,
In virtue's peaceful way.

4 Let me no more, with peaceful mind,
Thy righteous laws offend;
Then shall I know nor guilt nor fear,
If thou be still my friend.

456. L.M. JERVIS.

The guilty mind relieved by the hope of forgiveness.

1 WHILE, with remorse and woe oppress
Distraction haunts the guilty breast
The broken heart, the troubl'd mind,
In GOD alone shall succour find.

2 'Tis his the wounds of vice to heal,
The charms of mercy to reveal;

He

grants the penitent relief,
l cheers the soul o'erwhelm'd with grief.

ien by temptation's billows tost,
rocks of ruin well nigh lost;
n hope, the anchor of the soul,
ll folly's beating wave controul.

all the world's delusive joys,
naring wiles, and empty noise.
: sinner bids a long farewell,
l loves with purity to dwell.

ier secure and calm retreat,
now enjoys a tranquil state;
ıscious that GOD will deign to hear
: contrite, humble, and sincere.

457. C.M. MRS. STEELE.

Mercy to the penitent.

)PPREST with fear, opprest with grief,
To GOD I breath'd my cry:
mercy brought divine relief,
ınd wip'd my tearful eye.

/ mercy chas'd the shades of death,
ınd snatch'd me from the grave;
nay thy praise employ that breath
Vhich mercy deigns to save!

ne, O ye saints! your voices rais
o GOD in grateful songs;
l let the mem'ry of his grace
nspire *your hearts* and tongues.

4 Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart,
His smile celestial morning sheds,
And joy revives the heart.

5 Then let my utmost glory be
To raise thy honours high;
Nor let my gratitude to thee
In guilty silence die.

6 To thee, my gracious GOD! I raise
My thankful heart and tongue:
O be thy goodness and thy praise
My everlasting song!

458. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Hope in the presence and favour of GOD.

1 WHY, O my soul, thus sunk in woe!
Why thus with restless sorrows toss'd!
Hope thou in GOD: my song shall flow,
For his bright presence will return.

2 My heart sinks down, opprest with grief;
Yet, O my GOD! I'll call to mind
Those seasons when, for my relief,
The LORD was gracious still, and kind.

3 Why sinks my fainting spirit down?
Why do my restless passions mourn?
What tho' my GOD a moment frown,
His blissful smile will yet return.

4 Then shall I spread his pow'r abroad,
His smile my drooping hope shall raise;
My light, my health, my saviour, GOD,
Shall turn my sighs to songs of praise.

459. L. M.

459. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Penitence and pardon.

WHILE humbly prostrate in the dust,
I own thy awful sentence just;
soul adores thy sacred word;
ever righteous is the LORD.

e inward truth thy laws require,
t inward truth, O LORD! inspire;
ough all my soul let wisdom shine,
give me purity divine.

thy reviving word impart
e, joy, and pardon to my heart:
n shall this broken frame rejoice,
bless thy kind, thy healing voice.

ite my inmost pow'rs anew,
e all my heart sincere and true:
st me not in wrath away,
hide thy animating ray.

ore thy favour, bliss divine!
se heav'nly joys that once were mine:
thy own spirit, kind and free,
old and guide my steps to thee.

n will I teach thy sacred ways,
h holy zeal proclaim thy praise;
sinners leave the dangerous road,
ake their sins, and turn to GOD.

joyful tongue shall then proclaim,
rateful strains, thy glorious name:
ir'd *by thee, my* song shall flow,
all thy wondrous mercy shew.

460. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

The divine mercy and compassion.

1 O GOD, how free thy mercies flow!
But thy reluctant wrath, how slow!
High as the bright expanded skies,
Thy vast unbounded mercies rise.

2 As distant as creating pow'r
Has fix'd the east and western shore;
So far our numerous crimes remove
At the sweet voice of pard'ning love.

3 The tend'rest yearning nature knows,
A father's love, too faintly shows
The ever-kind indulgent care,
Which GOD's obedient children share.

4 His mercy with unchanging rays
For ever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the LORD;

5 To those who, with delightful awe,
Love and obey his sacred law,
Whose hearts with warm devotion glow,
Whose lives their grateful duty show.

461. C. M. Exeter Coll.

God the Christian's refuge.

1 WHEN storms hang o'er the Christian head,
He flies unto his GOD;
And under his refreshing shade
Finds a secure abode.

'hen foes without, and fears within,
Seek to disturb his peace,
o GOD he makes his sorrows known,
And strait his sorrows cease.

'hen winds of strong temptation blow,
And floods of trouble roll,
OD is the help and refuge too,
Of his distressed soul.
ıt when tremendous terrors seize,
Where will the sinner fly?
e feels a thousand agonies,
And no deliv'rer nigh!

462. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Light and deliverance.

[HE weary trav'ller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
nd marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.

hus the sweet dawn of heav'nly day
Lost weary sinners find,
'hen mercy with reviving ray
Beams o'er the fainting mind.

ɔ slaves opprest with cruel chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
'hose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end!

ıus kind, thus dear, that friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls;
ibinds the galling chains of sin,
ınd all its pow'r controls.

5 My God! to thy revealed light
My dawn of hope I owe;
Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,
And sunk in hopeless woe.

6 'Twas thy blest hand redeem'd the slave,
And set the pris'ner free:
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee!

463. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Consolation in the divine promises.

1 WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parch'd with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool refreshing stream.

2 Should, sudden, to his hopeless eye
A crystal spring appear,
How would th' enliv'ning sweet supply
His drooping spirit cheer!

3 So longs the weary fainting mind,
Opprest with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heav'nly comfort flows.

4 Thus sweet the consolations are
The promises impart;
Here flowing streams of life appear,
To cheer the fainting heart.

464. C. M. WATTS.

Benefit of afflictions.

ORD, I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my father's rod;
ctions make me learn thy law,
nd live upon my GOD.

not thy word been my delight,
hen earthly joys were fled,
soul, oppress with sorrow's weight,
ad sunk among the dead.

sider all my sorrows, LORD,
nd thy deliv'rance send:
soul for thy salvation faints;
hen will my troubles end?

ow thy judgments, LORD, are right,
hough they may seem severe:
sharpest suff'rings I endure
low from thy faithful care.

re I knew thy chast'ning rod,
y feet were apt to stray;
now I learn to keep thy word,
or wander from thy way.

465. C. M. WATTS.

Mercy to sufferers.

T ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign LORD of all!
strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
d raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The LORD supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never will remove
From men of heart sincere:
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And sound his name abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their GOD.

466. C.M. WATTS.

Humility and submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search gracious GOD! and see:
Or do I act a haughty part?
LORD, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;

Cont.

Content, my Father! with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful LORD.

467. C. M. WATTS.

Resignation in affliction.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short pleasures borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

'Tis GOD who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and blessed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

Peace, then, ye restless passions, peace!
Let each repining sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

468. C. M.

468. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Submission to God *under affliction.*

1 PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart!
Ye busy cares, be still!
Adore the just, the sov'reign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.

2 Unerring wisdom guides his hand;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.

3 To soften ev'ry painful stroke,
Indulgent mercy bends,
And unrepining when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.

4 Let me reflect with humble awe
Whene'er my heart complains,
Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
How easy are my pains!

5 Yes, Lord, I own thy sov'reign hand,
Thou just, and wise, and kind!
Be ev'ry anxious thought suppress,
And all my soul resign'd.

469. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Trust in God *under afflictions.*

1 WHY is my heart with grief oppress?
Can all the pains I feel or fear,
Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest,
Forget that God, thy God, is near?

2 Mor-

ortality's unnumber'd ills
e all beneath his sov'reign hand:
ch pain which this frail body feels
tends, obedient, his command.

RD, form my temper to thy will!
thou my faith and patience prove,
ay ev'ry painful stroke fulfil
ly purposes of faithful love!

may this weak, this fainting mind
father's hand adoring see;
onfess thee just, and wise, and kind,
nd trust thy word, and cleave to thee!

470. S.M. J. WESLEY.

The same subject.

COMMIT thou all thy ways
And griefs into his hands,
his sure trust and tender care,
Who heav'n and earth commands:

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care:
him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest pray'r.

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd;

God

GOD hears thy sighs and counts thy tear,
He will lift up thy head.

5 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
He'll gently clear thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in boundless day.

471. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The presence of GOD *in affliction.*

1 IN vain, while dark affliction spreads
Her melancholy gloom,
Kind providence its blessings sheds,
And nature's beauties bloom.

2 For all that charms the taste or sight
My heart no wish respires;
O for a beam of heav'nly light,
When earthly hope expires!

3 Thou only centre of my rest!
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain opprest
I breathe the plaintive sigh.

4 Thy gracious presence, O my GOD!
My ev'ry wish contains:
With this, beneath affliction's load
My heart no more complains.

5 This can my ev'ry care controul,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.

472. P. M. Mrs. Steele.

Tranquillity and contentment.

APPY the man, and he alone,
To whom the easy lot is given,
erful to wait, and thankful own
gracious hand of bounteous heav'n.

n solitude or social joy,
please, yet not engage his heart,
sorrow, pain, nor care annoy
nobler, his immortal part.

wish, his hope, his soul aspires
a fair paradise above;
patient waits, till heav'n requires
m worldly toil his blest remove.

is may my hopes and wishes rise;
mine serenity like this;
death's kind sleep shall close my eyes,
n wake to light, and life, and bliss!

473. C. M. Cotton.

The same subject.

solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam:
world has little to bestow;
m our *own selves* our joys must flow;
Our bliss begins at home.

2 We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
And if our store of wealth be small,
With thankful hearts improve it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

3 To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n:
This, gracious God, is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.

4 Thus thro' life's changing scenes we'll go
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

5 While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

474. S.M. WATTS.

The mystery of providence unfolded.

1 THERE is a righteous GOD,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And virtuous men complain.

I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
/hile haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.

The tumult of my thoughts
Held me in deep suspense,
ill to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

Thy word with light and pow'r
Did my mistakes amend;
view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.

LORD, at thy feet I bow;
My thoughts no more repine;
call my GOD my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

475. P. M. MRS. STEELE.

The vicissitudes of providence.

[HE gifts indulgent heav'n bestows,
Are variously convey'd;
he human mind, like nature, knows,
Alternate light and shade.

/hile changing aspects all things wear,
Can we expect to find
nclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind?

lore gaily smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er;
etreating sorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.

Bliss that merits all your love,
Merits ev'ry anxious sigh.

5 What, like this, has earth to give?
O ye righteous! in your breast
Let the admonition live,
Nor on earth desire to rest.

6 When your bosom breathes a sigh,
Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wishes rise on high,
Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

479. C. M. Jervis.

Consolatory views of nature and providence.

1 THE God of heav'n is kind and just
O let not man complain,
His righteous providence distrust,
His high decrees arraign.

2 Though clouds should darken all the sc
Be this thy steadfast aim,
Still to preserve a mind serene,
And free from guilt and shame.

3 The lowliest flow'rs that deck the field,
Thy mute instructors are;
And wholesome admonition yield
Against corroding care.

4 Oh! listen to kind nature's voice:
To heav'n direct thine eyes;
There nobler objects claim thy choice,
And brighter prospects rise.

ar from anxiety and care,
Still seek that blissful shore,
Vhere discontent and dark despair
Shall rend thy heart no more.

480. C.M. JERVIS.

GOD the only source of consolation.

TO calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heav'nly friend is nigh,
o wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.

hou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret woe control;
he inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.

hou canst repress the rising sigh,
Canst sooth each mortal care;
nd ev'ry deep and heart-felt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.

hy gracious eye is watchful still;
Thy potent arm can save
rom threat'ning danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.

Vhen, pale and languid all the frame,
The ruthless hand of pain
rrest the feeble pow'rs of life,
The help of man is vain.

'is thou, great GOD! alone canst check
The progress of disease;
nd sickness, *aw'd* by pow'r divine,
The high command obeys.

7 Eternal source of life and health,
And ev'ry bliss we feel!
In sorrow and in joy to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

481. P. M. JERVIS.

GOD *the only refuge of the afflicted.*

1 HOW vast is the tribute I owe
Of gratitude, homage, and praise,
To the giver of all I possess,
The life and the length of my days!

2 Thou alone, the great author of all!
The faithful, unchangeable friend!
Thou alone all our griefs canst remove,
Thou alone, from all evils defend.

3 When the sorrows I boded were come,
I pour'd out my sighs and my tears;
And to him who alone can relieve,
My soul breath'd her vows and her pray'rs.

4 When my heart throbb'd with anguish and pain,
When paleness my cheek overspread—
When sickness pervaded my frame;
Then my soul on my maker was staid.

5 When death's awful image was nigh,
And no mortal was able to save,
Thou didst brighten the valley of death,
And illumine the gloom of the grave.

6 In mercy thy presence dispels
The shades of affliction's dark night;

ns the sad scene of despair
orning of joy and delight.

ource of my comforts restor'd!
other and balm of my woes!
ope and desire of my soul!
mercy I'll ever repose.

undless the gratitude due
, O thou GOD of my praise,
ntain of all I possess,
and the light of my days!

2. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Comfort in sickness and death.

EN sickness shakes the languid frame,
dazzling pleasure flies;
ms of bliss no more obscure
long-deluded eyes.

ıe tremendous arm of death
ated sceptre shows;
ture faints beneath the weight
mplicated woes.

t'ring frame of mortal life
crumble into dust;
shall faint—but learn, my soul!
ature's GOD to trust.

ın, whose pious heart is fix'd
is all-gracious GOD,
frown may comfort find,
kiss the chast'ning rod.

5 Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heav'n his soul relies;
With joy he views his maker's love,
And with composure dies.

483. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

The favour of God the only satisfying good.

1 MY God! to thee my soul aspires;
Dispel the shades of night,
Enlarge and fill my vast desires
With infinite delight.

2 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heav'n dawns in ev'ry ray;
One glimpse of thee will cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.

3 Not all the good which earth bestows
Can fill the craving mind;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

4 Should boundless wealth increase my stor
Can wealth my cares beguile?
I should be wretched still, and poor,
Without thy blissful smile.

484. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

The blessedness of the divine presence.

1 MY God, the visits of thy love
Afford superior joy,
To all the flatt'ring world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.

clouds and darkness intervene,
ly brightest joys decline,
earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
his wand'ring heart of mine.

D, guide this wand'ring heart to thee;
nsatisfy'd I stray;
k through the shades of sense and sin,
/ith thy enliv'ning ray.

all thy glory round me shine,
nd ev'ry cloud remove;
ew my heart, and fit my soul
or happier scenes above.

485. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Divine compassion.

[ALL the kind mother's gentle breast
No soft emotion share;
, ev'ry tender thought suppress,
orget her infant care?

helpless child, that oft her eyes
ave watch'd with anxious thought,
ile her fond breast appeas'd his cries—
h, can he be forgot?

nge as it is, yet this may be,
or creature-love is frail:
thy Creator's love to thee,
christian! cannot fail.

ore his ever-watchful eye
hy mournful state appears,
l ev'ry *groan* and ev'ry sigh
ivine compassion hears.

5 These

5 These anxious doubts indulge no more;
Be ev'ry fear supprest;
Unchanging truth, and love, and pow'r
Command thy cares to rest.

486. L. M. Mrs. Tollet.

God the author of consolation.

1 GREAT God of consolation, see
What bitter cares my soul possess;
In gracious pity set me free,
And ev'ry rising fear suppress.

2 O let me not repining stand;
Thy purpose sanctifies the rod;
The gentle scourges of thy hand
Still bring me nearer to my God.

3 This proves my comfort in distress,
When joy declines and friendship low'rs,
The pleasures of thy word increase,
And quicken all my mental pow'rs.

4 What less could mitigate my grief,
Internal hope or joy supply?
Depriv'd of that divine relief,
Hope disappears, and comforts die.

5 Thy dispensations I revere,
And ev'ry anxious thought compose;
Assur'd the discipline I bear
From thy paternal goodness flows.

487. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Trust in God in seasons of distress.

1 SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign,

r spring her blooming beauties yield,
r autumn swell the fruitful grain:

ould lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
ound their famish'd master die;
d hope itself despairing weep,
hile life deplores its last supply:

aid the dark, the deathful scene,
I can say, The LORD is mine!
e joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
d glory dawn, tho' life decline.

e GOD of my salvation lives;
nobler life he will sustain;
word immortal vigour gives,
r shall my glorious hopes be vain.

' presence, LORD, can cheer my heart,
ugh ev'ry earthly comfort die;
' smile can bid my pains depart,
l raise my sacred pleasures high.

t me hear thy blissful voice,
piring life and joy divine!
barren desart shall rejoice:
paradise if thou art mine.

488. C.M. MRS. STEELE.

The supreme good.

WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfin'd
d *the boundless* scene of things,
hich entertain the mind:

2 In vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean to make me blest.

3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flatt'ring specious wile:
There's nought can yield a real joy,
But my Creator's smile.

4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In GOD alone, this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

5 Great spring of all felicity,
To whom my wishes tend!
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end?

489. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Absence from GOD.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

3 Absent from thee, my guide, my light!
Without one cheering ray;
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

4 O

hine on this benighted heart,
Vith beams of mercy shine;
l let thy healing voice impart
, taste of joys divine.

' presence only can bestow
)elights which never cloy:
his my solace here below,
nd my eternal joy!

90. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

God the life and light of the soul.

[Y God, my hope! if thou art mine,
Why should my soul with sorrow pine?
thee alone I cast my care;
ave me not in dark despair.

ugh ev'ry comfort should depart,
l life forsake this drooping heart;
: smile from thee, one blissful ray,
chase the shades of death away.

God, my life! if thou appear,
death itself can make me fear;
presence cheers the sable gloom,
gilds the horrors of the tomb.

all its horrors can affright,
ou appear, my God, my light!
love shall all my fears control,
glory dawn around my soul.

491. C.M. Doddridge.

The ways of the righteous known to God.

1 TO thee, my God! my days are known
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thee lie,
Nor are my faults forgot.

2 Each secret wish devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And ev'ry pang of sympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

5 Full in thy view thro' life I pass,
And in thy view I die!
Lord, when all mortal bonds shall break
May I still find thee nigh!

492. C.M. Watts.

God our portion here and hereafter.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near!
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

hy counsels, LORD, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
hy hand conduct me near thy seat
To dwell before thy face.

'ere I in heav'n without my GOD,
'Twould be no joy to me:
nd while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

'hat if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
OD is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

:hold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
ot all the idol-gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.

ut to draw near to thee my GOD!
Shall be my sweet employ:
y tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

493. C. M. WATTS.

Parting with worldly joys.

MY soul forsakes each vain delight,
And bids the world adieu:
ow mean thy boasted joys appear,
And full of danger too!

o *longer will I ask* your love,
Nor seek your friendship more:

The happiness that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire:
To nobler and more lasting joys
My rising thoughts aspire.

494. C. M. WATTS.

GOD our only happiness.

1 MY GOD, my portion, and my love!
My everlasting all!
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 In vain the bright meridian sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy bright beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

3 And while upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If GOD his light around me shed,
'Tis morning with my soul.

4 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my GOD.

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy mercy and thy love,
I were a wretch undone.

:t others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp the boundless shore,
:ant me to see thy blissful face,
And I desire no more.

495. C.M. WATTS.

Imploring divine consolation.

) ETURN, O GOD of love! return;
L Reveal thy wonted grace:
ow long shall we thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face?

:t heav'n succeed our painful years;
Let sin and sorrow cease;
id in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

ıy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete:
ıen shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love is great.

ıen shall we shine before thy throne,
And see thy glory, LORD;
id the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

496. C.M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD *speaking peace to his people.*

JNITE, *my roving* thoughts! unite
In silence soft and sweet:

And thou, my soul! sit gently down
At thy great sov'reign's feet.

2 JEHOVAH's awful voice is heard,
And gladly I attend:
For lo! the everlasting GOD
Proclaims himself thy friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more!
But, charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

497. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD's compassion to human frailty.

1 LORD, we adore thy wond'rous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which rais'd at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.

2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day;
Then know their vital pow'rs no more,
But moulder back to clay.

3 Yet, LORD, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is our repose,
That he, by whom our frame was rear'd,
Its various frailties knows.

4 T

u view'st us with a pitying eye,
/hile struggling with our load;
ains and dangers thou art nigh,
ur father and our GOD.

tly supported by thy love,
/e tend to realms of peace;
ere ev'ry pain shall far remove,
nd ev'ry frailty cease.

498. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD ador'd for his goodness.

E sons of men! with joy record
The various wonders of the LORD;
let his pow'r and goodness sound,
ough all your tribes, the earth around.

the high heav'ns your songs invite,
se spacious fields of brilliant light;
ere sun, and moon, and planets roll,
l stars, that glow from pole to pole.

v the broad sea's majestic plains,
think how wide its Maker reigns:
t band remotest nations joins,
on each wave his goodness shines.

O! that brighter world above,
ere lives and reigns eternal love!
her, my soul! with rapture soar,
re in the land of praise adore.

499. L. M.

499. L.M. Doddridge.

The author of our comforts, deliverances, and hope.

1 GREAT source of life! our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee the vault of heav'n was spread;
By thee the earth's foundations laid;
And all the scenes of man's abode
Proclaim a wise and gracious God.

3 Thy quick'ning hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death,
Gently it wipes away our tears
And lengthens life to future years,

4 Our lives are sacred to the Lord:
Kindl'd by him, by him restor'd;
And while our hours renew their race,
May sin no more these hours disgrace!

5 So when, at length, by thee we're led
Thro' unknown regions of the dead,
With hope triumphant, may we move
To scenes of nobler life above!

500. L.M. Doddridge.

Faith in the invisible God.

1 ETERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendours none can bear
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.

faith can pierce the awful gloom,
great invisible can see;
with its tremblings mingle joy,
x'd regards, great GOD! to thee!

n ev'ry tempting form of sin,
d by thy presence, disappears;
all the glowing raptur'd soul,
likeness it contemplates, wears.

'er conscious to my heart!
ness to its supreme desire:
)ld it presses on to thee,
it hath caught the heav'nly fire.

1 one petition would it urge—
ear thee ever in its sight,
fe, in death, in worlds unknown,
nly portion and delight!

501. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Love to GOD,

) not I love thee, O my GOD?
Behold my heart, and see;
turn each worthless idol out,
iat dares to rival thee.

ld not my ardent spirit vie
ith angels round thy throne,
ecute thy sacred will,
id make thy glory known?

ld not my heart pour forth its blood,
honour of thy name;
challenge *the cold* hand of death
damp th' immortal flame?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest LORD
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

502. C.M. DODDRIDGE.

The object of supreme regard.

1 LORD, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust!
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

2 All my capacious pow'rs can wish
In thee doth richly meet,
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3 Thy love still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

503. L.M. BROWNE.

Imitation of GOD.

1 GREAT GOD! thy peerless excellence
Let all created natures own:
Deep on our minds impress the sense
Of glories which are thine alone.

2 Let these our admiration raise,
And fill us with religious awe:
Tune all our hearts and tongues to praise,
And bend us to thy holy law.

at where we may resemble thee,
nd in the godlike nature share;
hine humble followers let us be,
nd somewhat of thy likeness bear.

are may we be, averse to sin,
ist, holy, merciful, and true;
nd let thine image, form'd within,
aine out in all we speak and do.

504. C. M. WATTS.

Sincerity and hypocrisy.

GOD is a spirit, just and wise,
Who sees our inmost mind:
n vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
he formal hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

heir lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
ut GOD abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is sound.

ORD, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere:
hen may I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

505. L. M.

505. L. M. Scott.

Devotion vain without virtue.

1 TH' uplifted eye, and bended knee,
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields

4 Love God and man—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
This did the great Messiah preach.

506. L. M. Watts.

Love to God and man.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command:
Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
To love thy Maker, and thy God,
With utmost vigour and delight.

2 Then shall thy neighbour next in place
Share thy affections and esteem;

And let thy wishes for thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him.

Alas! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
LORD, warm our souls with heav'nly fire,
And mould our spirits to thy will.

507. C.M. WATTS.

Love to GOD.

WHERE love and all the graces reign,
The mind is truly blest;
For love, the noblest of the train,
Aids and exalts the rest.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Rude passions will their sway maintain,
If love be absent there.

'Tis love that makes our willing feet
In swift obedience move:
This is the grace that lives and reigns
In the bright realms above.

508. C.M. WATTS.

Love the most excellent of christian virtues.

LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;

She lets the present injury die,
And soon forgets the past.

3 Meekness and peace her bosom fill,
From wrath and malice pure:
She hopes, believes, and thinks no ill
And all things will endure.

4 She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals men devise:
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those who rise.

5 Soft is her heart, and prompt her han
To help or friend or foe;
When other's good her aid demands,
Her own she can forego.

6 Love shall for ever keep her throne
In the bright realms above:
There faith and hope no more are kno
But all is boundless love.

509. S M. Birmingham Colle

Christian unity.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile, and Jew, and bond, and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

ıvy and strife, be gone,
ıd only kindness known,
:re all one common father have,
ıe common master own.

ıus will the church below
ɜemble that above;
:re springs of purest pleasure rise,
ıd ev'ry heart is love.

510. C.M. WATTS.

The communion of saints.

OT to the terrors of the LORD,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
to the thunder of that word,
'hich GOD on Sinai spoke:

we are come to Sion's hill,
he city of our GOD,
:re milder words declare his will,
nd spread his love abroad.

)ld th' innumerable host
f angels, cloth'd in light:
)ld the spirits of the just,
'hose faith is turn'd to sight.

)ld the bless'd assembly there,
'hose names are writ in heav'n:
GOD, the judge of all, declares
'heir num'rous sins forgiv'n.

saints on earth, and all the dead,
it one communion make;

All join in Christ, their living head,
And heav'nly joys partake.

511. C. M. Edinburgh Coll.

Charity essential to the christian character.

1 THOUGH perfect eloquence adorn'd
The sweet persuasive tongue:
Though I could speak in higher strains
Than ever angels sung:

2 Tho' prophecy my soul inspir'd,
And made all myst'ries plain;
Yet, were I void of Christian love,
These gifts were all in vain.

3 Altho' with lib'ral hands I gave
My goods the poor to feed,
Or gave my body to the flames;
Still fruitless were the deed.

4 Nay, tho' my faith with boundless pow'r
Ev'n mountains could remove,
I still am nothing, if I'm void
Of charity and love.

512. L. M. Browne.

The properties of christian charity.

1 LET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervour and their faith proclaim:
If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding name.

2 Knowledge

Knowledge is apt to bloat the mind,
And zeal to set the world on fire;
But charity is calm and kind,
And gentle thoughts will still inspire.

She's meek and patient, suff'ring long,
And slowly her resentments rise:
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,
And rage and all revenge defies.

She envies none their better state,
But makes her neighbour's bliss her own;
Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,
But still a modest air puts on.

This is the grace that reigns on high,
And brightly will for ever burn;
When hope shall in fruition die,
And faith to sight triumphant turn.

513. L. M. Browne.

Brotherly love.

O GOD, my saviour, and my king,
Of all I have, or hope, the spring!
Send down thy spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.

May I from ev'ry act abstain,
That hurts or gives another pain:
Still may I feel my heart inclin'd
To be the friend of all mankind!

With pity let my breast o'erflow
When I behold a brother's woe;
And bear a sympathizing part,
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.

4 And let my neighbour's prosp'rous state
A mutual joy in me create;
His virtuous triumph let me join;
His peace and happiness be mine.

5 Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine!
Let me thy humble follower prove,
Father of men, great GOD of love!

514. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The christian law of love.

1 FAR from thy servants, gracious GOD
Th' unfeeling heart remove,
And form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The gen'rous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in other's joy,
And weep for other's woe!

3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 O be the law of love fulfill'd
In ev'ry act and thought;
Each angry passion far remov'd,
Each selfish view forgot.

5 Be thou, my heart! dilated wide
With this kind social grace;
And, in one grasp of fervent love,
All earth and heav'n embrace.

515. L. M. WATTS.

Compassion to the afflicted.

EST is the man whose heart is kind,
And melts with pity to the poor;
), with a sympathizing mind,
; what his fellow-men endure.

heart contrives, for their relief,
: good than his own hand can do;
in the time of gen'ral grief,
l find the LORD hath pity too.

man shall live secure on earth,
1 secret blessings on his head,
' sword, or pestilence, or dearth,
ınd him multiply their dead.

if with mortal suff'rings try'd,
'rings shall all his soul refine;
:t hope his refuge shall provide,
minister a bliss divine.

516. L. M. WATTS.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

HRICE happy man, who fears the LORD,
es his commands, and trusts his word!
ıour and peace his days attend,
l blessings to his seed descend.

ıpassion dwells upon his mind;
works of mercy still inclin'd,
lends the poor some present aid,
ives them, not to be repaid.

3 When

3 When times grow dark, and tidings sp
That fill his neighbours round with dr
His heart is arm'd against the fear;
For GOD with all his pow'r is there.

4 His soul, well fix'd upon the LORD,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes,

5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad;
His works are still before his GOD:
His name on earth shall long remain,
Nor shall his future hopes be vain.

517. C. M. WATTS.

Liberality rewarded.

1 HAPPY is he who fears the LORD,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands!

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So GOD shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-establish'd mind;
His soul to GOD, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

works of piety and love
emain before the LORD;
iour on earth, and joys above,
hall be his sure reward.

518. P. M. WATTS.

The blessings of the liberal man.

HAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of GOD, and loves his sacred law:
lis seed on earth shall be renown'd,
house the seat of wealth shall be,
inexhausted treasury,
nd with successive honours crown'd.

lib'ral favours he extends,
some he gives, to others lends;
gen'rous pity fills his mind:
what his charity impairs,
saves by prudence in affairs,
nd thus he's just to all mankind.

hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
glory's future harvest sow'd:
he sweet remembrance of the just,
e a green root, revives and bears
rain of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

et with threat'ning dangers round,
mov'd shall he maintain his ground.
lis conscience bears his courage up:
e soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
ines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

519. S. M.

519. S.M. Watts.

Domestic peace and harmony.

1 LO, what a pleasing sight
Are brethren that agree!
How blest are all whose hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 From those celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honours can bestow.

3 All in their stations move,
And each fulfils his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.

4 Form'd for the purest joys,
By one desire possest;
One aim the zeal of all employs,
To make each other blest.

5 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet:
While praise devout and mingl'd pray'r
Make their communion sweet.

6 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

520. L.M. Mrs. Steele.

The blessings of friendship.

1 HOW pleasing is the scene, how w
When kindred souls in friendsh

hose joys and cares united meet,
bands of amity divine!

ot flow'ry Hermon e'er display'd,
pearl'd with dew, a fairer sight;
r Sion's beauteous hills, array'd
golden beams of morning light.

is here the LORD indulgent sheds
is kindest gifts, a heavn'ly store;
ith life immortal crowns their heads,
hen earth's frail comforts please no more.

521. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Virtuous friendship.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
ow swift the heav'nly course they run,
hose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one!

o each, the soul of each how dear!
hat jealous love, what holy fear!
ow doth the gen'rous flame within
fine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

heir streaming eyes together flow
r human guilt and mortal woe;
heir ardent pray'rs together rise,
ike mingling flames in sacrifice.

gether both they seek the place
here GOD reveals his awful face:
ow high, how strong, their raptures swell,
*here's none but kin*dred souls can tell.

5 Nor

Christian charity.

1 BEHOLD, where, breathing
Our dying master stands!
His weeping follow'rs gatherin
Receive his last commands.

2 From that mild teacher's partir
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he ga
Became its author well.

3 Blest is the man whose soft'nir
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain:

4 Whose breast expands with gen'
A stranger's woe to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wo
He wants the pow'r to heal.

Peace from the bosom of his GOD,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

To him protection shall be shewn,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

523. P. M. BLACKLOCK.

The pleasures of benevolence.

HAIL, source of pleasures ever new!
While thy kind dictates I pursue,
I taste a joy sincere;
Too high for sordid minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tear to stay,
To teach the blind the smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O GOD of love! with pious care,
In others' joys and griefs to share,
Do thou my heart incline;
Each low, each selfish wish control,
Warm with benevolence my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

524. C. M. Jervis.

Sensibility to the distresses of others.

1 HARD and unfeeling is his heart,
And dark his inmost soul,
Who never knew the gen'rous force
Of pity's kind control.

2 The social feelings of the breast
To him no joy impart;
While low and sordid cares contract
The motions of his heart.

3 But oh! how truly blest is he,
Whose heart is all benign;
Touch'd with the sweet attractive pow'r
Of sympathy divine!

4 What tranquil joy, and pure delight
Possess his manly mind,
Which glows with tenderness and love
To all of human kind!

5 The soothing pains of soft distress,
The tearful, weeping eye,
The heart which melts o'er human woes,
The sympathetic sigh:—

6 These are the choicest gifts of heav'n,
Exalted and divine,
The breast to soften and expand,
The passions to refine.

7 Be mine the comfort, mine the joy
The timely aid to lend;
I ev'ry act of social love,
The helpless suff'rers friend!

525. L. M. Scott.

Meekness.

'APPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
· Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,
m as the regions of the blest,
oys on earth celestial day!

heart no broken friendships sting,
jars his peaceful tent invade;
rests beneath th' almighty wing,
ıtile to none, of none afraid.

rit of grace! all meek and mild,
pire our breasts, our souls possess;
el each passion rude and wild,
l bless us, as we aim to bless.

526. L. M. Scott.

Justice.

high or low our station be,
Of noble or ignoble name,
ıncorrupted honesty,
blessing, Lord, we'll humbly claim.

ich'd with that, no want we'll fear,
providence shall be our trust:
u wilt supply our portion here,
ıu friend and guardian of the just!

! may we, with sincere delight,
ıll the task of duty pay;
der of ev'ry social right,
lient to thy righteous sway!

4 Such virtue thou wilt not forget,
In worlds where ev'ry virtue shares
A fit reward—though not of debt,
But what thy boundless love prepares.

527. C. M. WATTS.

Justice and equity.

1 COME, let us search our ways and try
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

2 What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we still done the same?
From others ne'er withheld the due
Which we from others claim?

3 Have we ne'er envy'd others' good,
Ne'er envy'd others' praise?
In no man's path malignant stood,
Nor us'd detraction's ways?

4 Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turn'd from another's woe?
The scorn which wrings the suff'rer's breast
Have we abhorr'd to show?

5 Then may we raise our modest pray'r
To GOD the just and kind;
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

6 Religion's path they never trod,
Who equity contemn:
Nor ever are they just to GOD,
Who prove unjust to men.

528. C. M. WATTS.

Prudence.

H! 'tis a lovely thing to see
The man of prudent heart,
ose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
o act an useful part.

en envy, strife, and war begin
1 little angry souls;
k how the sons of peace come in,
nd quench the kindling coals!

ir minds are humble, mild, and meek,
lo furious passions rise;
malice moves their lips to speak,
or pride exalts their eyes.

ir lives are prudence mix'd with love;
ood works employ their day;
y join the serpent with the dove,
ut cast the sting away.

h was the Saviour of mankind;
uch pleasures he pursu'd;
manners gentle and refin'd,
lis soul divinely good.

529. L. M. WATTS.

The beatitudes.

LESS'D are the humble souls who see
Their ignorance and poverty:
sures of grace to them are giv'n,
crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
For them divine compassion flows,
A healing balm for all our woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war:
GOD will secure their peaceful state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Bless'd are the just who seek his face,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd, and fed
With living streams, and living bread.

5 Bless'd are the men whose hearts still move
And melt with sympathy and love;
They shall themselves from GOD obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A GOD of spotless purity.

7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the kindling flames of strife
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of GOD, the GOD of peace.

8 Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the LORD;
Glory and joy are their reward.

530. C. M. Watts.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet:
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

531. S. M. Watts.

The same subject.

THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Amongst their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place:

But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root:
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heav'nly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall fly like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 GOD knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go:
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

532. L. M. WATTS.

The character of a good man.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great GOD! and dwell before thy face?
The man who seeks thy will to know,
And humbly walks with thee below.

2 His hands are pure, his heart is clean;
His lips still speak the thing they mean,
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
Nor will he do his neighbour wrong.

3 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good:
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

4 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold;
While

The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home:
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

Mark well the man of righteousness!
His sev'ral steps attend:
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

536. L.M. PATRICK.

Peace and happiness the portion of the righteous.

LET none be envious when he sees
The wicked in a prosp'rous state;
Or, tempted by their short success,
Grow bold their crimes to imitate.

Think not mere wealth makes happy men;
The portion of the virtuous poor
Is better far than wicked men's
Ill-got, or ill-employed store.

Let others foolishly expect
How kind the flatt'ring world will prove:
I'll seek my GOD alone to please,
And be ambitious of his love.

GOD, who is always good and just,
Those who are like himself will own;
And they shall flourish and abide,
When wicked men are overthrown.

Mark, then, the good and perfect man!
Mark him that's upright in his ways!
Mercy attends him all his life,
And peace and comfort close his days.

537. L. M. Watts.

The character and happiness of good men.

1 TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky:
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name!
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends.
And from the snares of vice defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

538. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

The advantages of divine revelation.

1 WHEN Israel thro' the desart pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is the glorious word of God,
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive pow'rs;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,
Displays his love, and kindles ours.

Its promises rejoice the heart,
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
It comforts and instructs us too.

Ye favor'd lands, blest with this word!
Ye saints who feel its saving pow'r!
Unite your tongues to praise the LORD,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

539. L.M. MRS. STEELE.

Heaven the reward of virtuous exertion.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While GOD's own word reveals the way.

There shall the fav'rites of the LORD
With never-failing lustre shine;
Surprising honour! vast reward!
Conferr'd on man, by love divine!

How blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road!
Happy the men, whom heav'n employs
To turn rebellious hearts to GOD?

To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves;
And that blest righteousness display,
Which Jesus taught, and GOD approves.

5 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

6 On wings of faith and strong desire,
O may our spirits daily rise;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies!

540. C.M. Watts.

The blessedness of the righteous.

1 BLEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

541. P.M. Blacklock.

The reward of virtue and the punishment of vice.

HOW blest the man, how more than blest,
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ!
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,
And conscience whispers peace and joy.

Pure rectitude's unerring way
His heav'n-conducted steps pursue;
While crowds in guilt and error stray,
Unstain'd his soul, and bright his view.

By God's almighty arm sustain'd,
True virtue soon or late shall rise;
Enjoy her conquest, nobly gain'd,
And share the triumph of the skies.

But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,
Who vice's tempting call obey,
A diff'rent fate shall quickly find,
To ev'ry storm an easy prey.

542. L.M. Sir H. Wotton.

A happy life.

HOW happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Unty'd to this vain world by care
Of public fame, or private breath:

3 Who envies none that change doth raise
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

4 Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatt'rers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

5 Who GOD doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With an instructive book, or friend.

6 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
He, having nothing, yet hath all.

543. L.M. JERVIS.

Integrity, fortitude, and hope.

1 THE man, whose firm and equal mind
To solid glory is inclin'd,
Determin'd will his path pursue,
And keep the godlike prize in view.

2 With calm, undaunted, manly breast,
Of virtue, honour, truth possest,
He'll stem the torrent of the age,
And fearless tread this mortal stage.

nidst th' assailing ills of life,
ıde, passion, malice, envy, strife;
:'ll act his part without disguise,
trepid, generous, just, and wise.

conscious rectitude secure,
ıis man unshaken will endure
' human woes the num'rous train,
›pression, bondage, sickness, pain.

ıd when, at last, th' eternal power
ıall fix th' irrevocable hour;—
ıat solemn hour which none can fly,
nce 'tis decreed that all must die;—

›nscious of sov'reign mercy nigh,
ıblime to heav'n he'll lift his eye:
'hile faith and hope in joys to come,
'aft him to realms beyond the tomb.

544. C. M. WATTS.

uctions to the young, from a review of past dispensations of providence.

ET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which GOD perform'd of old;
'hich in your younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

e bids us make his glories known,
His works of pow'r and grace;
nd we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.

ur lips *shall tell* them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;

That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in GOD alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

545. L.M. WATTS.

Instructions of piety.

1 CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy!
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 To humble souls, and broken hearts,
The GOD of mercy's ever nigh:
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

546. C.M. WATTS.

The advantages of early religion.

1 HAPPY is he, whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 The youth devoted to the LORD,
Is pleasing in his eyes;

A flow'r when offer'd in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the LORD betimes;
While sinners who grow old in sin
Are harden'd by their crimes.

It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtue strong.

To thee, almighty GOD! to thee
Our hearts we now resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

O may the work of pray'r and praise
Employ our daily breath!
Thus we're prepar'd for future days,
Or fit for early death.

547. C.M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb:

Remember thy creator, GOD;
For him thy pow'rs employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea:
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of bless'd eternity.

4 Then seek the LORD betimes, and choose
The path of heav'nly truth:
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

548. C. M. WATTS.

Reflections on the advancing years of life.

1 MY GOD, my everlasting hope!
I live upon thy truth:
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 My frame was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
And shews thy skill divine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen,
In each revolving year:
Behold my days that yet remain,—
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

549. C. M. WATTS.

The aged Christian's prayer.

OD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days!
ve declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
ve seen thy wond'rous ways.

t thou forsake my hoary hairs,
nd leave my fainting heart?
o shall sustain my sinking years,
GOD, my strength, depart?

me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
o the surviving age:
leave a savour of thy name
hen I shall quit the stage.

land of silence and of death
ttends my next remove:
may these poor remains of breath
roclaim thy boundless love!

0. C. M. WILLIAMS's COLLEC.

The aged Christian's reflections and hope.

ERNAL Sire, enthron'd on high!
Whom heav'nly hosts adore;
yet to suppliant dust art nigh!
hy presence I implore.

ide me down the steep of age,
nd keep my passions cool;
h me to scan the sacred page,
nd practise ev'ry rule.

3 My flying years time urges on;
What's human must decay:
My friends, my youth's companions gone
Can I expect to stay?

4 Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour
On thee my hope depends;
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

551. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The one thing needful.

1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
The lives divine compassion spares
While in the various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall GOD invite you from above,
Shall Jesus urge his dying love,
Shall troubl'd conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
The objects which you now pursue;
Not so eternity appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty GOD! thine aid impart
To fix conviction on the heart:
Thy pow'r can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

552. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The wise choice.

1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:

Father

Father divine! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this frail and wav'ring heart
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that never fade away.

Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Father! still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

553. C. M. WALKER'S COLLEC.

The virtuous use of prosperity.

MY gracious GOD! accept my pray'r:
If e'er thy love divine
Should prosper my well-meaning care,
And wealth should e'er be mine:

May humble worth without a fear
Approach my open door:
Nor may I ever view a tear,
Regardless, from the poor.

O bless me with an honest mind,
Above all selfish ends;
Humanely warm to all mankind,
And cordial to my friends.

With conscious truth and honour still,
My actions may I guide;

Nor

Nor know a fear, but that of ill,
Nor scorn, but that of pride.

5 Thee in remembrance may I bear,
To thee my tribute raise;
Conclude each day with fervent pray'r,
And wake each morn with praise.

6 Thus thro' my life may I approve
The gratitude I owe;
And share at length thy bliss above,
Whose laws I keep below.

554. L. M. WATTS.

Religious retirement.

1 MY GOD! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth!
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my GOD, my father, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy gracious word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn:
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my GOD, I find.

555. C.

555. C. M. COWPER.

The same subject.

FAR from the world, O LORD! I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her GOD!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine;
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee! and what love,
A vast and boundless store,
Shall echo thro' the realms above,
When time shall be no more!

556. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

GOD's *dominion in storms.*

LORD of the earth and seas and skies!
All nature owns thy sov'reign pow'r:

At thy command the tempests ris
At thy command the thunders ro

2 We hear with trembling and affri
The voice of heav'n, tremendous
Keen lightnings pierce the shade
And spread bright horrors all aro

3 What mortal could sustain the st
Should wrath divine, in vengeful
Which our repeated crimes provo
Descend to crush rebellious worm

4 O let thy mercy on my heart
With bright and cheering radian
Bid ev'ry anxious fear depart,
And gently whisper, Thou art mi

5 Then safe beneath thy guardian c
In hope serene, my soul shall res
Nor storms, nor dangers reach m
In thee, my GOD, my refuge, bles

557. L. M. WATTS.

GOD's dominion over the seas.

1 GOD of the seas! thy thund'ri
Makes all the roaring waves
And one soft word of thy comma
Can sink them silent in the sand.

2 The scaly tribes amidst the sea,
To thee, their LORD, a tribute pay
The meanest fish that swims the f
Proclaims the mighty pow'r of G

3 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidst the wat'ry nations, Lor

Yet the bold men who trace the seas,
Shall they refuse their Maker's praise?
When scenes of wonder here they see,
Then let them raise a song to thee;
And, while the flood they safely ride,
Bless the kind hand that smooths the tide.

558. C.M. MRS. STEELE.

The comforts of religion.

WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade:

Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And ev'ry storm shall cease to rage
At her divine control.

Thro' life's bewilder'd darksome way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heav'nly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thine aid!

O let my heart confess thy pow'r,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And soften ev'ry grief.

559. S. M. Watts.

The pleasures of religion.

1 COME, ye who love the Lord!
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus approach his throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Th' eternal God is ours,
The God whose name is love;
He will send down his quick'ning pow'r
To carry us above.

4 There shall we see his face,
And never more shall sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 The sons of God have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry:
We're travelling thro' the paths of peace
To fairer worlds on high.

560. L. M. Watts.

The pleasures of a good conscience.

)H! how securely bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
ould tempests shake the earth and sea,
eir minds have peace and heav'n within.

e day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
st with sweet innocence and love;
d soft and silent as the shades
eir nightly minutes gently move.

ick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
t not with equal swiftness flee:
eir souls are ever bright as noon,
d calm as summer ev'nings be.

hile cheerful hopes and smiles serene,
undisturb'd upon their brow,
ey look beyond this mortal scene,
pleasures which for ever flow.

ey scorn to pine for worldly toys,
spend the day and share the night
musing o'er diviner joys,
ich heav'n prepares for their delight.

at God! who canst alone control
secret motions of the heart!
thou, in mercy to my soul,
y comfort, peace, and light impart.

561. L.M. COTTON.

A good conscience the best support.

1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys which hurt the soul;
Be mine, that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience, to the last:—

2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend, who never fails the just,
When other friends betray their trust.

3 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd;
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

4 Though heav'n afflict, I'll not repine:
The noblest comforts still are mine;
Comforts which over death prevail,
And journey with me thro' the vale.

5 Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my GOD,
When love supreme directs the rod?

6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

382. C.

562. C. M. Doddridge.

Living habitually in the fear of God.

THRICE happy men who, born from heav'n
While yet they sojourn here,
ach day of life with God begin,
And spend it in his fear!

'Midst hourly cares, may we present
Our off'rings to thy throne;
nd, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

As sanctify'd to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
nd by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
e'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

As diff'rent scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
Vith thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.

In solid pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor *shall we fear* the last.

My heart makes haste t' obey th
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly tr
And glory in my choice:
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily streng
And there my comfort lies.

4 Whene'er I wander from thy pa
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy comm
And trust thy pard'ning grac

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine:
O save thy servant, LORD!

564. C. M. Watts.

Desire of knowledge.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord!
How good thy works appear!
pen my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

ly heart was fashion'd by thy hand;
My service is thy due:
make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

nce I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
at mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
is work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

lis was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
made me prize thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

565. C. M. Watts.

Desire of virtue.

) That the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, LORD,
But keep my conscience clear.

3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep:
And, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my GOD.

566. C. M. WATTS.

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face:
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O GOD of grace!
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep me pure within,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

3 My GOD! I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

567. C.M. WATTS.

Virtuous resolutions.

O THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour
May dwell upon my mind!
Hence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

To meditate thy precepts, LORD,
Shall be my sweet employ:
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From vice and passion's hateful bands,
And set my feet at large!

My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name,
Whatever loss or scorn I bear;
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Depart from me, ye wicked race!
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my GOD, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

568. C.M. WATTS.

Christian zeal and diligence.

ARE not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful GOD?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

2 I need

2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!

4 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt thy quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me near the LORD.

569. S. M. WATTS.

Divine assistance.

1 TO GOD the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints with joyful hearts,
Their humble praises sing.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all his faithful sons
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To God the only wise,
All majesty belongs:
And be his pow'r and grace ador'd
In everlasting songs!

570. L. M. Merrick.

Desire of instruction.

TEACH me, O teach me, Lord! thy way;
That to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My feet thy heav'nly paths may tread.

Inform'd by thee, with sacred awe,
My heart shall meditate thy law;
And with celestial wisdom fill'd,
To thee a pure obedience yield.

Give me to know thy will aright,
Thy will, my glory and delight;
That, rais'd above the world, my mind
In thee its highest good may find.

O turn from vanity mine eye;
To me thy quick'ning strength supply;
And with thy promis'd mercy cheer
My heart devoted to thy fear.

571. C. M. Exeter Coll.

Imploring divine direction.

LORD, thro' the dubious path of life
Thy feeble servant guide;
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 Let others, swell'd with empty pride,
Of wisdom make their boast:
My wisdom and my strength must com
From thee, the LORD of hosts.

3 To thee, O my unerring guide!
I would myself resign;
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.

4 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me;
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, LORD, in thee.

572. L. M. BRISTOL COLLEC.

Desire of obedience to the divine will.

1 MAY I, thro' life's perplexing road,
Pursue the path mark'd out by GOD
With cheerful resignation go
That path, tho' rough and thorny too.

2 If sickness, poverty, and pains,
Be here my lot, 'tis GOD ordains:
Be still, my soul! may grace prevent
All impious, fruitless discontent.

3 Tho' sorrows should on sorrows fall,
Still would I see thy hand in all;
And tho' frail nature sometimes groan,
A father's hand I still would own.

4 From virtue's paths ne'er let me stray
To tread the broad tho' flow'ry way;
But still pursue that narrow road,
Which leads to happiness and GOD.

573. L. M. Bristol Collec.

Personal virtues.

WAKE, my soul! rouse ev'ry pow'r,
Thy native dignity display:
lust and passion reign no more,
longer own their lawless sway.

y temper meek and humble be,
ntent and pleas'd with ev'ry state,
om dire revenge and envy free,
ıd wild ambition to be great.

nfine thy roving appetites;
om this vain world withdraw thine eyes;
t them on those divine delights,
hich angels taste above the skies.

ith eager zeal pursue the prize;
ch fleeting hour of life improve:
is course will speak thee truly wise,
ıd raise thee to the world above.

574. L. M. Jervis.

Constancy in the cause of truth and virtue.

HALL I forsake that heav'nly Friend
On whom my noblest hopes depend?
rbid it, that my wand'ring heart
om God and virtue should depart!

let the wheels of life stand still,
e I forget my father's will,
dare submit to guilty shame,
ıd bring dishonour on his name.

3 True to his service and his laws,
With zeal will I maintain his cause,
The cause of truth and righteousness,
'Midst trial, suff'ring, and distress.

4 For him, if call'd t' encounter death,
With calmness I'll resign my breath:
And O be mine that bright reward
Which 'waits the servants of the LORD!

575. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The christian's noblest resolution.

1 AH wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs to serve the LORD;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

576. C.V

576. C. M. COWPER.

Human frailty.

WEAK and irresolute is man:
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

Life's voyage is of awful length,
Through dangers little known:
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

577. L. M. WATTS.

Christian fortitude.

COURAGE, my soul! while GOD is near,
What enemy hast thou to fear?
How canst thou want a sure defence,
Whose refuge is omnipotence?

Tho' *thickest dangers* crowd my way,
By GOD can chase my fears away:

My feeble faith on him relies,
And all those dangers still defies.

3 Though billows after billows roll,
To overwhelm my sinking soul;
Firm as a rock my soul shall stand,
Upheld by God's almighty hand.

4 In life his presence is my aid;
In death 'twill guide me thro' the shade;
Chase all my rising fears away.
And turn my darkness into day.

578. L.M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The Christian warfare.

1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise;
In long array, a num'rous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands;
There pleasure's silken banner's spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell;
The man of Calv'ry triumph'd here:
Why should his faithful follow'rs fear?

579. C.M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The pilgrimage of life.

OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promis'd soil:
The songs of Sion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bath'd in tears;
Yet nought but heav'n our hopes can raise;
And nought but sin our fears.

The flow'rs that spring along the road,
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.

We tread the path our master trod:
We bear the cross he bore;
And ev'ry thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierc'd before.

Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away
In ecstacies of love;
And *while our bodies wander here,*
Our souls are fix'd above.

6 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heav'n is here begun.

580. C. M. Watts.

Earthly pleasures dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light:
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
'Tis hard to call them thence.

4 Be faith, and hope, and love divine
My soul's eternal food;
And wean my fond, my anxious heart
From all created good.

581. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

True pleasure.

1 HOW vain a thought is bliss below!
'Tis all an airy dream:
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream!

2 Tru

Transparent now, and all serene,
The gentle current flows:
While fancy draws the flattering scene,
How fair the landscape shows!

But soon its transient charms decay,
When ruffling tempests blow:
The soft delusions fleet away,
And pleasure ends in woe.

O let my nobler wishes soar
Beyond these seats of night;
In heav'n substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight!

There pleasure flows for ever clear;
And, rising to the view,
Such dazzling scenes of joy appear
As fancy never drew.

No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles;
But everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembl'd smiles.

582. C.M. COWPER.

The instability of worldly enjoyments.

THE evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent, or cure?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.

If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;

Some

Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.

3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.

4 The grounds from which we look for fr
Produce us only pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.

5 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die:
LORD, wean our hearts from things be
And fix our hopes on high.

583. L.M. NEEDHAM.

All things work together for good to the righteous.

1 NOT from relentless fate's dark wom
Or from the dust, our troubles co
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,
To cause the pain, or send relief.

2 Look up, and see, ye sorrowing saints!
The cause and cure of your complaints:
Know, 'tis your heav'nly father's will;
Bid ev'ry murmur then be still.

3 He sees we need the painful yoke;
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke;
He takes no pleasure in our smart,
But wounds to heal, and cheer the he

Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,
And make the soul all pure within,
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,
To seek and taste celestial joys!

584. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Support and comfort from GOD.

MY GOD! the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in thy matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

Thy mercy, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heav'nly rays impart;
And, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall cheer my trembling heart.

585. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD *every where present with his people.*

THY presence, everlasting GOD!
Wide thro' all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes which never sleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.

While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and pow'rs sustain;
When sep'rate, we rejoice to share
Thy counsels, and thy gracious care.

3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heav'nly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

586. C. M. Watts.

The temptations of the world.

1 WHEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 Honour's a puff of empty breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.

3 While others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust;
They sacrifice th' eternal good
To mean and sordid lust:

4 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice:
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

587. C.M. Watts.

Faith of things unseen.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
reaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
f things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

r faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word:
or am, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

e sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands:
id faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

588. L.M. Watts.

Walking by faith and not by sight.

[IS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk thro' desarts dark as night,
ll we arrive at heav'n our home,
ith is our guide, and faith our light.

ie want of sight she well supplies;
e makes the heav'nly gates appear;
into distant worlds she pries,
d brings eternal glories near.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

592. C.M. DODDRIDGE.

Zeal and vigour in the Christian race.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve
And press with vigour on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis GOD's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

593. C.M. DODDRIDGE.

The near approach of salvation a motive to diligence.

1 AWAKE, ye saints; and raise your eyes
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise your maker's love,
Which shews salvation nigh.

Swift on the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!

Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of nature! speed your course;
Ye mortal pow'rs! decay:
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

594. L.M. DODDRIDGE.

The wisdom of redeeming time.

GOD of eternity! from thee
Did infant time his being draw:
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thy unvary'd law.

Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulph from which it rose.

With it, the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
That country whence there's no return.

Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flatt'ring shew;
We gaze in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great source of wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ry hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

595. S. M. Doddridge.

A timely improvement of life.

1 THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While ev'ning's broad and gloomy shade
Spreads o'er the western sky.

2 Ye mortals! mark its pace;
Improve the hours of light;
And know your maker can command
An instantaneous night.

3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from smiling vig'rous youth
The remnant of its days.

4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide;
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.

5 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

595. S.M

596. S.M. Doddridge.

The shortness and uncertainty of life improved.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our lives away:
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty pow'r
The aged and the young.

One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursu'd!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

597. S.M. Doddridge.

The watchful Christian.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up *your loins*, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your LORD's command;
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his LORD with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

598. L. M. WATTS.

The day of mercy and hope.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the LORD,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that GOD hath giv'n,
To fit us for the joys of heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

4 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
Oblivion, darkness, and despair,
Still reign in gloomy silence there.

5 Then the great work we have to do,
Let us with all our might pursue;
And wisely ev'ry hour employ,
Till faith and hope are lost in joy.

599. L. M

599. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

True and lasting happiness

IN vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind:
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.

Can lasting happiness be found,
Where seasons roll their hasty round;
And days and hours with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?

Arise, my thoughts! my heart, arise!
Leave this vain world, and seek the skies;
There joys for evermore shall last,
When seasons, days, and hours are past.

Thy mercy, Lord, to me impart:
O raise my thoughtless, wand'ring heart
To pleasures perfect and sublime,
Unmeasur'd by the wings of time.

Let those bright worlds of endless joy,
My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ:
No more, ye restless passions! roam:
God is my bliss, and heav'n my home.

600. C. M. Doddridge.

Compassionate intercession for thoughtless sinners.

INDULGENT God! with pitying eye
The sons of men survey:
Alas! how thoughtless mortals sport
In sin's destructive way!

2 Ten

2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around,
To bear them to the tomb:
Each passing hour may place them where
Repentance cannot come.

3 Reclaim, O LORD! their wand'ring minds
Amus'd by airy dreams;
That heav'nly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary schemes.

4 Guide and direct them by thy word,
Their dang'rous state to see;
That they may seek and find the path
That leads to heav'n and thee.

601. C. M. EXETER COLL.

The wonderful formation of man.

1 WHEN I with curious eyes survey
My complicated frame;
I read on ev'ry part inscrib'd
My great Creator's name.

2 With nicest art, in secret, GOD
Did ev'ry member write;
And when the model was complete,
My eyes beheld the light.

3 He bade the purple flood of life
In circling streams to flow,
And sent the genial heat around,
Thro' ev'ry part to glow.

4 My heaving lungs, whilst they have pow'r
To fan the vital flame,
Shall sing thy praises, O my GOD!
Thy wond'rous skill proclaim.

5 Wh

Why was my body form'd erect,
Whilst brutes bow down to earth?
But that my soul should learn to know,
And claim its nobler birth.

Author of life! my tongue shall sing
The wonders of my frame:
Long as I breathe, and think, and speak,
I'll praise thy glorious name.

602. C.M. WATTS.

The vanity of man as mortal.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,
A fleeting hour of time:
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

Some walk in honour's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore:
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?

They

They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

3 Now I resign my earthly hope,
My fond desires reveal;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my GOD my all.

603. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The shortness and vanity of life.

1 ALMIGHTY maker of my frame!
Teach me the measure of my days:
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain are ambition, noise and show:
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe;
Then dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My GOD! I bow before thy throne:
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

5 Do thou the rule of passion curb;
Forgive my sins! their pow'r control;
No more let conscious guilt disturb
The peace and comfort of my soul.

604. L. M. Doddridge.

he mutability of the creature, and the immutability of God.

REAT former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thine awful name;
nd bow and tremble while they praise
he Ancient of eternal days.

ur days a transient period run,
nd change with ev'ry circling sun;
nd, in the firmest state we boast,
moth may crush us into dust.

ut let the creatures fall around:
et death consign us to the ground:
et the last gen'ral flame arise,
nd melt the arches of the skies:—

alm as the summer's ocean, we
ay all the wreck of nature see,
hile we obtain that blest abode
ear the unshaken throne of God!

605. L. M. Watts.

Man mortal, but God *eternal.*

THRO' ev'ry age, eternal God!
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
igh was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
r earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

ong hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
r dust was fashion'd into man:
nd long thy kingdom shall endure,
hen earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thine awful sentence, LORD, was just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
A tale that's told; a morning flow'r,
Cut down, and wither'd in an hour.

5 Teach us, O LORD! how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out the span;
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

606. C. M. WATTS.

The frailty of man, and eternity of GOD.

1 OUR GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art GOD,
To endless years the same!

3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men:"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

4 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their hopes and fears,

e carry'd downwards by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

e flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light:
e flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.

r GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

607. C. M. WATTS.

Life, old age, and preparation for death.

IFE, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song:
swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

ne, like an ever-flowing stream,
Bears all its sons away:
ey fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

ere are but few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten:
d oft beyond that short account
Tis sorrow, toil, and pain.

ach us, O GOD! the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have;
at we may choose that better part,
And live beyond the grave.

608. S. M. Watts.

The frailty of man.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas! the brittle clay
That built our body first:
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay:
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's w
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful sh
Of blest eternity.

609. L.M. Mrs. Steele

The rapid flight of time.

1 GREAT Father of eternity!
How short are ages in thy sig
A thousand years, how swift they fl
Like one short, silent watch of ni

2

Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

Our days, alas! how short their bound!
Though slow and sad they seem to run;
Revolving years roll swiftly round,
A mournful tale, but swiftly done.

Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And, with true diligence, apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

610. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The warnings of mortality.

THAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
And none resist the fatal dart:
Continual warnings strike my sense;
And shall they fail to strike my heart?

Think, O my soul! how much depends
On the short period of a day:
Shall time, which heav'n in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away?

Thy remnant minutes strive to use;
Awake! rouse ev'ry active pow'r!

And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little, this important hour!

5 LORD of my life! inspire my heart
With heav'nly ardour, grace divine;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.

6 O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve!
And while my days are short'ning still,
Prepare me for the joys above!

611. L. M. WATTS.

Mortality, and hope of a resurrection.

1 REMEMBER, LORD, our mortal state
How frail our life! how short the date
Where is the man who draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 While all the sons of Adam die,
Shall we with hearts desponding cry,
O LORD! must death for ever reign?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That solemn hour, that glorious day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our souls! and bless the LORD.

SA-

612. P. M. WATTS.

Life, death, and resurrection.

ETERNAL GOD, how frail is man!
Few are the hours, and short the span,
Between the cradle and the grave:
Who can prolong his vital breath?
Who from the bold demands of death
Hath skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

But let no murm'ring heart complain,
That therefore man is made in vain,
Nor the Creator's grace distrust:
For though his servants, day by day,
Go to their graves, and turn to clay,
A bright reward awaits the just.

Jesus has made thy purpose known,
A new and better life has shewn,
And we the glorious tidings hear:
For ever blessed be the LORD,
That we can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

That grace, for ever, LORD, we praise,
Which to thy saints the hope displays
Of endless life without a pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim the wondrous love,
Which makes e'en death itself our gain.

613. C. M. WATTS.

God the preserver of frail man.

LET others, confident and vain,
Nor death nor danger fear;

We

We would a lively sense maintain
That death is ever near.

2 Just like the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land;
Soon fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 'Tis God alone upholds our frame,
Who rear'd it from the dust:
Hosanna to his mighty name,
In whom is all our trust!

614. C.M. Watts.

The precarious tenure of human life.

1 OUR wasting lives are short'ning still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Still leaves the number less.

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath which first it gave;
Where'er we are, whate'er we do,
We're travelling to the grave.

3 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

4 G

Good GOD! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

Infinite joy, or unknown woe,
Depends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O LORD! our active pow'rs,
To walk this dang'rous road;
That, when we're summon'd to depart,
We may be found with GOD.

615. L.M. JERVIS.

The prospect of sickness and death.

WHEN all the pow'rs of nature fail;
When sickness shall my heart assail,
And ev'ry nobler part pervade;
When ev'ry earthly wish shall fade:

When pain, of ev'ry nerve possest,
Shall vibrate in my throbbing breast;
And languor o'er my senses steal,
And med'cine lose its pow'r to heal:

When death shall chill the vital heat;
When this fond heart shall cease to beat,
This falt'ring tongue forget to speak,
"A mortal paleness on my cheek:"

4 When

4 When my dim eyes are sunk in death,
And GOD, who gave, shall take, my breat
May he sustain my fainting heart,
And comfort to my soul impart.

5 May his kind presence bring relief
From fear, despondency and grief:
His cheering voice direct my way
To regions of eternal day.

616. C. M. BURNS.

Penitential hope in the divine goodness.

1 O THOU unknown, Almighty cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

2 If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *something*, loudly in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done:

3 Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepp'd aside,
Do thou, All-good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

4 Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

617. P. M. HAWKESWORTH.

Reflections on death.

YET a few years or days, perhaps,
Or moments, pass, in silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more;
No more the sun these eyes shall view;
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's delusive dream be o'er.

Great GOD! how awful is the scene!
A breath, a transient breath between;
And can I trifle life away?
To earth, alas! too firmly bound,
Trees deeply rooted in the ground
Are shiver'd when they're torn away.

Yet, dumb with wonder, I behold
Man's thoughtless race, in error bold,
Forget or scorn the laws of death;
With these no projects coincide,
For vows, nor toils, nor hopes, they guide;
Each thinks he draws immortal breath.

Great cause of all, above, below!
Who knows thee must for ever know
That thou'rt immortal and divine:
Thine image on my soul impress,
If endless being is the test,
And bids eternity be mine.

618. S. M.

618. S. M. Doddridge.

Reflections on the state of our fathers.

1 HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless sou
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and ca
And wealth and honour gone.

3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers! hear;
Thou everlasting friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

619. L. M. Doddridge.

Our lives in the hand of God.

1 SOV'REIGN of life! before thine e
Lo, mortal men by thousands die
One glance from thee at once brings
The proudest brow that wears a crown

2

2 Banish'd at once from human sight
To the dark grave's unchanging night;
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.

3 The friendly band no more shall greet,
Accents familiar once, and sweet;
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.

4 Yet if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me thro' this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

620. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The great journey.

1 BEHOLD the path which mortals tread.
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul! this doom thy own;
Feeble as theirs, thy mortal frame,
The same thy way, thy home the same.

3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night;
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to GOD's tribunal pass!

4 Awake, my soul! thy way prepare,
And lose in this each meaner care;
With *steady feet that* path be trod,
Which, thro' the grave, conducts to GOD.

621. S. M. DODDRIDGE

Support in death.

1 BEHOLD the gloomy vale
Which I must shortly tread
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
Which leads me to the dead.

2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu!
Which I so long have known:
My friends, a long farewel to you!
For I must pass alone.

3 And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.

4 But see a ray of light,
With splendour all divine,
Breaks thro' these dreary realms of
And makes its horrors shine.

5 Where death, in darkness reign
JEHOVAH is my stay:
His rod my trembling feet sustain
His staff defends my way

6 Great shepherd! lead me on;
My soul disdains to fear;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are f
Since life's great LORD is near.

622. C. M. EDINBURGH C

The peace of the grave.

1 HOW still and peaceful is the g
Where, life's vain tumults

T

Th' appointed house, by heav'ns decree,
Receives us all at last.

The wicked there from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'ry's sad abode;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

All levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb;
Till GOD in judgment call them forth
To meet their final doom.

623. C.M. WATTS.

The christian happy in death.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their dying bed.

They sleep in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How calm their slumbers are!
From *suff'rings* and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry care.

1 DEATH may dissolve my b
And bear my spirit home
Why do my minutes move so
Nor my salvation come ?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have
The battles of the LORD,
Finish'd my course, and kept t
And wait the sure reward.

3 GOD has laid up in heav'n for
A crown which cannot fade
The righteous judge at that gre
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the king of heav'n d
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to s
Th' appearance of his son.

Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious GOD! thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high:
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

626. C. M. EDINBURGH COLLEC.

The vegetable creation an emblem of the resurrection.

ALL nature dies, and lives again:
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield;

Resign the honours of their form
At winter's stormy blast;
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.

Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

So to the dreary grave consign'd,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest;
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!

6 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait heav'ns high decree;
Till th' appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

627. C. M. WATTS.

Triumph over death.

1 GREAT GOD! I own thy sentence just
And nature must decay:
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave
And trample on the tombs:
Since GOD, my father, ever lives,
And my redeemer comes.

3 The mighty conqu'ror shall appear,
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

628. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Victory over death.

1 WHEN death appears before my eyes
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 How shall I meet this potent foe,
Whose frown my soul alarms?
Dark horror sits upon his brow,
And vict'ry waits his arms.

But see, my glorious leader nigh!
Jesus my saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

O GOD! be thou my sure defence,
My guard for ever near:
And faith shall triumph over sense,
And never yield to fear.

O may I meet the dreadful hour,
With fortitude divine!
Sustain'd by thine almighty pow'r,
The conquest must be mine.

629. L.M. WATTS.

A happy resurrection.

NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust:
My GOD shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

Break, sacred morning! through the skies,
And usher in that glorious day:
Cut short the hours, dear LORD! and come;
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay!

Oh! haste upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.

630. C.M.

630. C. M. Doddridge.

Approaching death and judgment.

1 HEAV'N has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die;
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark, how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell!

3 Once you must die, and once for all;
The solemn purport weigh;
For know, that heav'n and hell are hung
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the judge to see,
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O may I in the judge behold
My saviour and my friend,
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

631. C. M. Doddridge.

The same subject.

1 THE day approaches, O my soul!
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Anothe

Another day more awful dawns;
And lo, the judge appears!
Ye heav'ns! retire before his face,
And sink, ye darken'd stars!

Yet does a short propitious hour,
A precious hour remain;
Rise then, my soul! with vigour rise,
Nor let it pass in vain.

You too, my brethren! soon must die,
And at GOD's bar appear;
Then be our intercourse improv'd
To mutual comfort here.

632. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's second appearance.

MY rising soul! extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
And meditate the awful day
When this vain world shall pass away.

Behold the fiery deluge roll
Through heav'ns wide arch, from pole to pole:
The sun no more his lustre boasts;
And trembling fall the starry hosts.

The wreck of nature all around,
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
Loud the descending judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

Children of Adam! all appear;
The last decisive sentence hear;

For,

For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To worlds of bliss, or realms of woe.

5 LORD, to my eyes this scene display
Frequent through each revolving day,
And let me now with zeal prepare
To stand before thine awful bar.

633. L. M. WATTS.

GOD the supreme judge.

1 HE reigns; the LORD JEHOVAH reigns!
Praise him in everlasting strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Tho' gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs:
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies with sore dismay
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh!

634. L. M. JERVIS.

The day of judgment.

1 THAT solemn day will soon arrive,
Th' important, the decisive day,

Who

When, from death's awful slumber rous'd,
GOD's dread command all must obey.

Deep thunders usher in the morn,
And through the heavens tremendous roll:
The wide expanse is all on fire,
While lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

In glory, see! the judge descends,
Array'd in majesty and might;
Attended by ten thousand saints,
And angels of celestial light.

The trumpet's loud and dreadful blast
Sounds through the regions of the dead:
With terror some, and some with joy,
Rise from the dust, their lowly bed.

All-righteous and eternal judge!
When summon'd at thy bar to stand,
May we, acquitted and approv'd,
Be crown'd with bliss at thy right hand.

635. L. M. ROSCOMMON.

The same subject.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall all the world in ashes lay;
The last loud trumpet's mighty sound
Shall wake the nations under ground.

The judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known:
Nature and death shall with surprise
Behold the pale offender rise.

3 Thou great Creator of mankind!
Let guilty man compassion find:
My God, my father, and my friend!
Do not forsake me in my end.

4 O save me from the dark abyss,
And raise me to the world of bliss;
Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen heirs of grace!

636. L. M. Needham.

The mysteries of providence to be solved hereafter.

1 THE heart dejected sighs to know,
Why vice triumphant reigns bel
Why saints have fall'n, in ev'ry age,
The victims of tyrannic rage.

2 Fast roll successive years away;
Fast hastens on th' important day,
When, to th' astonish'd world's surpr
God's high tribunal shall arise.

3 Hark! 'tis the trumpet's piercing sou
The rising dead assemble round;
In close procession see they come,
Each to receive his final doom.

4 Lo there a vile, degen'rate race;
Pale terror sits on ev'ry face:
Here, on the right, a joyful band,
The sons of suff'ring virtue stand.

5 The sentence pass'd, lo! these arise
To bliss and glory in the skies:
While those who once stood high in
Sink to contempt and lasting sham

s shall GOD's providence appear
hout a shade, divinely fair;
blushing doubt with joy confess
LORD's a GOD of righteousness.

637. C. M. WATTS.

The end of the world.

WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
hese low grounds, where sorrows grow,
nd ev'ry pleasure dies?

ile time his sharpest teeth prepares,
ur comforts to devour,
re is a land above the stars,
nd joys above his pow'r.

ure shall be dissolv'd and die,
he sun must end his race,
earth and sea for ever fly
efore my Maker's face.

en will that glorious morning rise,
hen the last trumpet's sound
ll call the nations to the skies,
rom underneath the ground?

638. L. M. WATTS.

The hope of the Christian.

WHAT sinners value, I resign:
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine!
all behold *thy* blissful face,
stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there!

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my GOD;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

639. C. M. WATTS.

Heaven invisible and holy.

1 NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys th' Almighty has prepar'd
For those who love his son.

2 But the good spirit of the LORD
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton tongue, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But follow'rs of the Lamb.

640. L. M. Browne.

Seeking the things above.

TO heav'n, my longing soul! aspire,
And soar aloft with strong desire;
Here choose thy lot, here fix thy rest,
And aim for ever to be blest.

Still keep yon blissful world in view,
And close the glorious chase pursue;
The way leads up to rest above,
Through paths of purity and love.

This track pursue with ardent zeal;
Each lust subdue, each foe repel:
Still stretch thy wings and upwards rise;—
Eternal glory is the prize.

641. L. M. Bowden.

The happiness of heaven.

FROM this world's joys, and senseless mirth,
O come, my soul! in haste retire;
Assume the grandeur of thy birth,
And to thy native heav'n aspire.

Here's nought below deserves delay,
Nought that can bribe thy swift remove;
No solid ground thy hopes to stay,
Nor worthy object of thy love.

'Tis heav'n alone can make thee blest,
Can ev'ry wish and want supply;

Thy joy, thy crown, thy endless rest,
Are all above the lofty sky.
There dwells the sov'reign LORD of all,
The GOD that all the worlds adore!
With whom is bliss that cannot pall,
And joys that last for evermore.

642. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Longing for immortality.

1 IMPERFECT creatures of a day,
With sins, and griefs, and pain oppress'd,
We sigh the ling'ring hours away,
And wish, and long to be releas'd.

2 Nor is it liberty alone,
Which prompts our restless ardent sighs;
For immortality we groan,
For robes and mansions in the skies:

3 Eternal mansions! bright array!
O blest exchange! transporting thought!
Free from th' approaches of decay,
Or the least shadow of a spot.

4 There shall mortality no more
Its wide extended empire boast;
Forgotten all its dreadful power,
In life's unbounded ocean lost.

643. C. M. MRS. STEE

Hope of immortality.

1 THOSE happy realms of joy ar
Fain would my heart explor
Where grief and pain for ever ce
And I shall sin no more.

No darkness there shall cloud the eyes,
No languor seize the frame;
But ever active vigour rise
To feed the vital flame.

But ah! a dreary vale between
Extends its awful gloom:
Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,
The horrors of the tomb.

O for the eye of faith divine
To pierce beyond the grave;
To see that friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save!

Here fix, my soul! for life is here;
Light breaks amid the gloom;
Trust in JEHOVAH's love, nor fear
The horrors of the tomb.

644. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Heaven.

FAR from the narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

There pain and sickness never come;
There grief no more complains:
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

4 No malice, strife, or envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill ev'ry happy breast.

5 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

6 There, no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

7 Oh! may this heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love;
May lively faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

645. C.M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD *the everlasting light of good men.*

1 YE golden lamps of heav'n! farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day!
In brighter flames array'd!
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvary'd day,
No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes:
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

646. P. M. Anonymous.

After sermon.

THANKS for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to old and young;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

647. P. M. Anon.

At the close of the evening service.

THOU didst make the darksome night,
Glorious being! thou the day
Which we close with calm delight,
Pleas'd thy precepts to obey.

Bounteous providence divine!
O *how gracious is* thy sway!

Duty

Duty and delight combine;
Truest bliss is to obey.

648. L. M. ANON.

The evening hymn.

1 HOW blest is he whose tranquil mind
When life declines, recals again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight in toil and pain!

2 So, when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom, and driving show'r;
The sweetest sunshine is the last,
The loveli'st, is the evening hour.

649. C. M. ANON.

Close of the evening service.

1 SOON will our fleeting hours be past
And as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams be gone.

2 May he, from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend;
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end:

3 And as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve;
Till each receives the glorious crown
Of never fading love.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

BOOK IV.

ADAPTED TO PARTICULAR CIRCUMSTANCES AND OCCASIONS.

650. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

The communion.

1 TO God most high, the sov'reign Lord,
Great name, by heav'n and earth ador'd!
Our grateful hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 And while around this board we meet
To worship at thy glorious feet;
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love!

3 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore;
But long to know and love thee more;
And while we taste this bread and wine,
Wish to partake of joys divine.

4 Let

4 Let humble penitential woe
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy, to ev'ry heart.

651. S.M. WATTS.

The Lord's supper.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here may his people sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Here we shew forth his love,
Which spake in ev'ry breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.

3 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We are the children of his love,
And he the first-born son.

4 One faith, one hope, one LORD,
One GOD alone we know;
Brethren we are; let ev'ry heart
With kind affections glow.

5 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
Our Father's name to raise;
Let gratitude fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

652. C. M. Birmingham Coll.

Brotherly kindness from the precept and example of Christ.

YE follow'rs of the prince of peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

The love which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide;
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught;
Inspir'd by love, he dy'd.

And do you love him? do you feel
Your warm affections move?
This is the proof which he demands,
That you each other love.

Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be ev'ry mind;
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
And ev'ry action kind.

Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honour'd name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

653. L. M. Doddridge.

God *our helper.*

For New-Year's Day.

MY helper God! I bless his name;
The same his pow'r, his grace
same:

The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And while I tread this desart land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul, on life's last shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more:
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

654. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The lapse of time improved.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1 REMARK, my soul! the narrow bound
Of the revolving year!
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear.

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal man has done
GOD's judgment shall survey.

3 Great GOD! awake this trifling heart,
My great concern to see;
That I may choose the better part,
And wholly live to thee.

hus shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
r this shall bear my willing soul
To joy that never dies.

655. L. M. Doddridge.

Life precarious.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

OD of my life! thy constant care
With blessings crowns each op'ning year;
ur feeble life dost thou prolong,
nd wake anew our annual song.

ow many precious souls are fled
o the dark regions of the dead,
ince from this day the circling sun
lath his last yearly period run!

Ve yet survive; but who can say,
)r through the year, or month, or day,
will retain this vital breath,
ecure from all th' attacks of death?

hat breath is in thy hand, O God!
Tis thine to fix my last abode;
Ve hold our lives from thee alone,
)n earth, or in the world unknown.

While time's impetuous tide rolls on,
Ve know that we must soon be gone:
) may we reach th' eternal shore
Where time and death are known no more!

656. L. M. Doddridge.

Help obtained of God.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty
By which supported still we stan
Our op'ning years thy mercy show;
That mercy crowns them as they flow.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God:
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
To thee commit in humble pray'r,
And banish ev'ry anxious care.

4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall rai
Ador'd through all our changing da

5 When death shall interrupt these s
And seal in silence mortal tongues
In better worlds our souls shall bo
Our helper, God, in whom we tr

657. C. M. Watts.

A hymn for the master of a family

1 OF justice and of truth I sing
And pay to God my vow
With truth and justice, heav'n
Teach me to rule my hous

low to my tent, O God! be near,
And make thy servant wise:
nd let me suffer nothing there,
That shall offend thy eyes.

he man who doth his neighbour wrong,
Or dares oppress the poor;
he scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,
Be distant from my door.

till may I seek the good and just,
And still their help enjoy:
uch be the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I employ.

hile sin in others I reprove,
Be ev'ry virtue mine;
nd let the wisdom from above
Through all my conduct shine.

ho shall the most in love abound,
Our sole contention be:
shall my house be ever found
A dwelling dear to thee.

658. L. M. Doddridge.

Domestic worship.

ATHER of men! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace:
om thee they spring, and by thy hand
eir root and branches are sustain'd.

God, most worthy to be prais'd,
our domestic altars rais'd!
o! *Lord of heav'n*, he deigns to dwell
th saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee let each united house
Morning and night present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While pleas'd and thankful we remove
To join thy family above.

659. L. M. Miss Scott.

Family religion.

1 WHERE'ER the Lord shall build a house,
An altar to his name I'll raise;
There morn and ev'ning shall ascend
The sacrifice of pray'r and praise.

2 With duteous mind, the social band
Shall search the records of thy law;
There learn thy will, and humbly bow
With filial reverence and awe.

3 If num'rous blessings of the earth
Indulgent providence afford,
With warm united hearts we'll pay
Our grateful tribute to the Lord.

4 Here may he fix his sacred seat,
And spread the banner of his love;
Till, ripen'd for a happier state,
We meet th' assembl'd church above.

660. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Secret devotion.

'ATHER divine! thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night,
deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart discerning sight.

ere shall that piercing eye survey
My humble worship paid,
ith ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning shade.

leave behind each earthly care;
To thee my soul shall soar;
hile grateful praise and fervent pray'r
Employ the silent hour.

shall the sun in smiles arise;
The day shall close in peace;
wilt thou train me for the skies,
Where joy shall never cease.

661. L. M. WATTS.

Health, sickness, and recovery.

'FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night:
ndly I said within my heart,
easure and peace shall ne'er depart.

t I forgot thine arm was strong,
hich made my mountain stand so long;
d when thy face was turn'd aside,
health was gone, my comforts dy'd.

3 To thee let each united h
Morning and night pre
Our servants there, ar
Be taught thy prece

4 O may each futu
The honours o
While pleas'd
To join thy

65 ys;
u of days;
ne night employ,
restores the joy.

1 W C.M. WATTS.

Devotion in sickness.

A
SEASES are thy servants, LORD!
They come at thy command;
I not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.

I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.

3 But if my life be spar'd a while,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

663. C.M. WATTS.

Recovery from sickness.

1 I LOVE the LORD, he heard my
And pity'd ev'ry groan.

Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

I love the LORD: he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
O let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray!

Among the saints that fill thy house,
My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

The LORD beheld me sore distrest,
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul! to GOD, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

664. C. M. WATTS.

Public thanks for private deliverances.

WHAT shall I render to my GOD
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy love to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
LORD, I devote to thee.

Now I am thine, for ever thine;
Nor shall my purpose move:
Thy hand *can loose* my bands of pain,
And bind me with thy love.

4 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
Thy faithfulness record:
But witness, all who hear me now,
If I forsake the LORD.

665. C. M. WATTS.

A funeral thought.

1 HARK! from the tombs a solemn sound!
My ears attend the cry:
Ye living men! come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your pow'rs:
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours.

3 Great GOD! is this our certain doom!
And are we still secure!
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Then let us ev'ry hour employ,
With wisdom and delight:
Till hope shall terminate in joy,
And faith be lost in sight.

666. S. M. WATTS.

Meditation on death.

1 MY thoughts, that oft ascend the skies
Come, search the dust beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns the pow'r of death.

See, how the tyrant triumphs here!
His trophies scatter'd round!
What heaps of mould'ring bones appear
Through all the hollow ground!

Soon must we leave the banks of life,
And try death's doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans, and vain the strife
To gain a moment's stay.

Soon shall some friend let fall the tear
O'er our cold limbs, and say—
"Once they were strong as mine appear,
And mine must be as they."

Thus shall our lifeless members teach
What now our senses learn;
For dust and ashes loudly preach
Man's first and great concern.

667. L.M. WATTS.

The death of kindred.

MUST friends and kindred droop and die,
Must helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Laments our comforts gone?

Be thou our comfort, mighty GOD!
Our helper and our friend:
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road
Till all our trials end.

O may our *feet* pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;

While

While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be wean'd from all below;
Let hope our grief dispel;
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

668. C.M. Mrs. Steele.

Hope in the death of friends.

1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!

2 But down to earth, alas! in vain
We bend our weeping eyes;
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upwards learn to rise.

3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray;
And guides us, from the darksome tomb,
To realms of endless day.

4 To those bright courts, when hope ascends,
The tears forget to flow;
Hope views our absent, happy friends,
And calms the swelling woe.

5 Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies;
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

669. L. M. Salisbury Collec.

A funeral hymn.

THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When friends belov'd and kindred die.

Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living friend.

Parent, protector, guardian, guide!
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

Our father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend!
And on thy gracious love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

670. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

On the death of a parent.

THOUGH nature's voice you must obey,
Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,
That hand, which takes your joys away,
That sov'reign hand can heal your woe.

And while your mournful thoughts deplore
The parent gone, remov'd the friend!

With

With heart resign'd, his truth adore,
On whom your nobler hopes depend.

3 Does he not bid his children rise
Through death's dark shades, to realms of light?
Yet, when he calls them to the skies,
Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?

4 His word—here let your soul rely—
Immortal consolation gives:
Your heav'nly father cannot die,
Th' eternal friend for ever lives.

5 O be that dearest friend your trust!
On his almighty arm recline;
He, when your comforts sink in dust,
Can give you blessings more divine.

671. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

On the death of a young person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world delude no more;
Behold the gaping tomb,

It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

The voice of this alarming scene
Let ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

672. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

On the death of a child.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flow'r,
That ev'n in blooming dies.

Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
And beauty smiles no more:
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleas'd our eyes before?

The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo!—stern winter flies;
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in *full*, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

6 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys which cannot die.

673. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Christian patience, consolation, and hope.

1 IS there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
To ease the heavy load of care,
Which nature must, but cannot bear?

2 Can reason's dictates be obey'd?
Too weak, alas, her strongest aid!
O let religion then be nigh,
Her consolations never die.

3 Her pow'rful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her kind control;
While she unfolds the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.

4 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

5 The promise guides her ardent flight,
And joys unknown to sense invite,
Those blissful regions to explore,
Where pleasure blooms to fade no more.

674. C.

674. C.M. DODDRIDGE.

Hymn for a vacant congregation on the death of its minister.

ET our dejected hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry:
hy should those eyes be drown'd in tears,
Which view a father nigh?

ıough earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
ıe watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue:

ı' eternal shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
is eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

o him, when mortal comforts fail,
His suppliant people fly;
nd on th' eternal shepherd's care
With cheerful hope rely.

he pow'rs of nature, LORD, are thine;
And thine the aids of grace:
hine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through ev'ry rising race.

xert thy sacred influence here,
Thy mourning servants bless:
change to strains of cheerful praise
Their accents of distress!

675. L.M. Doddridge.

At the settlement of a religious society.

1 GREAT Lord of angels! we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below;
And 'midst ten thousand sons of light
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

2 Amidst the wastes of time and death
Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy kindom and thy truth to spread,
And form a people for thy praise.

3 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
Thy servants join th' angelic band;
With them thro' distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.

4 O blest employ! O glorious hope!
Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When shall we reach those radiant courts
And all their joys and honours share?

5 Yet while these labours we pursue,
Tho' distant from thy heav'nly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heav'n shall here be know

676. L.M. Doddridge.

On opening a new place of worship.

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?

And will he, from his radiant throne,
Regard our temples as his own?

Our father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our house of pray'r in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill the worshippers with dread.

These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

And in the great decisive day,
When GOD the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

677. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

On occasion of a dreadful fire.

ETERNAL GOD! our humbl'd souls
Before thy presence bow:
With all thy magazines of wrath,
How terrible art thou!

Fann'd by thy breath, whole sheets of flame
Like a wild deluge pour;
And all our confidence of wealth
Lies moulder'd in an hour.

Led on by thee in horrid pomp,
Destruction rears its head;
And blacken'd walls, and smoking heaps,
Through all the streets are spread.

4 LORD, in the dust we lay us down,
And mourn thy righteous ire;
Yet bless the hand of guardian love,
That snatch'd us from the fire.

5 O may we view, with steadfast eyes,
The last tremendous day,
When earth and seas, and stars and skies,
In flames shall melt away.

678. L. M. WATTS.

The mariner's hymn of praise.

1 WOULD you behold the works of GOD,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind,
Till GOD commands, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to GOD they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage;
The furious waves forget their rage:
'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.

5 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the LORD!
Let them their grateful off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

679. C. M

679. C. M. WATTS.

National prosperity.

1 SHINE, mighty GOD! on Britain shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
And shew thy cheering face.

2 Amidst our isle exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand:
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the favour'd land.

3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And ev'ry nation know and love
Their saviour and their GOD?

4 Sing to the LORD, ye distant lands!
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt his praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

5 Th' eternal GOD, the judge supreme,
Who sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield her full increase;
Our GOD will crown this happy isle
With virtue, truth, and peace.

7 GOD the Creator scatters round
His choicest favours here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

680. S. M.

680. S. M. Watts.

The honour and safety of a nation.

1 IN Britain God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright hath his salvation shone!
How wondrous is his grace!

2 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

3 In ev'ry new distress,
We'll to his house repair,
We'll meditate his works of grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

681. L. M. Watts.

Peace and protection from God.

1 YE righteous! in your king rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease:
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

3 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame:
Keep silence, all the earth! and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

: still, and know that I am GOD;
l be exalted o'er the lands;
vill be known and fear'd abroad;
it still my throne in Sion stands.

682. C. M. PATRICK.

National tranquillity and security from GOD.

N vain opposing nations rage
If GOD with us abide;
ne word from him dissolves their strength,
And humbles all their pride.

is wisdom sees correction meet;
He gives the dread command,
nd war its desolation spreads
Through ev'ry trembling land.

is purpose wrought, again he speaks,
And desolations cease;
'ar's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.

lortals, adore his sov'reign pow'r,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
hrough all your various tribes be still,
And know that he is GOD.

683. L. M. WATTS.

Hymn on the revolution by king William.

[O thee, most Holy, and most High!
To thee we bring our thankful praise:
hy works declare thy name is nigh,
by works of wonder and of grace.

2 Britain

2 Britain was doom'd to be a slave;
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great;
When GOD a new supporter gave,
To bear the pillars of the state.

3 Such blessings never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis GOD supreme doth one advance,
'Tis GOD that lays another low.

4 No boasted claim to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
GOD, the great sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise, and make his justice known.

684. L. M. WATTS.

Thanksgiving for national deliverance.

1 HAD not the LORD, may Britain say,
Had not the LORD maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide:

2 The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

3 For ever blessed be the LORD,
Who broke the fowler's cruel snare,
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives his gracious care.

4 Our help is in JEHOVAH'S name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies:
He that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes

685. P. M. KIPPIS.

National thanksgiving.

HOW rich thy gifts, Almighty King!
From thee our various comforts spring:
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The blessings liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows—
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

Here commerce spreads the wealthy store
That pours from ev'ry foreign shore;
Science and art their charms display:
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To GOD we raise united songs;
His pow'r and mercy we proclaim:
Britons through ev'ry age shall own,
JEHOVAH here has fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
O still may GOD in Britain reign;
Crown her just counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rights maintain!

686. L. M. AIKIN.

Hymn in time of war.

WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground;

To

To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.

2 Thou, who hast stamp'd on human kind
The image of a heav'n-born mind,
And in a father's wide embrace
Hast cherish'd all the kindred race;

3 O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood!

4 See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.

5 Great GOD! whose pow'rful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the madd'ning world to peace.

6 With rev'rence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy son's blest errand from above—
"My creatures, live in mutual love!"

687. L. M. DYER.

Hymn for a fast.

1 GREAT framer of unnumber'd worlds,
And whom unnumber'd worlds adore!
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy pow'r.

2 T

Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the winds, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assign'd by thee.

While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thy incense a repentant sigh.

But if injustice grind the poor,
Or av'rice stain the sordid hand;
Or stern ambition thirst for blood,
Or rude oppression waste the land:

The GOD, who hears the orphan's cry,
The martyr's pray'r, and prisoner's groan,
Still list'ning to the poor opprest,
Would spurn th' oppressor from his throne.

Yet though enormous crimes abound,
Should but a generous sorrow rise;
And as new troubles threaten round
'Midst wasting wars, and angry skies;

Should Britain, in her sober hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod;
Thou still wouldst love to be her friend,
Who lov'd to own thee as her GOD.

688. C.M. JERVIS.

The designs of providence in the changes and revolutions of the world.

GOD, to correct a guilty world,
In wrath is slow to rise;

But comes at length in thunder cloth'd,
And darkness veils the skies.

2 His awful banners, lifted high,
The nations' GOD declare;
And stain'd with blood, with terrors mark'd,
Spread wonder and despair.

3 All earthly glory, pomp and pride,
Are in his presence lost;
Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres, crowns,
In wild confusion tost.

4 While war and misery prevail,
And desolation wide;
In GOD, the sov'reign LORD of all,
The righteous still confide.

5 Dark and mysterious is the course
Of his tremendous way:
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.

6 Yet, though envelop'd in the cloud,
And from our view conceal'd;
The righteous judge will soon appear,
In majesty reveal'd!

7 Then will he curb the lawless pow'r,
The deadly wrath of man;
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

8 Then all the sons of tyranny
In ruin shall be hurl'd;
And light, and liberty, and bliss,
Embrace the new-born world.

889. L. M.

689. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Supplication in time of war.

LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode;
Or offer their imperfect pray'r
Before a just and holy God?

Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face:
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet;
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

Yet past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite:
Again attend our humble pray'r,
Again be mercy thy delight!

Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
Yet thy right hand our cause maintain:
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.

O when shall time the period bring
When raging war shall waste no more;
When peace shall stretch her balmy wing
From Europe's coast to India's shore?

When shall the gospel's healing ray,
Kind source of amity divine,
Spread o'er the world celestial day?
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?

690. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Praise for national peace.

1 GREAT ruler of the earth and skies!
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain:

3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Sweet peace! with her what blessings flee
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord
All move subservient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness and adore!

THE END.

AN INDEX

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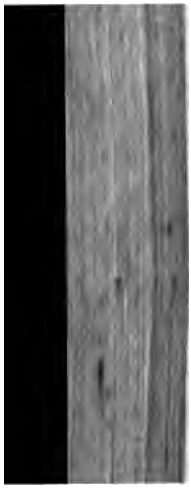

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A

SUPPLEMENT

TO A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS AND PSALMS,

FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

LONDON:

Printed by C. Stower, Paternoster Row;

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1807.

DR. WATTS "wished to avoid every word and syllabl likely to give the smallest offence to serious Christians of mination. And, when he found, in the latter part of his li not been so successful in this respect, as he had aimed to be; for nothing more ardently than sufficient health and time to r his Psalms and Hymns, in order to render them wholly unexc to every Christian professor."

Dr. Vincent, Dean of Westminster, speaking of the impro Psalmody, says, "It would not be difficult to form a Collec different authors, which might carry this point as near perfe requisite. There is a Version by King James the First, w Pope commends, and is worthy his commendation; there i by Sandys; an excellent one by Mr. Merrick; there are Psalms in Milton, and other authors; all which might be and appreciated, and a whole formed, which would do hon own or any other church.——Such a work as this would c to form a national taste, as well as promote the national reli is it impossible, that, with suitable encouragement, religio should again enter into the recreation of domestic leisure, a the sentiments of primitive religion."

Considerations on Parochi

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

SUPPLEMENT.

1. L. M. WATTS.

A Morning Hymn.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

Oh! like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

Lord, thy commands are clear and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give

5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this

2. C. M. WATTS.

The Lord's Day welcomed.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
Which saw the saviour rise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 Our GOD himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place,
In which our GOD hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

3. C. M. WATTS.

The divine perfections.

1 HOW shall we praise th' eternal G
The infinite unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or dare approach his throne?

2 The great invisible! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

Those watchful eyes that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

Speak we of strength? his arm is strong,
To save or to destroy:
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.

He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.

4. L. M. WATTS.

The incomprehensible nature of GOD.

GOD is a king of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what, he does?

He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul:
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

5 These are a portion of his ways—
But who can utter all his praise?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

5. Peculiar Measure. Tate

Praise to God.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your maker's fame:
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim
To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

6. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The sacrifice of the heart.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker, God,
What rights, what honours shall he pay?
How spread his sov'reign's praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's lord,
Thy golden off'rings well may spare:
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

7. C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The sabbath of the soul.

1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The sabbath of my soul.

3 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts!
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purg'd from sin, may I behold
A God of purity!

8. P. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The harmony of praise.

1 HOW may earth and heav'n unite?
How shall man with angels join?
What link harmonious may be found
Discordant natures to combine?

2 Swell the pealing organ's notes!
Breathe your souls in raptures high!
In praises men with angels join;—
Music's the language of the sky.

9. L. M. Mr. W. Taylor.

Nature perishable, God eternal.

1 MOONS, planets, suns, that deck the sky,
Shine to the praise of God most high:
Their lasting lustre he has given,
To all the moving hosts of heaven.

2 Yet even stars shall cease to burn,
And to primeval night return;
Systems of worlds themselves decay,
To him the insects of a day.

3 But he remains——and he shall give
Th' extinguish'd elements to live;
Bid them in new creations roll,
And still extend the peopl'd whole.

10. L. M. Mr. J. Taylor.

The acceptable sacrifice.

1 NOT with our slaughter'd flocks we come
Nor vessels fill'd with purest oil;

No smoking incense fills the dome,
Nor priests begin their bloody toil.

2 For thee, O LORD, our thoughts prepare
The sacrifice thy love demands—
A soul repentant and sincere,
A grateful heart, and lib'ral hands.

11. L. M. Mr. J. TAYLOR.

The light of the gospel.

1 O HOW delightful is the road
That guides us to thy temple, LORD!
With joy we visit thine abode,
And seek the treasures of thy word.

2 O heav'nly treasures! glorious light!
From ancient sages long conceal'd;
Till Christ restor'd the feeble sight,
And GOD's unchanging word reveal'd.

12. P. M. Mr. J. TAYLOR.

Praise to the supreme ruler and judge.

1 O SING to the LORD a new song,
Let the universe join in the strain,
Each day the glad tribute prolong,
His wonders, his glory maintain.
Let gratitude bless the kind power
From whom our salvation descends:
How great is the GOD we adore!
How rich are the blessings he sends!

2 In the beauty of holiness bow:
O worship with fear and with love:

How solemn his temples below!
How glorious his presence above!
Proclaim to the nations around,
That our GOD, the omnipotent, reigns,
Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
Whose purpose unalter'd remains!

3 O let the wide heav'ns rejoice,
The earth with her myriads be glad;
Old ocean shall join his loud voice,
And the woods in rich verdure be clad:
Rejoice! for the LORD is at hand;
Prepare! for his judgment is nigh:
Before him all nations shall stand:
No guilt from his justice can fly.

13. C. M. DARWIN.

GOD *the creator of man.*

1 A GOD! a GOD! the wide earth shouts—
A GOD! the heav'ns reply;
He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky.

2 Let us make man—with beauty clad,
And health in ev'ry vein,
And reason thron'd upon his brow,
Stepp'd forth majestic man.

3 Around he turns his wond'ring eyes,
All nature's works surveys;
Admires the earth, the skies, himself!
And tries his tongue in praise.

4 Ye hills, and vales! ye meads and woods!
Bright sun and glitt'ring stars!

Fair creatures, tell me, if ye can,
From whence, and what I am?
What parent pow'r, all great and good,
Do these around me own?
Tell me, creation, tell me how
T'adore the vast unknown!

14. L.M. COWPER.

Providence and grace.

THY providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good;
My soul is nourish'd by thy word—
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

2 My streams of outward comfort came
From him who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.

3 Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From outward evils shields my breast,
Or over-rules it for the best.

4 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe;
It meant thy praise, however poor—
An angel's song can do no more.

15. C.M. COWPER.

The sun of righteousness.

1 HOW blest thy creature is, O GOD,
When, with a single eye,

He

He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!

2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things;
The sun of righteousness he eyes
With healing on his wings.

3 The glorious orb, whose golden beams,
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal—

4 Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart:
But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

16. L. M. MERRICK.

Morning hymn.

1 HERE, LORD, by heav'nly wisdom led,
Patient I wait, till o'er my head
Thy beams in full effulgence play,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 Thy love my lips shall ever tell,
(Can life itself that love excel?)
Nor cease, while breath prolongs my days
In thankful notes the hymn to raise.

3 Thou moon, be witness, if my bed
Forgetful of my GOD I spread!
And thou, revolving sun, if e'er
I wake unconscious of his care!

4 Safe in the shadow of thy wings,
In thee I joy, O king of kings!

Each night, and each returning day
To thee my grateful vows I pay.

17. L. M. MERRICK.

Address to the Deity.

1 WITH earliest zeal, with wakeful care,
To thee my soul shall pour its pray'r,
And ere the dawn has streak'd the sky,
To thee direct its longing eye.

2 Do thou, just GOD! my path prepare,
And guard me from each hostile snare:
O lend me thy conducting ray,
And level to my steps thy way.

3 May all who trust in thee, employ
Their grateful voice in songs of joy;
And share the gifts on those bestow'd,
Who love the name of Jacob's GOD.

18. L. M. MERRICK.

The acceptable worshipper.

1 LORD, who shall to thy hill ascend?
Who suppliant at thine altars bend?
Whose hands and heart from guilt are free,
Who ne'er to idols bow'd the knee:

2 Nor, studious of deceit would try
By oaths to consecrate a lie;
On such th' almighty from above
Will heap the blessings of his love.

3 Such only form the chosen choir,
Whose feet, with licens'd step, aspire

To

To visit Sion's blest abode;
Who seek the face of Jacob's God.

4 Lift, lift your heads, each hallow'd ga
Aloft with sudden spring your weigh
Ye everlasting portals, rear—
Behold, the king of glory near!

5 But who this king of glory? say—
The God whom heav'n's high hosts
In him that king of glory view,
And yield to him the homage due.

19. L. M. Merrick.

Religion without superstition.

1 FAR hence each superstition vain,
Wild offspring of the human bra
The truths that fill thy hallow'd page
My happier choice, great God! eng

2 O, ever faithful to thy word,
Do thou thy vital strength afford;
Thy help impart, eternal sire!
Nor let my hope in shame expire.

3 Sustain'd by thy almighty aid,
What danger shall my soul invade?
Nor errors cloud, nor arts of sin
My soul from thy obedience win.

20. L. M. Merrick.

Praise.

1 MY heart is fix'd, eternal sire!
My heart is fix'd: to thee an

My thoughts, and dictate to my lays
An argument of endless praise.

To thee, my GOD, my joyful tongue,
Preluding, forms the grateful song;
That tongue, whose highest praise shall be
The pow'r it boasts of praising thee.

Lo! to the clouds thy truth extends,
And heav'n's stupendous height transcends,
Far as the earth's extremest bound
In all thy works is mercy found.

Enthron'd thyself above the skies,
O, bid thy fullest glory rise,
And to the earth with cloudless ray
The wonders of thy pow'r display.

21. P.M. MERRICK.

The glory of GOD *in his works.*

GOD the heav'ns aloud proclaim
Through their wide extended frame,
And the firmament each hour
Speaks the wonders of his pow'r.

Day to the succeeding day
Joys the notice to convey,
And the nights, in ceaseless round,
Each to each repeat the sound.

Prompt, without or speech or tongue,
In his praise to form the song,
To the LORD they raise the theme,
Who of gods is GOD supreme.

4 Pleas'd

4 Pleas'd to hear their voice extend
Far as to her utmost end,
Earth the heav'n-taught knowledge bo
Through her many-languag'd coasts:
5 While the sun above her head
Sees his tabernacle spread
And from out his chamber bright,
Like a bridegroom springs to sight.
6 See him with gigantic pace
Joyous run his destin'd race;
See him, ev'ry breast to cheer,
Pass through heav'n in swift career;
7 Now to farthest regions borne
Onward speed, and now return,
And to all with welcome ray,
Life and genial warmth convey.

22. L. M. MERRICK.

The omnipresence of GOD.

1 WHERE shall I shun, great GOD, t eye,
Or whither from thy spirit fly?
Aloft to heav'n my course I bear;
In vain—for thou, my GOD, art there.
2 If down to hell my feet descend,
Thou still my footsteps wilt attend:
If now, on swiftest wings upborne,
I seek the regions of the morn:
3 Or haste me to the western steep,
Where eve sits brooding o'er the deep
Thy hand the fugitive shall stay,
And dictate to my steps their way.

4 Perchance within its thickest veil
The darkness shall my head conceal;
But, instant, thou hast chas'd away
The gloom, and round me pour'd the day.

5 Darkness, great GOD, to thee there's none;
Darkness and light to thee are one:
Nor brighter shines to thee display'd,
The morn than night's obscurest shade.

23. L. M. MERRICK.

Pure worship.

1 BLEST in the favour of my GOD,
I speak the grace on all bestow'd,
Who guiltless hands to him can raise,
And offer unpolluted praise.

2 Thou seest, eternal judge! my breast
Each taint of inward guilt detest;
Thine eye my innocence surveys;
Thy love with fullest bliss repays.

3 While night's thick shades around me stand,
My lamp, illumin'd by thy hand,
Pours thro' the gloom its steady ray,
And turns my darkness into day.

4 Author of good! nor sin, nor guile
The pureness of thy path defile:
On thy tried word who build their trust,
Shall find their confidence was just.

24. L. M. PARNELL.

Death a deliverance.

1 DEATH is a path that must be trod,
If ever we would pass to GOD;
A port secure, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

2 As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun:

3 Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence:
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years they waste:

4 But, when their chains are cast aside,
See the bright scene unfolding wide;
Then plume the wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

25. L. M. MERRICK.

The power and majesty of GOD.

1 TO GOD belongs th' eternal sway:
Let earth with joy his will obey:
Exult, ye isles that crown the main,
Blest in his mild auspicious reign.

2 The station'd clouds around him meet,
And darkness rolls beneath his feet;
While equity and truth combine
To rear aloft his awful shrine.

Before him walks the wasting fire;
Wrapt in the blast his foes expire;
While earth convuls'd, in dire dismay,
Beholds the forky lightnings play:

And down, like wax before the flame,
Down flows the mountain's solid frame,
That late, ambitious, met the sky—
For GOD, the world's great LORD is nigh!

His righteous acts the heav'ns display,
His fame from pole to pole convey,
And bid the majesty divine
To ev'ry eye conspicuous shine.

His pow'r protects the pious band,
Though myriads leagu'd against them stand:
His sov'reign might let all avow,
And reverent at his footstool bow.

26. L. M. MERRICK.

The glory of GOD.

O CLOTH'D with majesty divine,
What pomp and glory LORD, are thine!
Light forms thy robe, and round thy head
The heav'ns their ample curtain spread.

Thy glory, fearless of decline,
Thy glory, LORD, shall ever shine;
Thy works in changeless order lie,
And glad their great creator's eye.

Earth at thy look shall trembling stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand;

And, touch'd by thee, almighty sire!
The cloud-topt hills in smoke expire.

4 To GOD, in ceaseless strains, my tongue
Shall meditate the grateful song,
And, long as breath informs my frame,
The wonders of his love proclaim.

5 Assur'd that his paternal ear
With full regard my voice will hear,
His love shall be its constant theme,
His favour my delight supreme.

27. L. M. MERRICK.

The majesty of GOD.

1 INCUMBENT on the bending sky,
The LORD descended from on high,
And bade the darkness of the pole
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.

2 The cherub to his car he join'd.
And on the wings of mightiest wind,
As down to earth his journey lay,
Resistless urg'd his rapid way.

3 Thick-woven clouds, around him clos'd,
His secret residence compos'd,
And waters, high-suspended, spread
Their dark pavilion o'er his head.

4 His voice th' almighty monarch rear'd,
Thro' heav'n's wide vault in thunders heard,
And down in fiercer conflict came
The rushing fire and kindl'd flame.

5 V

6 With aim direct his shafts were sped,
In vain his foes before them fled;
Now here, now there, his lightnings stray,
And sure destruction marks their way.

8 Earth's basis open to the eye,
And ocean's springs, were seen to lie,
As, chiding loud, his fury past,
And o'er them breath'd the dreadful blast.

7 GOD, in my rescue, from the skies
His arm extends, and bids me rise
Emergent from the flood profound,
Whose waves my struggling soul surround.

28. L. M. MERRICK.

The just judgments of GOD.

1 JUDGMENT is thine: in awful state
While circling crowds the doom await,
Ascend thy throne, great GOD! again,
And justify thy ways to men.

2 To GOD, my soul! for help repair,
Who makes the faithful heart his care,
The impartial judge! whose eyes each day,
Indignant, scenes of guilt survey.

3 If man his law refuse to know,
He whets his sword, he bends his bow,
He tips with fire the fatal dart,
Ordain'd to pierce th' oppressors' heart.

4 Rise, mightiest LORD! triumphant rise
O'er each whose hand thy pow'r defies:
Sin's baleful growth do thou control,
And guard from ill the upright soul.

5 Then shall thy justice on my breast
In sure remembrance stand impress'd;
With grateful joy my heart inspire,
And wake to ceaseless praise my lyre.

29. L. M. MERRICK.

God the friend of the just.

1 THOU, LORD, the just wilt still sustain
Thou, thron'd amid thy heav'nly fan
Shalt cast, regardful, from on high,
On suff'ring innocence thine eye—

2 Each human heart intent to prove,
And bid the souls that seek thy love,
Blest objects of thy constant care,
The fulness of thy bounty share.

3 For, just thyself, where'er it shines,
To justice, LORD, thy love inclines,
Delighted in the upright mind,
Thy own reflected beams to find.

30. L. M. MERRICK.

The blessings of the righteous.

1 THE just, blest object of thy love,
Thou, LORD, wilt lead, his path t
prove;
Thy fruitful hands his steps sustain,
Nor falls he, but to rise again.

2 Behold, ye just, th' eternal doom
The sinner's short-liv'd days consume;
For guilty souls the hand divine
To full excision shall consign.

The prosp'ring sinner once I view'd;
Strong as the healthful tree he stood:
I went, I came, and look'd again;
I look'd—but sought his place in vain.

Behold the just, and mark his end:
See peace his eve of life attend:
While on the sinner's latest hour
The storms of heaviest vengeance low'r.

31. L.M. MERRICK.

The blessedness of the righteous.

O BLEST the man, for ever blest,
Whose faithful heart by thee impress'd,
Eternal teacher! from thy laws
The lessons of his conduct draws:

Who, shelter'd from the evil day,
Its distant dangers shall survey,
And wait till thou the pit prepare
For each whose crimes thy vengeance dare.

While deepest woe my bosom tries,
And thoughts with thoughts conflicting rise,
Thy comforts, LORD, my soul sustain,
And calm my fears, and sooth my pain.

For GOD, my refuge and my shield,
Firm on himself my trust shall build;
To him, my soul, for help repair,
Who makes the faithful heart his care.

32. L. M. MERRICK.

The prayer of the penitent.

1 O TURN, great ruler of the skies
Turn from my sins thy searching
My mind from ev'ry fear release,
And sooth my troubl'd thoughts to p

2 Prompt is thy pow'r, when ills invade
The weak and contrite soul to aid:
Then let thy clemency divine
Conspicuous in my pardon shine.

3 O let the fulness of thy grace
Each error of my life efface—
But thy decrees, almighty sire!
Integrity of heart require.

4 Give me a will to thine subdu'd,
A conscience pure, a soul renew'd,
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.

5 The heart, that taught its guilt to kn
Repentant heaves with inward woe,
Shall find its pray'rs, its groans, its si
To thee in full acceptance rise.

33. L. M. MERRICK.

GOD *the refuge of the righteous.*

1 YE souls, with pure devotion warm
Whose lives to his decrees co

From him whose hand the sceptre guides,
To him who in the cot resides!

2 To you, to yours, till time shall end
His love its blessings shall extend,
Heirs of the changeless promise giv'n
By him who form'd the earth and heav'n.

3 Not those whom death has snatch'd away,
The debt of hallow'd praise shall pay,
Or wake his wonders to disclose,
But silent in the dust repose.

4 'Tis ours, who still these wonders view,
The grateful labour to pursue;
Nor ever shall our lips decline
To crown with hymns the name divine.

34. L. M. MERRICK.

The triumph of virtue.

1 THINK not, ye just and good distrest!
That, in the all rememb'ring breast,
Your woes and wrongs, unnotic'd rise,
That virtue's hope for ever dies.

2 Vain man, with erring pride elate,
And high in pow'r, in honour great,
Shares with the brute an equal doom,
And sleeps forgotten in the tomb.

3 Then lift, exulting, lift your eyes;
Behold the promis'd morn arise,
That bids you o'er each haughty foe
Exalted, endless triumphs know.

4 My soul, amidst your happy train,
The wish'd redemption shall obtain;
By GOD adopted, death shall brave,
And mock the disappointed grave.

35. P. M. MERRICK.

The dwellings of the righteous.

1 MERCY, judgment, now my tong
Makes the subject of its song:
LORD, to whom then shall I sing,
But to thee, th' eternal king?

2 Wisdom shall my footsteps guide,
Nor permit my feet to slide,
Or from thy all-perfect way,
Lost in paths of sin, to stray.

3 Come, O come, celestial guest!
Let my roof with thee be blest;
Let thy beams effulgent play,
And within my mansion stay.

4 Lo! my heart, with studious care,
For thy presence I prepare,
And my dwelling's full extent
Spotless to thy view present.

5 Ne'er shall my presumptuous hand,
Dare to break thy just command;
Ne'er within me shalt thou find
Aught that speaks a faithless mind.

6 Come, ye faithful, just, and good,
Eager for the bright abode—
Come, ye pure in heart, O come,
Sure with me to find a home.

36. L. M. MERRICK.

Penitential prayer.

1 TO thee, my GOD, to thee alone
The errors of my heart are known;
O let me in th' accepted hour,
In pray'r to thee my spirit pour.

2 Hear, LORD, and to my soul display
Thy mercy's all-enliv'ning ray:
Look down, eternal GOD! look down,
Behold me, but without a frown.

3 And O, while press'd with ills I lie,
Cast on my state a pitying eye;
And let thy mercy to my grief
In full sufficience yield relief.

37. L. M. MERRICK.

Prayer and praise.

1 ETERNAL excellence! thy hand
At will shall nature's pow'rs command;
Thy wonders through her confines wide
She speaks, nor owns a GOD beside.

2 O give me, LORD, thy paths to tread,
And, while thy truth my steps shall lead,
The faithful guide by thee assign'd,
Train to thy fear my willing mind.

3 My heart, by sacred zeal impell'd,
To thee the grateful song shall yield:
Long as I breathe the vital air,
Thy love my ardent praise shall share.

38. P. M

38. P. M. MERRICK.

Confidence in GOD.

1 O HOW strong the hand divine!
O what wonders, LORD, are thine!
See that hand from heav'n reveal'd,
Wonders yet on wonders yield.

2 Vaunt thy terrors, death, no more!
He whom Israel's sons adore,
He, each danger chas'd away,
Bids me still his acts display.

3 He indulgent, just, and kind,
Trials to my lot assign'd;
Yet, amidst the doubtful strife,
Rescu'd from the sword my life.

4 Ope, ye gates of righteousness;
Let my feet have full access;
Here I'll praise my saviour's name,
And his boundless love proclaim.

5 Thee, the GOD enthron'd above,
Thee my lips shall sing, whose love,
To my voice attention gave,
Prompt to hear, and strong to save.

39. L. M. MERRICK.

The prosperity of the wicked no cause of discontent.

1 LET not the sinner's wealth or might
The envy of thy soul excite:
Anon thine eye shall see him fade,
Quick as the flow'r or vernal blade.

ut thou thy will to heav'n's high LORD,
is faith thy trust, thy rule his word,
ıbmit; and nourish'd by his hand
ıherit from his gift the land.

ʼith patient hope await his will,
or let the sight of prosp'rous ill
ıpel thee, with disquiet vain,
is wise disposals to arraign.

him delight, on him depend;
im chuse thy guide, thy way, thy end;
ı shall his love thy wishes grant,
is care anticipate thy want.

e'll bid thy acts in light serene
ir as the rising morn be seen;
ıy justice as the noon of day
iffusive pour its cloudless ray.

40. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The humble penitent.

ORD, let thy mercy, full and free,
While hope remains, extend to me:—
)wn my sins, and still they rise
ʼith recent horror to mine eyes.

sacrifice would please my GOD,
y off'rings should thy altars load:
ıt vain were all my offer'd store,
ır blazing altars please no more.

ıis is the gift I would impart,
ı humble, docile, contrite heart:
contrite heart, repentant sighs,
GOD! thou never wilt despise.

4 Since inward truth thy laws require,
That inward truth, O LORD, inspire:
Through all my soul let wisdom shine,
And give me purity divine.

5 Let thy reviving word impart
Peace, joy, and pardon to my heart;
Then shall this broken frame rejoice,
And bless thy kind, thy healing voice.

41. L. M. MERRICK.

The benefit of divine correction.

1 IN devious paths awhile I trod,
Ere yet corrected by thy rod;
But disciplin'd, great sire! by thee,
Obsequious bow to thy decree.

2 Blest be thy hand, severely kind,
Whose stroke recall'd my erring mind,
And urg'd me, as to thee I turn,
Thy hallow'd institutes to learn.

3 But oh! if yet my sins demand
The wise corrections of thy hand,
LORD, give my pains their bounds to kno
And fix a period to my woe.

4 Hence, ye profane! my saviour hears;
While yet I speak, he wipes my tears:
My saviour hears; and deigns to save
His servant from the greedy grave.

42. L. M. MERRICK.

Before or after sermon.

1 WHILE thereas wand'ring sheep we stra
Teach us, O teach us, LORD, thy

Dispose our hearts, with sacred awe,
To love thy word, to keep thy law.

2 Great source of light, to all below!
Teach us thy holy will to know;
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight.

3 Maker, instructor, judge of all,
O hear us, when on thee we call!
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise.

43. P. M. MERRICK.

Freedom from error, guilt, and folly.

1 BLEST instructor! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Save from error's growth my mind,
Leave not, LORD, one root behind.

2 Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise;
Let me thence, by thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous sin exclude:

3 So my lot shall ne'er be join'd
With the men whose impious mind,
Fearless of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.

Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approv'd by thee:
To thy all-observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,

Forgetful, from thy
Which, instant, kindlies
And wrought my rescue

2 Behold me, LORD, behol
Thy ear to my request in
And save a soul whose w
With fervent zeal thy tru

3 Mine eyes perfection's lir
Through nature's works;
No period, mightiest mo
Nor bounds of space its l

4 Fix'd in the heav'ns, eter
On firmest basis rests thy
Thy truth, unconscious c
Sees wasting ages roll aw

45. L.M. M

Holy resolution

3 Thy voice has charg'd me to fulfil
The dictates of thy heav'nly will:
Such, LORD, thy charge; and O may I
Attentive to the task apply!

4 Thy dictates still, my constant joy,
My soul's attention shall employ;
My steps conform'd to thy decrees,
Nor shame nor dread my soul shall seize.

5 Thy precepts on my mind impress'd,
Shall swell with joy my faithful breast:
Thy justice prompts my tongue to raise
The song of gratitude and praise.

46. L. M. MERRICK.

Imploring divine guidance.

1 BEHOLD me, absent from my home,
Thro' life's wide maze a pilgrim roam;
Nor leave me, hopeless and forlorn,
The absence of thy grace to mourn.

2 Let thy commands my footsteps lead;
O give me, LORD, thy paths to tread;
And let me, tutor'd in thy way,
The wonders of thy law survey.

3 How trembles, LORD, my heart to see
The souls that err from thy decree!
Long as within this seat of clay,
My house of pilgrimage, I stay—

4 Thy statutes are my song; thy name
Wakes in my breast the holy flame,
That heav'nward lifts my pensive soul,
When night's dark shades invest the pole.

47. L. M. Merrick.

Imploring divine protection.

1 THINE eyes in me the sheep behold,
Whose feet have wander'd from the fold;
That guideless, helpless, strives in vain
To find its safe retreat again:

2 Now listens if perchance its ear
The shepherd's well-known voice may h
Now, as the tempests round it blow,
In plaintive accents vents its woe.

3 Great ruler of this earthly ball!
Do thou my erring steps recal;
O seek thou him who thee has sought.
Nor turns from thy decrees his thought

48. C. M. Logan.

Trust in providence.

1 ALMIGHTY father of mankind!
Do thou my hopes sustain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And, as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

3 My God, who causedst me to hope
When life began to beat,
And, when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet:

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

I know the pow'r in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my saviour ever be,
Who has my saviour been.

49. C. M. Logan.

Heavenly wisdom.

HOW happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

50 L. M.

3 Assist me, LORD! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit cam

4 My moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-pois'd and independant still
On this world's varying good or ill.

5 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O may my steadfast bosom bear
The stamp of heav'n, an honest heart
Above the mean disguise of art!

6 May my expanded soul disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to my race.

7 O Father! grace and virtue grant;
No more I wish, no more I want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

53. P. M. SANDYS.

The harmony of praise.

1 THOU who sitt'st enthron'd above
Thou, in whom we live and mo
Thou, who art most great, most higl
GOD, from all eternity!

2 O, how sweet, how excellent,
'Tis when tongue and heart concen

Grateful hearts and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs!

When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of ev'ning rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sov'reign ruler! mighty LORD!

Decks the spring with flow'rs the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below!
LORD, from thee these blessings flow.

Sov'reign ruler! mighty LORD!
We thy praises will record:
Giver of these blessings! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

54. P. M. MR. PARK.

Thanksgiving and praise.

"MY soul, praise the LORD,
Speak good of his name!"
His mercies record,
His bounties proclaim:
To GOD, their creator,
Let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise!

Though, hid from man's sight,
GOD sits on his throne,
Yet here by his works
Their author is known:

The

The world shines a mirror
Its maker to show,
And heav'n views its image
Reflected below.

3 Those agents of pow'r,
Fire, water, earth, sky,
Attest the dread might
Of GOD the most high:
Who rides on the whirl-wind
While clouds veil his form;
Who smiles in the sun-beam,
Or frowns in the storm.

4 By knowledge supreme,
By wisdom divine,
GOD governs this earth
With gracious design:
O'er beast, bird, and insect,
His providence reigns,
Whose will first created,
Whose love still sustains.

5 And man, his last work,
With reason endu'd,
Who, falling through sin,
By grace is renew'd;—
To GOD, his creator,
Let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise!

In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

Here will I rest, here build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod:
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my GOD!

72. C. M. DR. COTTON.

The pleasing recollection of former mercies.

O THE abundance of thy house,
The rich refreshments there!
To live an exile from thy courts
O'erwhelms me with despair.

In worship when I join'd thy saints,
How sweetly pass'd my days!
Pray'r my divine employment then,
And all my pleasure praise.

But now I'm lost to ev'ry joy,
Because detain'd from thee;
Those golden moments ne'er return,
Or ne'er return to me.

Yet, O my soul! why thus depress'd,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former kindness fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on ev'ry side,
Did not the LORD sustain thy steps,
And was not GOD thy guide?

73. L. M. COWPER.

God is love.

1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my creator! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn—
That GOD is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my GOD! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

74. P. M. JERVIS.

The father of mercy.

1 O FATHER of mercy,
The hearer of pray'r!
To thy creature's request
Bow propitious thine ear!

2 The voice from the dust,
The soft-rising sigh,
The pray'r of the heart,
The up-lifted eye—

3 Are grateful to thee,
An offering meet,
Than roses of Sharon
More fragrant and sweet.

4 As the orient sun,
Chasing darkness away,
Dawns bright in the east,
And kindles the day—

5 So hope's cheering beam
From the fountain of light,
Is diffus'd thro' the soul
In affliction's dark night.

6 If then my heart droop,
Let me never repine;—
But O may this GOD,
This kind father—be mine!

75. C. M. MRS. CARTER.

Universal good.

ET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
nd justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.

rotected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
ıtrepid virtue smiles secure
As in the blaze of day.

3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The light'ning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious power
That breathes the vernal air.

4 Through nature's ever-varying scene,
By diff'rent ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of heav'n
Is universal good.

76. C.M. BURNS.

Resignation under the pressure of affliction.

1 O THOU great being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

2 Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distress'd;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

3 Sure thou, Almighty! canst not act
From cruelty or wrath:
O free my weary eyes from tears,
Preserve my soul from death.

4 But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then, man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear, and not repine.

77. L.M. CHATTERTON.

GOD merciful and *just*.

1 O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys!

To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

2 The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what th' eternal does, is right.

3 O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

78. L. M. CHATTERTON.

Resignation.

1 O WHY, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For GOD created all to bless.

2 But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

3 But yet, with fortitude resign'd
I'll thank th' inflictor of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

4 The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which GOD, my east, my sun, reveals.

79. L. M. Dr. Enfield.

Humility.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
O why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain of wisdom's gifts the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!

4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

5 God of my life, father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind:
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

80. L. M. Merrick.

Humility, meekness, contentment, and resignation.

1 THINE eyes in me nor lofty mind,
Nor haughty look, my God! shall find;
Nor earth's vain pomp attract my view,
Nor honour's prize my thoughts pursue.

2 Lofty

2 Behold me of affections mild ;
Behold me humble as the child
That meek and silent sinks to rest,
Wean'd from the tender parent's breast.

3 O, fonder than that parent, see
Thy maker, Israel, cherish thee :
To latest times on him depend,
Thy guide, thy guardian, and thy friend !

81. L. M. JERVIS.

Sympathy and compassion.

1 PEACE to the man, wise, just, and good,
Whose heart, compassionate and kind,
Breathes love to GOD, and love to man—
Mercy with piety combin'd.

2 The sympathy of mortal woes,
The manly, honest, gen'rous tear,
The pang that vibrates in the breast,
The sigh that speaks the soul sincere :

3 These are our maker's destin'd gifts
The rugged nature to refine :—
Kind parent of the human frame,
Let these thy precious gifts be mine !

4 Be mine the comfort, mine the joy,
The prompt, the timely aid to lend—
In all the acts of social love,
The meek and helpless suff'rer's friend !

82. L. M. WATTS.

The golden rule.

1 ALL-GRACIOUS father ! how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,—

To

To do to all men just the same
As we expect or wish from them.

2 This golden precept, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor mem'ry pain;
And ev'ry conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 How blest would ev'ry nation be
Thus rul'd by love and equity!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

83. L.M. WATTS.

Self-government.

1 O THOU whose scales the mountain weigh,
Whose will the raging seas obey:
Thou who canst boist'rous winds controu
Subdue the tumults of my soul.

2 May I with equal mind sustain
My lot of pleasure and of pain;
My joys and sorrows gently flow,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too low.

3 Do thou my passions, LORD, restrain,
And in my soul, unrivall'd, reign;
Then with whatever loads oppress'd,
Center'd in thee my soul shall rest.

4 O when shall my still wav'ring mind
This sweetest self-possession find!
Fountain of joy! How long to see
In thee my peace—my heav'n in thee!

84. P. M. Mr. Walker's Collec.

The voyage of human life.

THE man whose heart from vice is clear,
Whose deeds are honest and sincere,
Whom God and goodness guide;
With cautious circumspection wise,
The rudest storms of life defies,
And stems the mighty tide.

He hears the winds tumultuous rise
In adverse combat midst the skies,
But hears without dismay:
His pilot, God, the vessel guides,
And o'er the steady helm presides,
And points the destin'd way.

At length he sees the promis'd land,
He hails aloud the wish'd-for strand,
With heav'nly joy possest:
His labour past, his toil now o'er,
He lands, O peace, on thy fair shore,
And in his God is blest.

85. L. M. Merrick.

The vanity and frailty of human life.

FOR A NEW YEAR.

OUR life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.

How many ev'en in youth's gay flower,
Brief pageants of the noon-tide hour,
Have faded in their brightest bloom,
The early tenants of the tomb!

3 O ho

3 O how thy chastisements impair
The human form, however fair!
How frail the strongest frame we see,
When thou dost man to death decree!
4 As when the fretting moths consume
The curious labour of the loom,
The texture fails, the dyes decay,
And all its lustre fades away.
5 GOD, of my fathers! here, as they,
I walk the pilgrim of a day,
A transient guest—thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.
6 O LORD of life and seasons! we
Our sole reliance place on thee:
In thee we trust with holy fear—
And bless thee for the new-born year!

86. L. M.

The lapse of time improved.

1 SWIFT glide the hours of life away;
So shall our vital pow'rs decay:—
Momentous moral to mankind!
Engrave it deep on ev'ry mind!
2 Time and its joys will soon be past;
But virtue, freedom, truth shall last:
Let these inspire the glowing breast;
For these alone can make man bless'd.
3 The lessons of the good and wise
Let not vain mortals dare despise:
And while we view time's silent stream,
O may it be our steadfast aim—

4 From passion free, and free from strife,
'Midst the tumultuous ills of life,
Still calm, unruffl'd, and serene,
To fill our part in this great scene:—

5 And, while life's sands are running out,
Prepar'd, without or fear or doubt,
T' obey the mandate from on high,
The awful summons—THOU MUST DIE!

87. L.M. MERRICK.

National Fast.

1 O COME, behold a scene of dread!
Behold a world with slaughter spread!
And know, 'tis GOD who bids each land
Thus feel the terrors of his hand.

2 'Tis his again the earth to cheer
To break the bow, to snap the spear,
To wrap in flames the glitt'ring car,
And hush the tumult of the war.

3 Behold us, LORD, oppress'd with woe,
As exil'd from thy care we go:
Repuls'd, dispers'd, chastis'd by thee,
Grant us again thy face to see.

4 O thou, the God whom we adore!
Our breaches heal, our peace restore;
Our hope, on man repos'd in vain,
O let thy strength, great GOD! sustain.

5 The objects of thy tend'rest love
O save, propitious from above;

Let

Let us with them thy mercy share,
And hear, O hear, our ceaseless pray'r!

88. C. M. Dr. Watts.

A prospect of heaven.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
And Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

55. C.M. Logan.

Praise to the One God.

1 "I AM Jehovah: I am One:
My name shall now be known;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount into my throne."—

2 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains!
Let earth his praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

3 O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.

4 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
In accents rude rejoice.

5 'Till, midst the streams of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise;
And all combin'd, with one accord
Jehovah's glories raise.

56. C.M. Browne.

The true way to please God.

1 WHEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?

Oh! how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?

2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my GOD my friend?

3 O no, my soul! 'twere fruitless all;
Such offerings are vain:
No fatlings from the field or stall
His favour can obtain.

4 To men their rights I must allow,
And proofs of kindness give;
To GOD with humble rev'rence bow,
And to his glory live.

5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
He never will despise;
And cheerful duty he'll prefer
To costly sacrifice.

57. L. M. MERRICK.

Universal Praise.

1 TO GOD most high, the ever blest,
Be praise in loftiest notes address'd,
Such as the stars of morning sung,
When earth was on its balance hung—

2 Such praise as from th' angelic choirs,
And saints whom zeal like theirs inspires,
In heav'n above, and earth below
Still flows, and shall for ever flow.

3 From sea to sea GOD's wide command
Shall reach, and from Euphrates' strand
Thro' realms of various tongue extend,
Far as the earth's remotest end.

4 From age to age the orb of day
His brighter glories shall display,
While man's whole race his love confess,
And, blest in him, his name shall bless.

5 Exalt, exalt your heav'nly LORD,
In all his wondrous acts ador'd:
To him in loftiest praises join,
And bless the majesty divine.

58. C. M. DR. WATTS.

Support and counsel from GOD.

1 LET heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast,
Where the one GOD is known.

2 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup:
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

3 GOD is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light:
He gives me kind advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

4 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;

1 'Tis starry hosts in ord
Observant of their bo
And ev'ry year, and ev'ry
The sun repeats his rou

2 While generations rise and
Immortal is the race;
And time may shift the fa
But not the earth displa

3 What winter's with'ring b
The following spring su
And age, in vig'rous youth
Beholds itself, and dies.

4 The life by thee preserv'd,
Shall all be spent for th
And flowing bear thy prai
To vast eternity.

60. L. M. Mr. M

Bid contemplation's inmost thought
Survey the wonders thou hast wrought.

3 Thy promise truth eternal guides,
And mercy o'er each act presides:
Thee good and kind shall mortals own,
To anger slow, to pity prone.

4 Their humble pray'r, in each distress;
To thee thy servants, LORD, address,
And find thee, verging on the grave,
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

5 Long as I breathe, my thankful tongue
To GOD shall meditate the song;
My willing lips with praise o'erflow,
My grateful soul with transport glow.

61. C. M. JERVIS.

The being, omnipresence and providence of GOD.

1 GREAT GOD, how vast is thine abode
Mysterious are thy ways;
Unseen thy footsteps in the air,
And trackless in the seas.

2 Yet the whole peopl'd world bespeaks
Thy being and thy power,
Midst the resplendent blaze of day,
The awful midnight hour.

3 Nor all the peopl'd worlds alone,
Rich fields and verdant plains—
But lonely wilds by man untrod,
Where silent horror reigns.

4 Tempests and storms that sweep the sky,
And cataracts sublime;
Volcanoes, earthquakes, hurricanes
That waste the torrid clime:

5 Vast caverns deep, and cloud-topt hills,
Huge mountains rude and bare,
Terrific rocks and swelling waves—
Thy grandeur all declare.

6 Through all creation's widest range
The hand of heav'n is near:
Where'er I wander in the world,
Lo! GOD is present there.

62. C. M. NEW SELECTION.

Protection and praise.

1 LET songs of praise from all below
To thee, O GOD! ascend,
Whose bounties unexhausted flow,
Whose mercies know no end.

2 But chief by them that debt be paid,
Midst dangers circling round,
Who still in thy almighty aid
Have some protection found.

3 The wand'ring exile, doom'd to stray
O'er many a desart wide;
Who fearless takes his lonely way,
With GOD his guard and guide:—

4 The mariner, who tempts the sea
When storms impending low'r,
Or tempests rage—yet trusts in thee,
And owns thy mighty pow'r:—

The wretch who, press'd by countless woes
That no cessation see,
Still bids his steadfast hope repose,
Almighty LORD! on thee:—

All, all shall join to bless thy name,
Whose heav'nly aid they prove;
As all have felt, let all proclaim
Thy boundless pow'r, and love.

63. P. M. MERRICK.

Supplication to the searcher of hearts.

O HEAR me, LORD! to thee I call
And prostrate at thy footstool fall:
O LORD, my pray'r propitious hear,
And bow to my request thine ear!

Searcher of hearts! my thoughts review;
With kind severity pursue
Through each disguise thy servant's mind,
Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.

To thee my inmost heart is known:
Regard me from thy lofty throne;
Nor e'er to my desiring eye
Thy presence, heav'nly LORD, deny!

64. L. M. MERRICK.

Divine justice the refuge of the righteous.

LET not the sight thy heart dismay,
If man's proud offspring thou survey
With growing wealth encirc'd round,
Or mark his house with honours crown'd.

2 Think

2 Think not his treasures, at his end,
Shall with him to the grave descend,
Or the vain pomp that strikes thy view,
Thro' death's dark shade its lord pursue.

3 Strict justice, LORD, supports thy throne,
And her decrees and thine are one:
Thy balance, mightiest judge! assume,
Pass on the impious race their doom.

4 O let thy terrors, scatter'd wide,
Correct them, till each son of pride,
By thee convinc'd, his weakness scan,
And, humbl'd, own himself but man.

65. L.M. MERRICK.

The just judgment of GOD.

1 THE LORD, th' almighty monarch, spake,
And bade the earth the summons take,
Far as his eye the realms survey
Of rising and declining day.

2 Reveal'd from Sion's sacred bound
The seat with matchless beauty crown'd,
Our GOD his course shall downward bend,
Nor silent to his work descend.

3 Heav'n from above shall hear his call
And thou, the vast terrestrial ball!
While man's whole race their judge shall meet
In countless throngs before his seat.

4 Th' applauding heav'ns the changeless doom,
While GOD the balance shall assume,

In full memorial shall record,
And own the justice of their LORD.

66. L. M. WATTS.

Hypocrisy detected and exposed.

1 THE LORD, the judge, his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 They dare rehearse his awful name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more,
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the evil hour.

5 O dreadful hour, when GOD draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
Anguish their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

67. L. M.

The Lord's prayer.

1 KIND parent of the human race!
Benignant, as in power supreme!
The heav'n of heav'ns thy dwelling place,
Whence unexhausted mercies stream.

2 Thy

2 Thy name, mysterious and sublime,
On ev'ry lip instinctive hung,
And hallow'd through remotest time,
In reverential strains be sung.

3 Thy kingdom, thy paternal sway,
That vice and misery controuls,
Thy spirit through th' empyreal way,
Descend on our responsive souls.

4 Thy will, or soothing or severe,
Benevolent, though couch'd in storms,
As in thy heav'n, be welcom'd here,
With cheerfulness, in all its forms.

5 Thy creatures, lost if thou refrain
Protection in the path they tread;
Let thy kind providence sustain,
And nourish with their daily bread.

6 Be all our sins, deep source of shame,
By the sweet lamp of mercy found,
As, cherishing the gentle flame,
We breathe forgiveness all around.

7 Let not temptation's specious snare
To rank offence our souls intice;
Be human frailty still thy care;
Reclaim us from habitual vice.

8 For thine the heav'nly kingdom, thine
Omnipotence and majesty!
Exulting in this truth divine,
All glory we ascribe to thee!

68. L.M. WATTS.

The vanity of earthly desires.

AN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires;
to and fro, his passions fly
ı vanity to vanity.
ıin on earth we hope to find
ɜ solid good to fill the mind:
try new pleasures, but we feel
inward thirst and torment still.
hen a raging fever burns,
shift from side to side by turns;
'tis a poor relief we gain,
hange the place, but keep the pain.
t GOD! subdue this vicious thirst,
love to vanity and dust;
re the fever of the mind,
feed our souls with joys refin'd.

69. L.M. WATTS.

Christian zeal tempered by charity.

REAT GOD! whose all-pervading eye
Sees ev'ry passion in my soul!
ın sunk too low, or rais'd too high,
h me those passions to controul.
per the fervours of my frame;
ıarity their constant spring;
O, let no unhallow'd flame
ıte the offerings I bring.
ɔeace with piety unite
ıend the bias of my will;
le hope and heav'n-ey'd faith excite,
wisdom regulates, my zeal:—

4 That wisdom which to meekness turns
Wisdom descending from above:
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindl'd by the fire of love.

70. L. M. MERRICK.

The divine compassion.

1 WHAT fondness for his infant care
A father's bosom learns to share
Such from th' eternal monarch claim
The souls that rev'rent own his name.
2 If e'er our trespass he chastise,
Not to its weight proportion'd rise
The just corrections of his hand,
But bounded by his mercy stand:
3 That mercy to the starry pole
Extends; and, far as from his goal
The sun in daily circuit roves,
The humbl'd sinner's guilt removes.
4 The man that's merciful and just
In thy compassions, LORD! shall trust
His heart, inspir'd with holy flame,
Thy kind, paternal care proclaim.

71. C. M. DR. COTTON.

God the refuge of the afflicted.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave:
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the LORD can save.
2 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He'll reinstate my peace;
For he, who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

89. C. M. Dr. Enfield.

The example of Jesus.

BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labour'd for their good.

To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursu'd;
While humble pray'r, and holy faith
His fainting strength renew'd.

In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his father's throne,
With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Be Christ our pattern, and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may *we tread* his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

90. L. M. Dr. Watts.

The institution of the Lord's Supper.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that awful night,
When all the pow'rs of darkness rose
Against the son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:—
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:—
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine—
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

4 Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord:
Do this, he cry'd, till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend.

91. L. M. Dr. Enfield's Selection.

Hymn for the Communion.

1 THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request:
Ye who can feel his worth! attend—
Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend.

2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song;
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind.

3 And shall not he your praises reap,
Who rescues from the iron sleep

he great deliv'rer, whose breath
nbinds the captives ev'n of death?
iall he who, fellow-men to save,
:came a tenant of the grave,
nthank'd, uncelebrated, rise,
iss unremember'd to the skies?
hristians! unite with loud acclaim,
o hymn the saviour's welcome name;
n earth extol his wondrous love;
epeat his praise in worlds above.

92. L. M. DUBLIN COLLECTION.

Remembrance of Christ.

EAT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend!"—
ich was our master's last request;
Who all the pangs of death endured,
hat we might live for ever blest.
'es, we'll record thy matchl ss love,
hou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends!
hy dying love the noblest praise
f long eternity transcends.
Tis pleasure more than earth can give
'hy goodness through these veils to see;
'hy table food celestial yields,
nd happy they who sit with thee.

93. P. M. MR. M. CALAMY.

Before or after Sermon.

LORD of nature! source of light!
In pity view thy world below:
'uide our erring footsteps right,
Through these scenes of guilt and woe.

2 Grant thy spirit!—By thy kindness
Let our errors be forgiven:
Heal our sins, dispel our blindness;
Then—conduct us safe to heaven!

94. P.M. Dr. Doddridge.

An evening hymn.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome slumbers to my eyes,
Tir'd with glaring vanities.

2 My great master still allows
Needful periods of repose:
By my heav'nly father blest,
Thus I give my pow'rs to rest.

3 Heav'nly father! gracious name!
Night and day his love the same!
Far be each suspicious thought,
Ev'ry anxious care forgot!

4 Thou, my ever-bounteous God!
Crown'st my days with various good:
Thy kind eye, which cannot sleep,
My defenceless hours shall keep.

5 What if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
While encircl'd by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

6 With thy heav'nly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest:
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure,—for still with thee!

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NAMES OF AUTHORS.

Dr. Watts.
Mr. Merrick.
Dr. Doddridge.
Sandys.
Mr. Tate.
Rev. Simon Browne.
Rev. Henry Moore.
Rev. —— Logan.
Dr. Cotton.
Dr. Darwin.
Dr. Enfield.
Mrs. Carter.
Mrs. Barbauld.
Mrs. Steele.
Cowper.
Burns.
Chatterton.
Mr. J. Taylor.
Mr. W. Taylor.
Mr. M. Calamy.
Mr. Park.
Mr. Jervis.
Anonymous.
Dublin Collection by the Rev. P. Taylor.
Collection by the Rev. G. Walker.
New Selection by a country clergyman.

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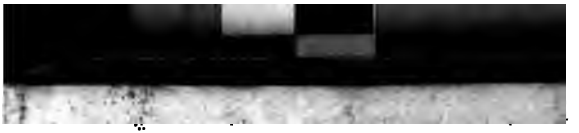
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